

THE
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ART. I.—*Euripides Restitutus, sive Scriptorum Euripidis Ingenii-
que Censura, quam faciens fabulas quæ exstant explanavit
examinavitque, earum quæ interierunt reliquias composuit atque
interpretatus est, omnes quo quæque ordine natæ esse videntur
disposuit et vitam scriptoris enarravit* J. A. HARTUNGUS.
Hamburgi: 1843, 1844.

THE Greek Drama, like every other phenomenon of importance, stands in various relations, and may consequently be regarded from various points of view. When we speak of it as possessing both a historical and a universal interest, as belonging not only to ancient Athens but to all time, we do but vaguely and inadequately express the manifold complexity of its bearings. It has one aspect for the writer of Grecian history, and another for the historian of Greek literature; the lecturer on dramatic art will look at it through a third medium, and the professor of poetry through a fourth. Nor need there of necessity be any uniformity or correspondence between these its several aspects. Its significance cannot have been the same in all cases; the influence it has exerted may have been different, while the essential difference of the subjects must have contributed still further to diversify the results. The tragedy of Athens may be inferior both in poetical and in dramatic power to that of the Elizabethan era; yet its effect on the life and thought of the nation may have been appreciably greater. The requirements of the Attic stage may have been lower and less diligently consulted than those of the theatre at Weimar, but such a conclusion would not warrant us in inferring anything with regard to the comparative merits of Greek and German poetry. These are merely a sample of the distinctions which may be taken; and obvious as they may appear when pointed out, it would be no difficult matter to prove that they are not always observed in practice. The fault lies, not in adopting a one-sided view, for that, as we have seen, may be justified and indeed rendered necessary by the circum-

stances of the case, but by failing to perceive that it is one-sided, and thus making it do the duty of a complete account.

The necessity of bearing this many-sidedness in mind becomes greater when we have to pass judgment not on the Greek drama generally but on its individual representatives. *If a regard to the principle of compensation be essential to a fair and liberal estimate of the whole, much more is it required in justice to the constituent parts, the relation of which to each other may be said, in the language of Socrates in the *Protagoras*, to be that of the features of a face, rather than of the particles of a piece of metal. Only three of the Greek tragedians remain to us, and those in a very imperfect state; and it would be hard to expect more than a sort of generic likeness among them. What with them and with the scanty notices of the ancient critics, the conception which we moderns have contrived to form of Greek tragedy is tolerably harmonious: but its harmony by no means excludes a progressive development, of which the last stage is sufficiently distant from the first. Had it not consisted of at least three strongly marked varieties, it would scarcely have been able to strike so many roots all around it: how can we imagine that each of the three is to contain those qualities which are the result of all taken collectively? *Æschylus* is commonly understood to be distinguished for his intense lyrical power: *Sophocles* for his consummate dramatic skill: *Euripides* too has characteristics of his own, though of a different kind from either. To censure any one of them because he happens to fall short in some one or more respects, without taking into account what he may have done in others, is not only one-sided but absolutely unjust, as it may be that the deficiency complained of is precisely that which is incidental to the peculiar excellence which he has most successfully cultivated as his contribution to the general stock.

Of course in thus asserting the independent position of each of the three tragedians, we are not to be understood as wishing to exclude comparison. The use of the compensation principle is not to supersede criticism but to direct it. *Schlegel* complains that *Euripides* has departed from the true idea of Greek tragedy: and though at first sight it may appear that the censure is arbitrary and gratuitous on the face of it, as it is from the works of *Euripides* as well as from those of his two rivals that we have to infer that idea, a little consideration will teach us that we must assume some standard, if we wish to pass a judgment at all. A purely positive inquiry, in art as in morals, finds itself reduced to a stand-still the instant it attempts to move. It will be well, however, for a critic's own sake, that in assuming his standard he should be guided by other consi-

derations than his individual fancy. Even those who have entered on the question in a spirit of philosophical research are found to disagree as to what constitutes the essence of the Greek drama. Schlegel, about the beginning of this century, decided the matter much to his own satisfaction and to that of the general public: but of late years he has been overruled in his own country, while even here, where, thanks to his vindication of Shakspeare and the paternal relation in which he is supposed to have stood to some of Coleridge's thoughts,¹ he still enjoys a great name, murmurs are beginning to be heard against his authority. Professor Blackie, in a Discourse prefixed to a recently published translation of *Æschylus*,² disputes his view of the artistic structure of Greek Tragedy, his opinion about Destiny as the prevailing sentiment of the drama, his conception of the functions of the Chorus, besides one or two minor positions, declaring in plain homely English that he has said many things that look very wise but are simply not true. Both the German and the Scotch Professor would agree in rejecting the proposal of an appeal to Aristotle, who is not only deprived of the prospective judicature over the modern stage, which a hundred years ago was conceded to him by both critics and authors, but called in question as a judge of the drama which he saw before him. In the same way, we recollect, Bishop Thirlwall, in his well-known Essay on the Irony of Sophocles, rebuts some presumable objection from the Poetics by asking whether a treatise on Poetry by Bacon would have been regarded as an absolute authority on a problem in Shaksperian criticism. We hope it is not merely academical prejudice which inclines us to believe that the judgment of Aristotle in his own province ought not to be thus summarily set aside. Whatever may be the superiority of the moderns in matters which, being equally open to us and to him, have all the advantage of accumulated experience, we cannot so readily admit that we are likely to be

¹ Coleridge may have borrowed from Schlegel, as the singular constitution of his mind seems to have made him, in various instances, an unconscious appropriator. But that this in no way detracts from his genuine originality will be evident to any one who compares his notes on Shakspeare with Schlegel's Lectures. The former contain more profound remarks on the subject, though expressed, perhaps unavoidably, in a cumbrous and impracticable style, than are probably to be found in any single writer: the latter abound in passages of considerable rhetorical beauty, but their æsthetical value seems to lie rather in the standing point which they assume towards the past than in any distinct contribution made to our knowledge of him. The extent of Schlegel's critical or discriminative power may be estimated from his Appendix on the Spurious Plays, where he classes 'Thomas Lord Cromwell' and 'Sir John Oldecastle' among Shakspeare's best and maturest works, and rather patronises the opinion of a literary friend that in 'The Puritan' Shakspeare must have wished for once to write a play in the style of Ben Jonson.

² The Lyrical Dramas of *Æschylus*. Translated by J. S. Blackie. 2 vols. 1850.

beforehand with him in the full appreciation of things which were yet living in his time, and are more than two thousand years removed from ours. If Bacon's Essays could be compared to the Ethics for comprehensive views of human nature, we might argue that his opinions on Shakspeare would have been entitled to similar deference: as it is, we feel that the writer of the Essay on Love could never have been a very competent judge of the author of Romeo and Juliet. Aristotle could not foresee the romantic drama any more than the moral code of Christianity; but he is still held to be a great psychological analyst, and it would be strange if the perception which enabled him to see so far into human character at first hand had utterly deserted him, when he came to look at it through the medium of what he himself defines to be imitation. The Poetics are indeed unmistakeably imperfect, sketchy and undeveloped, perhaps disarranged, perhaps interpolated; yet so far as they go we are inclined to accept their testimony, agreeing as it does for the most part with the evidence which the plays give of themselves. Besides, Mr. Blackie's quarrel with Aristotle has reference to questions of fact rather than of opinion—to the ancient *αἰσθητικὴ* rather than to modern æsthetics. It is true that the attack is made in the name of antiquity, Aristotle's spirit being objected to as not sufficiently antiquarian. Nevertheless, scanty as are the direct historical notices in the Poetics, we prefer trusting the older authority, considering how much the question relates to the feeling and impression of the times, and how little, after all that historical science has done, we in the nineteenth century are able to realize those more delicate shades. It is not a question like that between Livy and Niebuhr, a dispute between an uncritical *littérateur* and a philosopher of unrivalled acumen, on subjects peculiarly inaccessible to speculation in ancient times, and removed several centuries off even from an inquirer in the Augustan age.

We feel, too, that by a natural reaction from the modernising spirit of the last generation, we are in some danger of fancying the institutions of antiquity more distinctive and alien than they really were. Mr. Blackie, in his anxiety to keep clear of unseasonable modern associations, discards the very name of Tragedy from the Greek Theatre. The name which he substitutes for it, Lyrical Drama, or Lyrico-dramatic Spectacle, is doubtless more fully descriptive and precise: still we doubt whether the word Tragedy can be fairly made out to be so inapplicable as he believes it to be. He appears to us to exhibit in his own person an example of the verbal tyranny which he so studiously deprecates. Because Tragedy in its early acceptation meant a goat-song, he seemingly thinks that it may be designated by that

description from first to last. We had always been willing to believe that the name had lost a great part of its original force even in the time of Æschylus, and that to talk of Euripides as gaining the prize of the goat-song would merely be a mystification. What reason can there be for saying that in a play like the *Antigone*, for instance, 'the old Hellenic spectator only felt a hymn to Jove?' Would it not be nearly as correct to speak of Marlowe's or Shakspeare's plays in terms borrowed from the old mysteries, out of which the English drama was historically developed? Mr. Blackie does not preserve the *juste milieu* which he promises: in his title he merely asserts the plays to be lyrical dramas: but in his discourse he so exalts the lyrical element as to keep the dramatic quite out of sight. The success of Euripides as a dramatist is said to be the strongest possible proof of the undramatic nature of the stage for which he wrote: and though Æschylus' dramatic power is freely admitted, the admission is made quite incidentally and, as it were, out of compliment to Sir Bulwer Lytton. Aristotle is taken roundly to task for having asserted that Æschylus abridged the Chorus and made the dialogue the principal part of tragedy, as if his words might not be very well understood to refer to the Chorus as it originally existed—that portion which is sung while the other actors are off the stage—the dialogue being made to include all conversation, whether carried on in iambics or in any other measure. There is also a tendency to overrate the impediments which the circumstances of the dramatist necessarily imposed upon him. Mr. Blackie speaks of the limited number of actors as producing 'this evil, that the persons in a Greek dramatic fable appear, not 'contemporaneously, but in succession, one actor necessarily 'playing several parts,' and reminds us that 'the commonest 'fabricator of a novel for the circulating library knows how 'necessary it is to keep up a sustained interest, that the character, 'when once introduced, shall not be allowed to drop out of 'view, but be dexterously intermingled with the whole complex 'progress of the story, and be felt as necessary, or at least as 'agreeable, to the very end.' Every one knows that a Greek tragedy is not so complicated as a play of Shakspeare, much less as a novel by Dumas; but with this reservation we question whether the readers of the classical drama will generally complain that they see too little of the principal characters—in fact we are inclined to think that the objection must have occurred to Mr. Blackie himself merely as a logical inference from the admitted fact of the paucity of actors. Now Elmsley has asserted that, in several cases at least, the whole of a part was not given to the same actor—a cross division which must have

been considerably prejudicial to the scenic effect, but which at any rate operated in favour of the poet, enabling him to introduce his chief personages as often as the nature of a comparatively simple plot might appear to require. This is worth notice, as, though Mr. Blackie is quite ready to make light of the acting in comparison with the singing, he is yet more anxious to show that the plays were never calculated for reading. No doubt he is perfectly right in contending for the prominence of the musical element, and finding the English parallel to Greek tragedy in the opera rather than in the legitimate drama. A reading age is naturally apt to test the remains of its hearing predecessor by its own standard; ordinary readers see the Greek plays discussed on poetical and dramatic grounds and so forget that they ever stood on any other, and even scholars, absorbed in correcting the text or meditating on the poetry, may be tempted to regard them as things only belonging to the study. Such representations as that of the *Antigone* are never likely to be frequent; and, whenever an isolated case occurs, it will probably be regarded by the majority of the spectators as an experiment tried for the satisfaction of scholars upon a subject for which it was never really intended, much as the friends of Cornelius Scriblerus looked upon his endeavours to educate his son after the manner of the ancients. Under these circumstances it is always well that we should be reminded that the Greek drama was developed out of extempore songs to Bacchus, poured out by performers, who, from a combination of religious ecstacy and animal excitement, a union singularly characteristic of early Hellenic belief, were for the time not themselves, and that it was never wholly without traces of its original character. Its structure, especially at the time of *Æschylus*, with whom Mr. Blackie has been most occupied, though he repeatedly includes the two later dramatists in his observations, was not unlike that of a modern Oratorio: and in reading the different plays it is proper, as he tells us, to recollect that we have only the text book of the music. But we are disposed to believe with Schlegel that the poetry, after all, was the principal feature. The Greek music is known to have been sufficiently simple, the chorus not requiring the intervention of a composer, but being generally trained by the poet himself, who, though doubtless better qualified for such an office than a modern poet would be likely to be, cannot have had all the advantages which a division of labour confers on the professional musician; while the surpassing beauty of the poetry as poetry, admitted as a point of contrast by Mr. Blackie himself, shows that the other requisites can hardly have found room in the mind of the author for more than a secondary consideration. At any rate we can hardly go

wrong in claiming for the poetry a coordinate rank with the music, though we need not follow Mr. Keble, who turns Aristotle's assertion, that a drama ought to tell its own story to the reader, into an objection against one of the finest scenes in Sophocles, that where the body of Clytæmnestra is discovered to Ægisthus, as though what is undoubtedly gained in dramatic effect must necessarily be deducted from poetical merit.

But the chief thing to be borne in mind is that the Greek drama was not stationary but progressive, and that we are bound to regard its latest manifestations at least as much as the early beginnings out of which it rose. Its constant tendency was to become less of the song and more of the regular tragedy, in the Aristotelian or ordinary sense of the word. With regard to the dramatic qualifications of Æschylus, critics are at issue, even Sir Bulwer Lytton being balanced by an equally eminent Whig authority, Mr. Macaulay: we have no objection however to admit, on a mere perusal of his plays, that their lyric grandeur is their principal glory, and that his power of representation, though marvellous in its own way, is not sufficiently varied to be considerable as character drawing. But it is equally plain, even to the commonest reader, that in Sophocles and Euripides the work of the Chorus is very greatly reduced: both the choral odes and the lyrical part of the dialogue are abridged, while the strictly conversational element, that of which, according to Aristotle and Horace, the iambic measure is the natural exponent, appears more prominently, and the plot, that which supports and justifies the name of *δράμα* or action, acquires greater length and complication. Sophocles and Euripides were contemporaries; but as the latter is known to have set up much more consciously and avowedly as a dramatic reformer, we shall be right in considering his as a later development, and in pointing to the extension of his *στιχομυθίαι* and the irrelevancy of his choruses as a proof that the dramatic, properly so called, was fast superseding the lyric. Agathon, another disciple of the new school, who, though younger than Euripides, seems not to have survived him, is reported to have offered a still greater slight to the chorus, satisfying its requirements by introducing certain lyrical insertions (*ἐμβόλιμα*), the name of which seems to imply that, if not actually taken from other plays, they were at any rate as applicable to one as to another, and were of no sort of use in carrying on the action. The chorus had broken its original connexion with Bacchus for the sake of the drama, which was now to discard it, and thus render it doubly *ἀπροσδιόνυσον*. The final metamorphosis of the old goat-song by the exclusion of all singing seems to have been averted by the decline of tragedy itself; but comedy, the Song of the Revel,

which lived longer, actually underwent this last change, and, to the horror of conservative critics and their modern followers like Horace, dispensed with the Chorus altogether. Schlegel indeed treats with scorn the notion that the tragic Chorus would have shared a similar fate, believing apparently that it was artistically necessary as representing 'the ideal spectator,' and consequently indestructible: but it is difficult to resist the evidence of history, or to see how the fact that Sophocles wrote a prose treatise on the Chorus proves that a post-Sophoclean school might not have done without it. It may be contended that such a change would have involved a total corruption of Greek tragic art, and that the classical drama could not have survived the shock, though such a plea is rather refuted by the example of comedy, which had at least as much to do with singing and dancing in its earlier days: still, even if we make the admission, the fact will remain that the tragedy of the Greeks had a certain tendency which, by natural progression, led it further and further from its dithyrambic original. We may say if we please that it reached its height at a particular period, after which it fell into decay: but we cannot deny that it had different aspects, and stretched out different ways; not being exclusively either a song or an idealized action, but affording no less scope for the exhibition of rhetorical dialogue or skilful construction of fable. Even as corruptions of the old tragedy these innovations would deserve attention, not only from the intrinsic importance of the process in itself—the successful corrupter of public taste being, as has been well said, only less great than its creator—but as being avowedly an onward step in a vaster development, leading directly to that more perfect form which has no resemblance to the goat-song except the accidental one of etymology.

For ourselves, we do not profess to have any sharply defined theory about the Greek tragedy, or any very firm conviction about its essential idea. We have not had the good fortune to arrive at it transcendently, by intuition, and we doubt whether the plays themselves have as yet been sufficiently examined to bring out the result inductively. As we said a few pages back, it is necessary that some standard should be assumed; and therefore we must take up provisionally with such notions as we happen to have by us, a kind of floating capital of undefined tastes and perceptions, possibly available in particular cases, but not worthy of the dignity of being erected into a general proposition. Accordingly, in proceeding to speak of Euripides, we shall adopt a somewhat miscellaneous mode of treatment, discussing his various characteristics, intellectual, dramatic, and poetical, his relation to his own times and his influence on those that followed, rather than applying to him any one test, and

rejecting him if he should not happen to bear it. We can assure our readers that M. Hartung, with whose work we have headed our article, is not likely to object to such a multifarious ramble, as he himself has considered his hero in every conceivable light, though as he apparently believes that the poet will bear any comparison that can be made, from Æschylus and Sophocles down to Schacisperius, Schaxperius, or Shaxperius and Göthe, he may possibly complain of our desultory examination as not doing sufficient justice to these manifold excellences.

That which gives Euripides his greatest interest in our eyes is his position as the poet of his age. In deep and concentrated devotion to his art, and in exquisite delicacy of taste, he must undeniably rank below Sophocles; but he bears more of those marks which excite our enthusiasm and our sympathies for the Athens of the Peloponnesian war. It is curious, but not unaccountable, that the man who mixed so eagerly in contemporary speculation should have been handed down to us as austere and averse from general society, while his rival, who laboured for posterity, and did not care to impress his poetry with the peculiar features of the day, seems to have been easy and placid, taking life as he found it, and pursuing pleasure without stint or question. What the private *morale* of Euripides was, does not seem to be clearly made out. His writings are commonly accused of a relaxed tone, a charge which we shall come to afterwards: but that does not help us to decide the question. Tradition is very equivocal and indeed contradictory, there being stories on one side and epigrams on the other. M. Hartung is resolved to believe everything that is favourable, and to scout any evidence that may appear on the contrary behalf. He will not even allow that the poet's married life can have been unfortunate, endeavouring to set aside the rumours to that effect by an appeal to dates, into which we cannot pretend to enter, though we own that it reminds us of Mr. Rigby in Coningsby and his circumstantial evidence to prove that Lord Spencer was not dead. Partaking of the spirit of those around him, it is not likely that Euripides had any inducement to practise a very strict asceticism, in spite of the Hippolytus and the Ion, while at the same time we need not suppose him to have deviated into the opposite extreme. In other respects we seem to be able to make out more clearly what he was. Anxious to keep pace with the most advanced thinkers of his time, he sat under Anaxagoras and fraternized with Socrates. This naturally would expose him to some odium; and from the tenor of his writings he appears to have been more disposed to court than to avoid persecution, everywhere speaking of the σοφοί as a select brotherhood who are misunderstood and maligned by

their fellow-men. He evidently took pleasure in saying strong things in his plays, and when they were ill received he did not always content himself with a silent protest: on the contrary, he is reported to have come forward several times and replied to the expressions of disapprobation on the spot, and indeed on one occasion to have told the audience that he was there to teach, not to be taught. He also plainly made a profession of being a dramatic and poetical reformer: even if we had not the testimony of Aristophanes, which is as good on a broad matter of fact as it is bad on a question of character, we should easily discover that he held Æschylus rather cheap—and he carried this critical and antagonistic spirit with him into his compositions, where it is clear every now and then that he is thinking of himself and consciously introducing some novelty. Such a man was of course keenly alive to jealousy and ambition, and must have been readily susceptible of disappointment. Dissatisfaction with Athens had doubtless its share in leading him in his old age to seek honour in another country, though, in retiring to a foreign court, he was only following an example which had been set by Æschylus and was afterwards imitated by Plato. M. Hartung has again an opportunity of displaying his mingled scepticism and credulity in discussing the anecdotes connected with Euripides' stay in Macedonia. He is particularly unwilling to believe that his favourite poet can have been torn in pieces by dogs, except in a metaphorical sense, in which the devouring animal is Aristophanes; yet he admits that Archelaus himself was killed in consequence of the same quarrel which is said to have been fatal to Euripides. He appears however to be justified in supposing that his hero's fame increased rather than diminished after his death. The historical groundwork of the *Frogs* obviously is that Euripides was the rage with the people, Æschylus being supported by the few, or, as they called themselves, the wise and good; and Aristophanes dexterously attempts to reverse the judgment, by making Bacchus, who has been mad after the popular candidate, declare himself a convert to the claims of the old oligarch.

Having thus, rather from external than from internal evidence, formed a notion of the man, we shall know what to look for in his writings. Tragedy, as handled by him, may be expected to present its formally philosophical and rhetorical rather than its lyrical or its purely dramatic side. No doubt such a treatment has its own peculiar dangers, and may run into extravagances which are destructive of all dramatic propriety; but this does not prove it to be illegitimate, as the same unfortunate result can be alleged against other modes of handling. Æschylus, as we have already seen, has been frequently arraigned for the

undramatic character of his works, and even Sophocles, if we are to trust Mr. Keble's judgment, occasionally defeats his end by the means which he employs. Indeed it is on the rhetorical aspect of the Greek drama that Mr. Grote has fixed, as that which principally constitutes it an epoch in Athenian cultivation, and consequently most brings it under the notice of a historian. He even calls it a misnomer, because all is talk and nothing actually done—an assertion which may pass if intended as a joke, though in that case it would have come more naturally from Mr. Macaulay, or some other of the French school of writers, against whom the weighty and well-considered sentences of the History of Greece are a perpetual protest, but which would be unjust as a deliberate judgment, as, in spite of the ἀγγελικαὶ ῥήσεις and scenes of useless debate, we may infer not only from the well-known precept of Horace, but from the practice of the Greek stage,¹ that the transaction of matters behind the scenes was intended to be the exception rather than the rule, while the fact that the relation of things passed or passing elsewhere is made not by the poet, but by some one placed on the same level with the action and the actors, is a sufficient justification of the name according to its Aristotelian definition, showing that the spectators are admitted to see and hear something of what is supposed to have actually gone on, if not its most important part. And he expressly recognises in Euripides, as Schlegel and others have done, the man who was most zealous in carrying this habit into poetry, at the same time that he tacitly answers the objection that it was merely a private and intrusive element by showing that Sophocles also

¹ It may be worth while to substantiate this more fully than could well have been done in the text. It is not meant to deny that Mr. Grote's remark has some force both against the drama generally, which, if it is to have any artistic unity at all, cannot be made to represent the overflowing fullness of actual business-like life, and especially against the Greek drama which, as every one knows, had peculiar trammels of its own. Still, the assertion, in whatever sense it be taken, appears to be much too sweeping. Even deaths occasionally took place on the Greek stage—not only natural ones, like that of Alcectis, but violent, such as those of Ajax and Evadne. It would be wrong too to confound the whole action of a piece with what is really only its palpable and outward consummation. In the *Œdipus Tyrannus* and *Electra* of Sophocles, or in the *Medea*, the interest lies, not in the violent act which accomplishes the formal crisis, but in the real, though less tangible action, which is the preparation for it—in the gradual winding of the toils round the unconscious victim, or in the struggle of feeling in the avenger. The matter may be brought to an easy test. If any one in the course of his personal experience were to be brought into contact with an analogous case, would he not afterwards dwell on the whole tissue of fatal circumstances rather than on the fatal stroke itself? would he not feel that he had already taken in the full moral effect of the action, and that anything beyond was a mere physical result, the actual sight of which would affect the nerves rather than the mind? If it be established that the Greek drama, under its most successful cultivators, could be made to yield as much action as a spectator would wish to see, we may safely conclude that it was not undramatic, in any true sense of the word.

had his dialectics and his ethical questions to stimulate an intelligent auditory. It is true that in the case of Euripides the rhetorical tendency is both stronger in itself and more direct in its manifestations. Sophocles, whether from a personal and poetical sympathy with Æschylus, a proper aristocratic dislike to too much declamation and popular talking, or a naturally well-balanced mind, more intent on the general requirements of art than on the accidental feelings and opportunities of his own day, contrives to mask the purely intellectual and didactic parts of his plays very judiciously: in the *Antigone*, on which Mr. Grote enlarges, the dialogues are not felt to be forensic exercises, though they might very well answer such a purpose, and the general question on which the piece turns, ethically suggestive as it is, is not formally proposed, but left to be collected by the spectator. Euripides, with the characteristic impetuosity of a popular writer, cannot allow the drama to tell its own story, but enforces the moral himself by virtual appeals to the spectators; nay, he sometimes interrupts the general effect he is desirous to produce by discussing some incidental point about which he wishes his mind to be known. He even seems, on several occasions, particularly in one play which has not come down to us, to have adopted the tone, and perhaps the form of the comic parabasis—the Chorus, or some one of the actors, stepping forward to address the house in explanation or defence of the poet and his views, or on some equally irrelevant topic. We can understand such an innovation in a man of his temperament, but we cannot hesitate to pronounce that he was prudent in not venturing it more frequently. The relation between the stage and the spectators is always a delicate subject, requiring some allowance on the part of the latter, who willingly consent to the illusion, as though the actors were real kings and heroes, and they themselves ordinary mortals favoured by some unaccountable chance by being permitted to witness the august routine; and it is surely the wisdom of the tragedian not to break the spell by any wilful act of his own. It was the pride of the old comedy (a remark in which we find Schlegel has anticipated us) to outrage tragic proprieties as systematically and directly as possible, pointedly copying its form for the sake of turning it into ridicule: accordingly the comic characters are continually to recognise the existence of the audience, even while the action is going on, much more during the choral pause which is the place for the parabasis. Euripides, like a bold man as he was, lost no opportunity of showing that he did not fear this disenchanting power, by constantly performing the process himself, and exhibiting his heroes and heroines as plain men and women; but such experiments are always dangerous,

and in the case of his parabasis, though we have not got it to judge from, we need not scruple to condemn it in its absence.

Even if we look solely to his extant works, without torturing fragments and subpœna-ing grammarians, it will be but too easy to get up a *prima facie* case against his rhetorical excesses. To quote Schlegel again, whose determined antipathy, as M. Hartung himself will allow, renders him the fittest person to open this *Lis de Euripide nimis litigioso*, 'Many of his scenes have altogether the appearance of a law-suit, where two persons, as the parties in the litigation, (with sometimes a third for a judge,) do not confine themselves to the matter in hand, but expatiate in a wide field, accusing their adversaries, or defending themselves with all the adroitness of practised advocates, and not unfrequently with all the windings and subterfuges of pettifogging sycophants.' In the Hecuba, that lady pleads her cause in a set speech on three separate occasions; first, against Ulysses in the matter of Polyxena; secondly, when she endeavours to induce Agamemnon to punish Polymestor; lastly, against Polymestor himself, after she has taken the law into her own hands: and in all three she shows a full consciousness of the character she is assuming, in one instance so much so, that she formally recommends people to take paid lessons in rhetoric. In the Orestes, Tyndareus and Orestes are the pleaders, Menelaus being arbiter; besides, the most important event in the drama, the fate of Electra and her brother, is determined in full assembly, though by a singular perversity it is not brought on the stage, but made known to us in the speech of a messenger; whether because the poet's partiality for declaiming yielded to his preference for a yet more unfortunate mode of transacting business, or because he wished pointedly to avoid the example set by Æschylus in the Eumenides, we leave M. Hartung and his more thoroughgoing apologists to decide. The dispute scenes in the Phœnissæ and the Medea are so much more conformable to a strict Sophoclean taste, that they might well be passed over were it not that we are tracing the tendency in all its exhibitions of itself. The Hippolytus gives us a set encounter between Phædra and the nurse, and also two speeches of Hippolytus, the one aggressive, attacking the whole female sex, the other defensive, asserting his own innocence. In the Alcestis it would be ungracious to mention the speeches of the dying wife and her husband, but the altercation between Admetus and his father is unmistakeably forensic. The Andromache contains at least two rhetorical efforts by the distressed mother herself, besides a dispute between Peleus and Menelaus, and a conversation between Orestes and Hermione, which bears more than one

mark of Euripidean σοφία. The Suppliants has the flavour in unusual plenty. The subject is political, and is duly improved; Adrastus, in asking for help, introduces that strange passage which is supposed to be intended as the poet's own claim to lead a comfortable life, (though Dindorf thinks it spurious, and M. Hartung, with greater probability, gives it to a fragmentary speech of Amphion, from the lost drama of Antiope). Theseus in refusing help makes a philosophical exposition of his views, beginning with the blessings of civilization; when he grants it it is at the instance of his mother, who delivers a state speech, and receives a state reply: the scene between the king and the herald opens with a debate on Democracy *v.* Monarchy, which is followed by another on the particular matter at issue: the speech in which Adrastus, probably, as Schlegel says, shadowing out an eulogy of some Athenian generals, describes the civic virtues of the chiefs killed at Thebes, is drawn forth by a request from Theseus, worded with the evident purpose of sneering at Æschylus, a fact which has not escaped M. Hartung, though he seems wrong in supposing the play cavilled at to be the *Seven Chiefs* rather than the *Eleusinians*, if we may conjecture about a work of which we know little beyond the subject: and, lastly, Evadne's father has an ingenious discourse on the evils of old age. If the Tauric Iphigenia may be fairly passed over, the other play of that name furnishes its full contingent, especially in the scenes between Agamemnon and Menelaus, and that where the king has to rebut the stern appeal of his wife, and the softer pleadings of his daughter. In the Rhesus, of which, by-the-bye, the genuineness is not quite made out, the disceptatory tendency is not full grown, but there are some slight indications of it in a speech of Æneas, in Hector's talk with Rhesus, and again, in his altercation with the charioteer. The Troades, besides two or three other speeches, of which one by Andromache, about the duties of a wife, is the most noticeable, contains a regular trial scene, Hecuba obtaining leave from Menelaus to exert her eloquence against Helen, who has been speaking for her own life. At first sight we are reminded of Shakspere's Queen Margaret and Queen Elizabeth, but the resemblance soon vanishes when Helen, having represented herself as a victim to the machinations of the gods, Hecuba grapples at once with the story of the Judgment of Paris, declaring it impossible that Juno and Minerva could have been anxious for the prize of beauty, as neither of them could have had an adequate motive, the one as having already a husband, the other as not wishing for one. The Bacchæ might be exempted, but for a speech of Tiresias, with a rhetorical exordium, and a middle full of scientific mythology.

The *Heraclidæ* has a sort of faint reflection of the *Suppliants*, in the dialectical match between Iolaus and the intrusive herald before Demophon; and in the closing scene Eurystheus secures his privilege of speaking before being led out to death. Helen again has to plead for her life in the play inscribed by her name, her husband being this time not her judge, but her fellow-prisoner; she makes, moreover, a singular speech about her own fortunes, asserting that she believes there is no parallel instance, either among Grecians or barbarians, of a woman being born from an egg. *Ion* contains sundry questions about the gods, and also a speech by the hero, setting forth the political inexpediency of his proposed removal to Athens. In the *Mad Hercules* there is another peril of life, which calls forth a defiant speech from Amphytrion, and one in a more resigned strain from Megara; Hercules himself too becomes oratorical at last, and protests against the miserable derogatory stories which are told of the gods. In the *Electra* we have a philosophical diatribe by Orestes on the virtues of the poor, the distribution of which, as compared with those of the rich, he declares to involve an insoluble question; an elaborate funeral vituperation of Ægisthus, and, above all, a scene in which a rival passage in the *Choephoræ* is deliberately taken to pieces, and ridiculed bit by bit, till we almost expect to hear the name of Æschylus mentioned—‘the most annoying interruption,’ Schlegel justly observes, ‘and the most fatal to genuine poetry, that can possibly be conceived.’ Even the Cyclops has a piece of tongue-fence, Ulysses on one side, Polyphemus on the other; though there a comic stroke may very well have been intended, and, indeed, the way in which Ulysses is handled seems to intimate as much.

Our readers will, we think, agree that this is a formidable array of proofs, ranging, as it does, with scarcely an exception, over the whole list of our author’s extant works. It is true that some isolated instances may possibly be softened or got rid of. Mr. Keble thinks that the astuteness of Hecuba or Andromache may be meant to be strictly in character, representing the littleness and want of dignity which is occasionally brought out by misfortune, and that the Theban herald in the *Suppliants* may be compared with the various impertinents in Shakspeare, who, by their unseasonable vivacity, really heighten the effect of a scene designed to be painful. Still, as the accomplished critic himself seems to feel, such special pleas are unsatisfactory after all that can be said; they may account for individual cases, but they in no way weaken the cumulative force of the whole series. Some other and more general consideration must be found, which may justify or explain the charges which it cannot rebut. We have already admitted that Euripides cannot

stand the tests which are generally used to establish the excellence of Sophocles. He chose to be the poet of his age, and he sacrificed much in order to attain the position. That his plays should contain whole passages utterly repugnant to our tastes, not only as moderns, but as representatives of the general feeling of all times, was unavoidable. From instinct or from principle, he took up a particular view of human nature, and carried it out everywhere. It was not only, as Schlegel and Mr. Keble say, that he wished to gratify the Athenians. Doubtless, this was one of his motives; doubtless, also, he knew his power as a man of genius, and aimed at creating a certain condition of society by the mere force of representing it. But the thought was due to something beyond the wish. The social state which he described did exist already, brought about not by his agency, but by the same agency which produced him, and though it had not yet diffused itself over Athens, there could be no question but that it was in the ascendant. In dramatizing human life, he could scarcely have ignored it altogether; even Sophocles had not done so, but he need not have recognised it in the full proportions which it was beginning to assume. His spirit, however, would consent to no such compromise; temperament, poetical taste, political sentiment, things in a Greek mind almost undistinguishable, all must have led him to identify himself, and, by consequence, his writings, with the current testimony. The Athenians were beginning to live for the courts of law and the public assemblies, and the residue of their daily intercourse with each other would naturally be conducted in something of the same strain. Whether, with Aristophanes, we denounce the phenomenon as monstrous, or, with Mr. Grote, say that it had not yet passed into unhealthy excess, we are alike compelled to attribute to it a very strong and pronounced character. Euripides, in idealizing, may have heightened it; but we know that the groundwork must have been there, if only as a basis for him to operate upon. Mr. Keble, as might be expected from his doctrine, that the highest poetry is always characterised by a certain delicacy and reserve, a dignified irony, which delights in suppressing, rather than in expressing emotion, complains of the manner in which Andromache, reproaching Hermione, is made to say all that is in her mind, and refers it to the original vice of the poet, who, like tiros in painting, portrays his characters not as they would appear, but as he happens to know them to be. The remark is undoubtedly just as a general truth of art, and not inapplicable to Euripides, who was always liable to put forward himself too prominently; but what we have said above is calculated, we think, to weaken the full force of the application. What would be uncongenial to us, and perhaps also,

(though this must be said guardedly,) to any healthy development of human nature, may have been natural to Athens as viewed by Euripides. As a writer of the summary school would say, Athenian life had no privacy. An Athenian citizen felt the attractions of home as little as any modern *habitué* of a London club; even his best affections were kindled at the gymnasium or the symposium, rather than at the domestic altar. Such a training is scarcely likely to have cultivated the habit of reticence. Those major premisses which, under ordinary circumstances, lie dormant in the mind, uniformly acted upon, but hardly ever consciously realized save by men of a particular constitution or education, must at Athens have been constantly coming up to the surface; and these, expressed in language, are the Euripidean *γνώμαι*. The distaste of the modern reader will be increased by finding that this dialectical style is more or less common to all his characters. It ought not, however, to be rashly assumed that even this is contrary to nature. We may be sure that cultivation was much more uniformly diffused among the Athenians than among ourselves. Our example does not afford an absolute rule for judging even of foreign countries at the present day. There are women of inferior rank in Germany who might very well express the sentiments about music which are given to the nurse in the *Medea*. Again, if it be still thought that there is a want of accurate discrimination of character, it should be remembered that this is not peculiar to Euripides. There is hardly any work of fiction in which the language of the several characters can be said to be literally given. A novel has, in this respect, infinite advantages over the drama. It would be hard to say that no personages in Shakspeare ever talk above themselves. The romantic drama, too, is not always bound by the dignities of verse, having the privilege of admitting comic scenes and dialogues in plain prose. Greek tragedy had no such licence; it might vary and modify its metrical restrictions, but it could not throw them off. Euripides did his best to secure freedom, as in the *Alcestis*; but he must always have felt his shackles. The other tragedians in reality fared no better, though they did not risk themselves so often. *Æschylus* and *Sophocles* do not show more discrimination in their language, but simply less variety in their characters. The nurse in the *Choephore* is more ridiculous than anything in Euripides, from the utter disproportion of her language, not only to her position, but to her actual sentiments. The watchman in the *Antigone* speaks just as Euripides would have made him speak; *Creon* calls him a *λάλημα*, and Mr. Donaldson puts his opening speech into prose. We do not say that Euripides was thoroughly successful here any more than elsewhere; we only

submit that what seems to be a failure may be partly only one in appearance, partly the result of a disability in which his rivals shared as much, or more than himself.

Like other levellers, however, he not only raised the masses, but depressed the upper ranks. If he did not speak of the commonest wants of nature in 'the big bow-wow style,' he had nothing beyond ordinary every-day language for his gods and heroes. The utmost that they reach is to speak like highly educated men of his own time. 'The glory and the dream' which surrounded them before has 'melted into the light of common day,' and that not by any means of its brightest and most romantic hours. The divinities, who so often come down to wind up his plots and send the characters about their business, are themselves sufficiently business-like, whatever may have been their adventitious grandeur as they appeared in their machine. Hercules has a touch, and something more than a touch of the clown about him, as he is seen in the *Alcestis*, not unlike the 'genial giant,' whom Mr. Tennyson, with rather questionable judgment, has, in the new edition of the *Princess*, developed out of *Arac*. This was of course designed as another democratic stroke, not necessarily for the purpose of bringing the aristocratic interest, and the aristocratic way of looking at things, into contempt, though such a motive may have been present to one who was never suffered to forget that he was a man of the people; but with the more philanthropic view of popularizing the old and venerable traditions which had been before associated with a class, if not with a caste, and showing the great men, whose doings formed the staple of tragedy, as beings of like passions with the meanest of his auditors. What he wished was, that his fellow-citizens should leave the theatre with the thought, 'After all, Hercules and Theseus were only men.' The thought cannot have been otherwise than beneficial socially to a nation whose greatness was inseparably bound up with its democracy, except so far as it may have tended to disparage the inward qualities along with the external trappings of heroism. That it actually did this we have no ground for asserting, as Aristophanes, even if his pleasantries be taken literally, merely speaks of its effect on some of the upper classes, who, instead of employing their wealth in the public service, affected a poverty-mania. Such an effect can only have been very transient, whether it really operated as an excuse for declining expensive offices, or only as a sentimental fashion: in the latter case, at any rate, it must have been at least as harmless as any of the other propensities which the comedian himself attributes to the young Eupatrids. Of the general character of Euripides' theological teaching as such, we shall have a word to

say afterwards. Meantime, we will make two remarks on the literary changes of which this de-heroicizing process has been the harbinger. Its value as a step in the progress of dramatic art was very great. Socrates, when in that unrecorded after-supper discussion with Aristophanes and Agathon he maintained that the same mind ought to excel in tragedy and in comedy, must have thought not merely of the question of theoretic possibility, which, curiously enough, in the Republic he is made to rule the contrary way, but of the proof which his friend was giving, that tragedy can wear other clothing than royal gold and purple. He doubtless saw how near greatness and littleness lay together in his own homely walk, and valued any one who would do that for tragedy, which it was his aim to do for philosophy,* bringing it from heaven to earth. We, from our present point of view, can see that the truth which the two friends, each in his own way, endeavoured to realize, is one which the highest dramatic art expresses most fully, and that the poet's deviations from the charmed circle into the pathless unknown, were only the early beginnings of a train of glorious discoveries, such as no one, with only the experience of the ancient world to draw from, could ever have conceived. It may be more startling to find in Euripides the first formal promulgator of Wordsworth's still litigated theory, that the language of poetry is the language of common life. Probably Wordsworth himself was never sensible of the obligation, as the common life of his predecessor was precisely that from which he would have revolted as most artificial. But the principle was the same, only translated from the form which it must have worn to a Greek, into one which it could not have worn, except in an age where cultivated men can find leisure for a contemplative existence: and the opposition which it encounters from Aristophanes is akin to that which it had more than two thousand years afterwards to sustain from Jeffrey and Byron, though they had no Æschylus to set up against it.

Nevertheless, viewed in itself and not in its historical significance, or in its relative importance as a transition state, this unheroic phase of Greek tragedy cannot be called graceful or pleasing. The personages introduced are neither demi-gods nor men; their manners separate them from the one, and their story from the other. If it be said that Euripides is only adopting the pragmatic method of dealing with Grecian fable, to which Thucydides himself shows such strong leanings in his early chapters, all that can be replied is, that though that

* Mr. Keble, we see, has been beforehand with us in making this application, which is sufficiently likely to have occurred to any one, recollecting the intimacy between Socrates and Euripides.

method was of great temporary value, and though some credit may be due to the ingenuity which suggested the thought of bringing it on the stage, it is now universally allowed to be the most unpoetical view that ever was taken of a poetical subject. It was unfortunate that the poet's democratic tendencies did not lead him further to break through the rule which confined tragic honours to a certain cycle of great families, and attempt not merely popular treatment, but a popular story. Aristotle, indeed, in one passage, speaks of this application of Whig doctrine to poetry as the general rule, but in another he seems to think it ridiculous and self-refutatory: and the Persians of Æschylus, Phrynichus' Capture of Miletus, and, perhaps, Agathon's Flower, might have served as precedents either for the choice of a recent historical event, or for the invention of a fable for the occasion. Euripides might have surpassed Æschylus in a drama from Athenian history as far as he has been himself surpassed in the stories of Electra and Orestes. It is possible, as we have hinted already, that some parts of his existing plays are designed to be historical, containing a thinly-concealed reference to passing affairs. The anti-Laconianisms of the *Andromache* would strike any one; the *Suppliants* seem as if intended to recommend an Argive alliance; the *Heraclidæ* points to a later period when the Argives were out of favour, the Argive herald, who is the counterpart of the Theban in the *Suppliants*, warning the Athenians against making a bad choice of allies as a habit of theirs (*ὅπερ φιλεῖτε δρᾶν*), but being, nevertheless, dismissed. M. Hartung extends these discoveries much further, professing to fix the political occasion of almost every play. Thus the reception of *Medea* at Athens stands for the alliance with the Corcyraeans: Cleon is attacked in the *Hecuba* under the name of Ulysses, for his mob-oratory, and under that of Paris for his firebrand war-policy: Alcibiades too figures as Paris in the *Troades*, having been previously honoured by representing Theseus in the *Suppliants*: subsequently, however, he is compared to Helen, not only as being beautiful, but as being misunderstood: and, finally, he is shadowed forth by Polynices. For Euripides' sake it is to be hoped that all these are mere fancies; anyhow we cannot think that his historical allusions place him in a better position, or make his heroes and heroic fables more attractive. We would rather take such a play as the *Phœnissæ* on its own merits, which are very considerable, as Polynices' exile does not make him unheroic, nor does Jocasta's tenderness evaporate in rhetoric, save in one or two minor instances, while the bustle of the action is well kept up, though the crisis occurs off the stage. The *Bacchæ* is praised even by Schlegel, as a thoroughly successful treatment

of mythology: our judgment would rank it lower, in spite of the fantastic effect of the chorus, and the impressive *dénouement* of the last scene. Viewed through the every-day atmosphere which pervades this no less than the other plays of Euripides, Pentheus appears to have the best of the argument; and if the fact of his punishment revolts us, the mode in which he is led to it causes a smile. We feel that had Æschylus' lost play been preserved to us, we should have had the story worthily told: Pentheus would have been crushed without sympathy, as without remedy, beneath the overwhelming power of the Deity, and the Bacchanalian chorus would have had all the intensity of an old dithyramb, as performed by Archilochus, 'the wine confounding the senses like thunder.' Euripides was not the man to triumph over the primeval mythology. There was nothing corresponding to it in his nature, and his efforts to identify himself with it could not but fail, great as is the incidental power which they display. In this respect Æschylus stands unrivalled. When we think of the death of Agamemnon it is as created by him, not as related in the *Odyssey*, or as repeated by later dramatists, who ought to have known better than to have attempted the task. His Prometheus, standing as it does, a mere fragment against the sky, severed, as if by the whirlwinds of Zeus, alike from the background and the foreground which once made it such a different spectacle, has, nevertheless, in its very incompleteness, taken possession of the most splendid imaginations of this century—of Göthe, Byron, and Shelley, and produced on them effects utterly distinct from those which the artist himself contemplated. It may well be said that over genius time has no power, when we see a half-truth of Æschylus doing more than others have attained by laying open their whole minds. Euripides, more favoured by fortune, has had infinitely less success. Eighteen of his tragedies have been preserved—more than half of the whole remains of the Greek tragic drama, and consequently on many subjects he has all the field to himself. Rarely, however, has he succeeded in prevailing on posterity to call the lands after his name. In some cases we forget that he has ever been there; in others we feel that his memory has been preserved mainly by the accident that no mighty man has come after him. Hecuba, Hippolytus, Alcestis, Iphigenia, are still associated with him in pleasurable recollection; but we cannot but perceive that he has not appropriated them so that they could never have been wrested from him, if indeed, in the instance of Iphigenia, Göthe, after long centuries of prescription, has not 'taken it by sovereignty of nature.'

One character there is of which Euripides has effected a

real and permanent conquest, and that is Medea. The subject for once was one which his powers were well qualified to master, lying within the domain of the old stories, but having a singular affinity to much that was working in the Athenian mind, and which it was his delight to represent. It is not that he has made Medea less modern than his other characters, but that he has caught a modern element, a certain subtilty and refinement which she had and they had not, working it irresistibly till it has become thoroughly subdued to his hand; and the result is a creation which may be ranked with Æschylus' Clytæmnestra. Great skill is displayed in the manner of her introduction. We hear her indignant and impassioned wailings behind the scenes; but when she steps forward to meet the Chorus, she shows all the calmness of a regnant intellect. It is with something less than his usual judgment that Mr. Keble censures her speech to them as unnatural. In searching among what must have been an *embarras des richesses* for examples of apparently obtrusive rhetoric, he seems to have forgotten whose the character is by whom those words are pronounced. She is not an ordinary princess with common feelings, though, as we have seen, common feelings would hardly have come from an Athenian of that epoch in the same shape as that to which we are accustomed. She is a woman in whom extraordinary violence of feeling acts in harmony with subtle intellect and iron determination, so that, though giving vent to her sense of wrong in private, she can brood over it in public, concealing it entirely, or, if expressing it, saying no more than the occasion may seem to demand. She attacks Jason at their first interview because she has no motive for silence, but even then it is with a measured dignity of rhetoric befitting the position which she has to maintain. She is not only an injured wife; she is a professor of wisdom; in that character she has won her triumphs, and in that she has become obnoxious to the suspicion and mistrust of which she is everywhere sensible; in a word, she is before her age, and she bears the penalty. In her parley with Creon she expressly rests her case on this ground, in a tone which, though purposely blended with affected humility and intense irony, has yet in it much of genuine feeling, and might have been used in a real appeal against her enemies. This it is which gives the studied air to her first speech on the stage; she naturally makes a set exordium, and as naturally diverges into a general complaint about the *status* of women, for she naturally identifies herself with the whole sex, and in talking of her own wrongs speaks as their representative. She is one of the elect, one of the golden race; and while her consciousness of this really separates her in spirit from her kind, it gives her a right to be heard as

their head, and in a case where she pleads not against them but against others, to assume that her cause is theirs. Such generalizing is the very mould into which a powerful mind at variance with circumstances naturally pours its feelings: and we have no doubt that an entrance like hers must have caused a thrill of rapturous joy among the ardent intellectualists of the Athenian theatre, sympathising with every word and exulting, as the oration proceeded, to find their own aspirations so loftily impersonated. That was the real power of enchantment, of which the spells and Colchian incantations were but symbols and accessories. Let the *cognoscenti*, who pin their faith on Mr. Tennyson, recall the flutter of delight with which they turn over the leaves of a new poem from him, and they may form some faint conception of the manner in which the production of *Medea* must have affected the more advanced minds among the most impulsive and cultivated of nations. It may be said that Euripides would not have minded placing her disquisition on the wrongs of women in another mouth, where it would have been less appropriate; but, however this may be, it can be no reason for refusing him our admiration when he happens to have pitched not only on the thing to say but on the person to say it.

Nor ought we, if there be any truth in the considerations which we have stated above, to regard his success here merely as a fortunate accident. Could we but get rid of the mythological names, we might read his other plays with something of the same pleasure as dramas of Athenian life. As it is we feel that, whether in deference to custom, or in compliance with a false theory of his own, he set himself to force a method in itself no less legitimate than novel upon an unwilling subject: and so our verdict will be, not that he proved himself destitute of genius, but that he proved his genius not to be congenial. Time has been so much more merciful to his works than to those of his brother tragedians that it may seem unreasonable to wish that other dramas had been spared to justify his fame; still, we think, the circumstances may excuse us in making the reference. As a general rule it may be true in art as in life that a single probation is enough, nor should we deny it in his case, as we believe that what he has left, properly understood, will amply support his dramatic glory; but when we reflect how wide-spreading and inveterate the causes of misunderstanding are, we cannot help repining at the loss of anything which might have won the applause of all men of taste, not only of those who are able and willing to take into account his disadvantages, necessary or otherwise. *Melanippe the Wise* seems, at first sight, a work which would have gratified our expectations; but it is possible that they might have been disappointed, as the strange-

ness of the story might have proved an insurmountable obstacle, and the famous speech of the heroine, opening, as the few lines which remain testify, with a cosmogonical discourse, in which the poet repaid his obligations to Anaxagoras, is particularly censured by Aristotle as out of character. But we could scarcely be mistaken if we were to fix on Palamedes as one which we would most gladly recover. The story is one of those which we can least bear to have lost, especially as we know the loss to have been threefold: and of the three rehabilitations which might have been preserved to us we can hardly doubt but that of Euripides would have been most appropriate. Palamedes was a sort of Euripidean Prometheus, the re-discoverer of what the Titan had invented, a victim, not to his variance with the gods and the resentment of a younger deity, but to the hostility of men and the jealousy of a meaner rival. Even now we can imagine the effect of the passage where, as he was being led out to death, he saluted glorious Truth, which had died before him, or of that thrilling burst in which the Chorus told the Danaans that they had slain, they had slain the all-wise one, the nightingale of the Muses, that pained none, and that in compliance with the persuasions of a crafty and shameless speaker. We know how it might have affected us as a tale of the poet's own experience, because we learn from traditions that, on a subsequent representation, after he was dead, it brought to mind a more recent event which he had not lived to see, and forced the Athenians to recollect with tears how lately they too had been guilty in like manner in putting to death their greatest thinker, the man who had followed the truth. The anecdote may be false in itself, and incorrect even as a representation of Athenian feeling; but it shows us what the tragedy was, and how it would have come home to us, whatever impression the temper and convictions of the audience may have allowed it to make at the time.

There is nothing for which Euripides has received greater praise than for his power over the feelings. We confess ourselves of opinion that here, as elsewhere, his critics have not been thoroughly discriminating. Aristotle gives him the name of the most tragic of poets, not for his skill in representing the sufferings of the human heart, but because his pieces generally end unhappily. Yet one would hardly say that the bare telling of a sorrowful story was enough to constitute tragedy, without considering the manner of telling it. Nor is it clear that Aristotle meant as much praise as he is supposed to have done, since he merely makes the assertion in answer to some critics who made this very peculiarity, the frequency of unfortunate catastrophes, a matter of blame: 'In other points he may be wrong, but in this at least he is more like what a tragedian

should be than any of them.' Such spectacles as the *Troades*, which has been named as one of the plays which Aristotle is likely to have had in view, are specimens of material pathos rather than of anything else, if we may borrow the epithet applied by Coleridge to Schiller's sublime. We must not indeed confound what was probably the simple result of a passion for scenic display with a disposition, like that of Cicero's Sulpicius, to think more of the downfall of empires than of the misfortunes of individuals. Such an imputation would be peculiarly unfair to him whom Aristophanes stigmatizes as the poet of beggars—the poet who, treating of the misfortunes of royal and heroic personages, delighted to exhibit the sufferers in aspects reminding the spectators of their common humanity. He is indeed never so well pleased as when he represents the sorrows of individuals, quite apart from any associations which would attach to their past or present possession of regal state. He is as anxious to conciliate sympathy for Menelaus or Telephus in beggary, repulsed from the gate by servants, as Wordsworth was for his Alice Fells or his Leech Gatherers. The simplicity of his diction, too, seems as if it were adapted to the expression of homely sorrow. Here, however, our late Laureate has the advantage of him. Common country-talk is certainly a better vehicle of deep feeling than common town-talk. Natural as the latter may be to those who have been bred up to its use, it will always remind the hearer of its artificial origin. Those who have mixed much with others in the wear and tear of life are generally supposed, rightly or wrongly, to have had their feelings blunted, and when we listen to them it is with the expectation not of hearing sentiment but of gaining experience. And the talk of an educated city population, such as we imagine Euripides to have copied, is still less appropriate in proportion as more influences have come in between it and nature. Whatever we may think of the fitness of Betty Foy as a subject for poetry, there can be little doubt that her troubles would not have gained by being dressed out in smart antitheses after the manner of Pope. 'Quippe et cantet si naufragus, assem Protulerim?' If 'the mobled queen' is to be in the dust with her head covered up, she ought not vent her grief in rhetorical mannerisms. If these had become natural at Athens, it was a sign that Athenian language was losing its power of pathos. There will undoubtedly be a difference in the words and images which a cultivated person employs to relieve an overburdened heart, and this difference it will be right to shadow out; but it is not likely to go very far, especially when the sorrow that it relates exists not in memory but in lively and present apprehension. The author of 'In Memoriam,' as he would himself

tell us, could not have collected his assemblage of graceful and tender imagery immediately upon hearing of his friend's death. Besides, we find in the speeches in Euripides of which we complain that the rhetoric comes in, not so much to express the feeling, however injudiciously, but to conceal its absence. We conclude, therefore, that in these instances he was not following the usage of his contemporaries but his own perverted judgment—a conclusion to which he helps us further by leading us to observe the genuine simplicity of the language used by his really pathetic characters in their best moments. Iphigenia, pleading before her father, begins in a strain which, though exquisite in itself, must be called artificial: she falls however almost immediately into a truer and deeper tone, and continues with scarcely an exception through the remainder of her address. And it is singularly confirmatory of our remarks on his peculiar identification of himself with the character of Medea, that he has made her the speaker of a monologue, which for variety and depth of feminine emotion has no parallel either in his own works or in the rest of the Greek drama. In her anger she looks down from heights of generalization; in her sorrow she is the lonely woman, thinking only of herself and of those whom she is about to sacrifice.

If we have occasionally hesitated in speaking of our author's more obtrusive peculiarities, how much to ascribe to himself and how much to his time, we cannot have much doubt when we come to his hatred of women. We know that it was noted by his contemporaries as an idiosyncrasy, which they accounted for in different ways. It is impossible to explain away the existence of the feeling in the face of the numerous proofs which he has given of it. Among the female characters actually introduced in his extant plays the good preponderate over the bad, and some of the former certainly appear to be sketched *con amore*: but these can hardly stand as an evidence of his real sentiments against the vehement and unseasonable outbreaks which are constantly bursting forth in the shape of his characteristic gnomic propositions. Account for them as we will, they are a strange and unpleasing feature. We have already declined M. Hartung's invitation to argue the point whether or no Euripides was happy in his two marriages, though we are not sure that the common story would sufficiently explain the peculiar virulence of the expressions used. Nor can we accept Mr. Keble's suggestion that the poet being devoted to gymnastics had never been a lady's man, and so that he naturally indulged a vein of conscious exaggeration, like that in the Antiquary, to veil the severity with which he could not help regarding the sex. The passages in question do not seem

to have any tinge of playfulness in them; and if he had really attained the virtue of ascetic severity, why did he marry? No doubt he had a strong sympathy with Hippolytus: but the tenor of the play would not lead us to suppose that he wished him to be regarded as absolutely in the right. Add to this, that in the *Frogs* he is made to upbraid Æschylus as a loveless writer, in order to draw down a crushing retort on himself, which Aristophanes would hardly have imagined him to do if his temper had been understood to be ascetic, as his coldness might have equally furnished the comedian with a topic for ridicule. He may have had something of a social purpose, to expose the condition of women in Athens and Greece at large, which we know to have stood in considerable need of a regenerator; but in that case he surely would not have scrupled to intersperse a greater number of hints towards reform. The emancipation of woman has always been a favourite object with theorists of his stamp, and with the example of Aspasia before him, if recent writers are not mistaken in the vast conceptions for which they give her credit, and Plato following in the next generation with the fifth Book of his Republic, it would be strange if so ripe a thinker had not exercised himself in such speculations. Anyhow, let his antipathy have sprung from what it may, his frequent introduction of it is evidently to be set down to that habit of self-assertion which we have observed to be a characteristic and, to a certain extent, a blemish of his poetry.

Much more intelligible are the aspersions thrown, both in ancient and modern times, on his morality as a writer. The head and front of his offending was, that he dramatized such stories as those of Phædra, Sthenobœa, and Macareus and Canace. The arguments bandied about *pro* and *con* in the *Frogs* are a good representation of those which must have been current among Athenian critics, Æschylus asserting that the exhibition of characters like these had a directly corrupting tendency, Euripides rejoining that he had drawn from life, to which the old bard retorts that it is a poet's duty to conceal the worse scenes of life and not to call attention to them. We perceive at once that it is the ancient counterpart of the discussion which is being raised every day among ourselves about works of fiction, those for instance of the German or French school. Euripides, an unwearied advocate of liberty of thought, was instinctively led to represent life in all its bearings, thinking no aspect of humanity foreign to him (*ὅν χρη φράζειν ἀνθρωπείως*), and probably believing that some lesson of good was to be found at the bottom of all. A man adopting this view of course laid himself open to its infinite moral dangers, especially that of tampering with the principle of conscience in art, which binds

the artist to copy only those doings which are morally worthy to be contemplated, and forbids imitation for imitation's sake as stringently as if it were avowedly directed to a bad end. Still it would be unjust to reckon Euripides an immoral or even a non-moral writer. He probably held in common with the rest of the Greeks the responsibility of the poet as a teacher, though parts both of his theory and of his practice, viewed by a clearer light than those days could supply, may appear inconsistent with the recognition. It is plain that he shared in Plato's objection to degrading myths about the gods: and this is not likely to have been a purely intellectual distaste. In the passage from the *Frogs* too a modern reader will be inclined to suspect Æschylus of an intentional play on the word *διδάσκειν*, to teach, in our sense, or to get up a drama; it being true in the former sense that a poet ought to teach nothing immoral, and true in the latter that Euripides had taught a story of which guilty passion was the subject. Without, however, going beyond the first meaning, we can understand a Greek thinking that the representation of an action, unaccompanied by a strong disavowal on the part of the Chorus, such as is the case with Clytæmnestra's deed in the *Agamemnon*, amounted to a virtual recommendation of it, especially if there were anything seductive about the action itself, since, at the present day, our clearer insight both into casuistry and æsthetics can be scarcely said to give us any precise rule respecting the bounds within which the delineation of crime is admissible. Æschylus tells Euripides that women of character had been constrained to drink hemlock in order to hide their shame, and all because of his Bellerophon; meaning, apparently, that they had imitated Sthenobœa in the play of Bellerophon, she having been the tempter, not the tempted. We cannot tell what the *exemplar vitiis imitabile* there may have been, nor how far the susceptible natures of the fair Athenians may not have been acted on by what we should consider a slight provocation; nor indeed can we be quite sure of the most important point of all, that the whole charge, which is just dropped by Æschylus and not taken up again, may not have been an idle tale, if not a dramatic exaggeration, malicious or facetious according as we may choose to regard it. Phædra is another character named, and of her we can judge as little, for she is probably not meant for our old acquaintance, but for her double in a former Hippolytus, where the love is supposed to have been avowed much more openly. But we must estimate the accusation not only in itself but with reference to the accuser, that is to the Æschylean party. Æschylus, in the heat of his attack on his rival, declares that, as for himself, he never introduced any woman in love, his plays being all about battles

and elevated actions. From this it would seem that he and his admirers, whom Aristophanes, being one of themselves, is not likely to have caricatured except very slightly, laid an interdict on all mention of the softer passions, as unworthy of that heroic frame of mind which it was the design of their school of tragedy to inspire. Thus the charge against Euripides taken in its full magnitude would be, not that he spoke of immoral love, but that he spoke of love at all, that being esteemed demoralizing in itself—a charge which would include Romeo and Juliet equally with Æolus. As to the more abnormal vices with which Athenian society was infected, Euripides has not touched on them except in a satiric drama and perhaps in a lost tragedy, and even in the latter we have no reason to believe that he used such expressions as are employed by Æschylus in a connexion seemingly intended not to be vituperative but laudatory. The single moral sentiments in which Euripides abounds more than any other of the tragedians cannot be called exceptionable, though some of them from their novelty may have been questioned at the time when they were first breathed to an audience. No one now will see a defence of perjury in general in the famous line from the Hippolytus. If Julius Cæsar was morally the worse for the dictum of Eteocles, which he is said to have been so fond of quoting, he will hardly escape by laying his deterioration at the door of the poet, who has been censured so often for bringing in maxims of excellent morality out of place, that he may surely be acquitted both of bad taste and bad intentions when he introduces a γνώμη, the character of which is justified at once by the context. We may miss the stern sanctions with which Æschylus invested his ethical teaching: but we cannot pretend that the explicit lessons set forth by Euripides, plain and common sense as is their outward form, have any other scope but the promotion of purity and virtue.

Closely akin to this point is that which touches his belief in the gods. We know that he did not keep that belief to himself, but enforced it upon the spectators of his plays with all the authority of a *doctinaire*. The actual exhibitions of the gods we have already admitted not to be very impressive: they are too frequent in their visits to preserve anything of a Grand Lama dignity, and the familiarity of their address tends still more to reassure any hesitating mind: but there is nothing to beget the suspicion of intentional irreverence. Whatever he may have done with men, he does not represent the gods as engaged in any disgraceful transaction, but on the contrary protests against such notions, in and out of season. Hecuba will not believe in the judgment of Paris: Hercules declares his conviction that the deities are exempt from the human frailties

which a wretched mythology imputes to them: Ion, with more childlike *naïveté*, taxes Apollo with the bad precedent supplied by divine misdoings. This was probably a feeling which grew upon him, as in his earlier plays he is more indulgent to the common belief, Apollo in the *Alcestis* speaking of the bondage to a human master, to which he was subjected in consequence of an affront to Jupiter, while the influence of Venus in the *Hippolytus* is very different from that allowed to her in the *Troades*. If this be true, it is a piece of internal evidence against M. Hartung, who reckons the *Bacchæ* among the very latest plays; otherwise we must suppose the poet to be inconsistent, or to have become more superstitious in his old age. So far as he really held a defined polytheism, he seemingly wished the several divinities to move in a restricted sphere, mixing more freely with men, but exercising no overpowering influence over their actions. He doubtless would have esteemed it mere *charlatanerie* to strike terror and consternation into an audience by a chorus of Eumenides; he had no sympathy with the belief, and he did not covet the power. The value of his creed in this respect depends of course on our estimate of the religious importance of the old mythology taken at its best. Mr. Keble, we may observe, recognises throughout his works a genuine reverential feeling, aspiring after everything honourable and lovely in the popular belief, and only rejecting its grosser anthropomorphic elements. His detached sentences, which perhaps contain the most unequivocal testimony, appear to point to a Platonic monotheism as their positive basis. Such we know historically to have been the general tendency of the most philosophical minds of his time, and to have given rise in the public apprehension to the charge of disbelief, of which Socrates, though the most illustrious, was not the only victim. The poetical effect of his theology, as affecting the impressiveness of his plots, we have already characterised; but it may be worth while to remark, with reference to the more special part of his teaching, his isolated dogmas, that the negative and antagonistic form which they assume accords with what we have so often noticed, the ostentatious individuality of the man, not necessarily undramatic as regards the view of life which he took, but unpleasing and unpoetical if contemplated as anything more than a temporary phenomenon.

Even as a temporary phenomenon, however, this peculiarity may call for more stringent animadversion than we have yet bestowed on it. The individuality of a great poet is of more than temporary significance, and if it is too strongly impressed with a temporary character, it may lead to results powerful for evil not only in his own generation but in generations to come.

Especially will this be the case, where it occurs in an advanced period of a national literature, when the sun is high in the heavens and ready to go down. A conscious age, we believe and trust, in spite of the common-places of critics, need not be an unpoetical age, any more than a mind exercised to discern between good and evil need be less pure and virtuous than a child's; on the contrary, it ought to be capable of producing the very crown and flower of poetry: but this possibility of excellence is only to be attained through extraordinary difficulties, as it is beset with extraordinary dangers. Not only is there to be overcome that intense and agonizing sensibility to faults, arising from an increased power of microscopic comparison, which renders a cultivated man in creative art what Hamlet is in moral action—not only is there the further ordeal to be passed, the judgment of a cultivated age; but when the poet is resolved and the public conciliated, there remains a yet greater danger, that of making the critical habit do the work of creation itself, of destroying art, not by too much cultivation, for that we hold to be impossible, but by a disproportionate culture, developing some of its parts to an unusual extent, and neglecting or depressing others. It is rare, indeed, to find an instance in a critical age where the critical faculty holds its proper place in a poet's works, every where active as a minister, but unseen as a chief agent. A man may be the favourite of the critical public, and he will be led to give them back their own most questionable tendencies in an exaggerated form; he may be discontented with the age, and think it a bad one, and his very attitude as a protester will make him a polemic when he ought to be a poet. Euripides, seemingly accustomed, if not equal to either fortune, cannot be pronounced free from the evil which both concur in encouraging. We are thinking now not of the particular results to which his critical spirit led him—these we have discussed above, and shown to be, if not always praiseworthy, at least no incurable defects—but of the critical spirit itself in its abuse. Perceptible as it is everywhere, it is only where it shows itself in its naked and abstract shape, and demands attention for our sake that it becomes directly and fatally culpable. The most signal instances are those at which we glanced casually in passing some time ago, where, through the thin medium of a character which loses its dramatic concreteness in the process, he comes forward as a censor of Æschylus. M. Hartung, not unreasonably, defends him as a man for his eagerness to retaliate on his detractors; but—with an obtuseness which, we are sorry to say, extends over the whole of the two volumes—whenever a question of taste is raised, which is not seldom, does not observe how utterly destructive the

interposition is, for the time, of all poetical feeling. Had such a tendency been more freely indulged, it would have contributed infinitely more to the overthrow of the drama in Greece, as in any other country, than the degradation of the chorus, the elimination of the idea of destiny, and all the rest of the bugbears of the critics; and any accidental cause which may have stopped the further growth of tragedy, must have been regarded as a fortunate preservation from the worse mischief of corruption and decay. Happily, however, these conclusions only exist in hypothesis. Euripides, like other men of finite capacities in their callings, had his unpoetical propensities, but, as a general rule, he contrived to restrain them. In most of the other cases on which we have commented, his self-assertion ceases to be merely individual, being an expression, like Byron's, of feelings intensely personal, but shared by a large portion of those about him: temporary they may be, but they are at any rate redeemed from selfish narrowness. Nor should we be too ready to make the word temporary a term of reproach, recollecting its peculiar variableness, as being concerned essentially with matters of degree. A man's poetry may be temporary, deeply imbued with the spirit of his age, and yet have far more than transient interest, because the age is one which after-ages may love to contemplate: and the memory of Athens, during the Peloponnesian war, is, indeed, a possession for all time, far beyond even the work of its great historian. Again, much depends on the particular features selected by the poet. The spirit of the age may mean either the current or the froth upon its surface. We should be cautious in the use of language which may lead us to confound Euripides with Cowley.

Another point which, perhaps, ought to have preceded rather than followed this discussion on Euripides' poetical individuality, is the structure of his dramas. At any rate, we must treat it as a further manifestation of the same temper. The charge against him is, that by announcing the story of the play in his prologues, he precipitates the interest at once, instead of economizing, as an artist should, and reserving it for the catastrophe, and that this flat mode of treatment is rendered still more offensive by being constantly repeated with scarcely a variation. Lessing, whom Schlegel quotes with a strong demurrer, turns the accusation into an eulogium, asserting that the poet showed his superiority to his predecessors by repudiating the ordinary means of exciting curiosity. Without assenting to the opinion as a truth, we may well believe that it touches what was in the mind of Euripides, who is likely enough to have thought himself capable of relying on the brilliancy of his

dialogue, the complexity of his situations, as at the close of the *Orestes*, and the splendour of his spectacles, like that of *Evadne's* death. And we may certainly praise him for his success in devising new appliances, even though we regret that he thought it necessary, at the same time, to dispense with the old. Besides, all even of the best judges are not as sensible as Coleridge was of the consummate art of such plots as that of the *Œdipus Tyrannus*. Mr. Keble rather contemptuously reminds his hearers, that at that rate they might go on to prefer the last new novel to the *Iliad*. One of the later comic writers, if our recollection of Greek fragments serves us, speaks of tragedy as having an advantage over his own branch of the drama in that the spectators know the plots beforehand, though Aristotle seems to assert the contrary, in a passage which we own we cannot quite reconcile with our notions of the universality of Athenian cultivation. It is not true either that Euripides' prologues, though sufficiently monotonous in general structure, all of them concur in proclaiming the course which the drama is to take. Even those which are delivered by supernatural personages, only hint generally at the final catastrophe, sometimes not anticipating it at all; and these do not amount to more than a third part of the whole. The more ordinary use of these introductory speeches is to put the audience in possession of all the facts that have happened up to the time—a method of procedure scarcely commendable, but falling rather under other faults to which we have adverted, such as the too frequent employment of narration, and the tendency to break the theatrical illusion, which came to its climax in the use of the parabasis. It does not interfere with the liberal use of Aristotle's two great requisites for a proper catastrophe, a Revolution and a Recognition. At any rate, nothing that can be said against Euripides' innovations in the frame-work of the drama will prove more than that, in his zeal for reform, he too often neglected good which had been already realized.

An essay on Euripides, however cursory, would be incomplete without a more distinct reference than any we have yet made to his relations with Aristophanes. We have already admitted the exceptionableness of some of the things on which the comedian is most severe. We are not disposed to quarrel with him for preferring *Æschylus* as a matter of taste: but we maintain that his political and social bias absolutely precluded him from doing justice to Euripides. He hated rhetorical speeches in tragedy, because he hated them in real life. He hated the introduction of heroes in humiliating situations, because he thought it degraded his order. He complained of the stories chosen as demoralizing, because he wished to compound for lowness of

practice, by exaggeration of principle. A professional view of art too, which, though noticed already, has not been applied to the solution of this question, seems to have reinforced his personal hostility. We might well wonder how, with all his prejudices, he could attack Euripides for doing what he is so constantly doing himself, bringing the old belief into contempt, lowering the dignity of human nature, especially of women, enacting scenes of more than doubtful morality, and making his characters talk the talk of the day, if we did not take into account the respective positions of tragedy and the old comedy. The result of Euripides' labours was, as we have seen, to impair if not to destroy that mutual relation, by absorbing into tragedy the less ludicrous elements of comedy, the intellectual play of its dialogue, its minute attention to manners and the like. So long as *Æschylus* filled the theatre with his deep bass intonations, comedy might exist, partly as the complement, partly as the mimic of tragedy: but when the tragic hero began to use the treble note, the comedian was likely to feel his occupation gone: *Aristophanes*, the hope of the old comedy, inheriting and transcending the glories of *Eupolis* and *Cratinus*, would naturally resent the double injury, the trespass on his property and the spoiling of his joke, and resolve that, in the latter respect at least, the innovator should take nothing by the motion. If he had been taxed, as he is reported to have been, with forming his style on that of Euripides, he would probably have replied to the effect, that he was only reclaiming his own which had been unjustly kept from him, and that the grace with which he wore it showed who was the thief. It is curious to compare the labour of the two antagonists with the actual result. Tragedy fell out of cultivation, and comedy had the Athenian stage to itself: but its later followers threw off all allegiance to the *Aristophanic* traditions, and declared themselves disciples of Euripides. The battle was won; the dramatic literature of the world had received the seeds of a revolution; and when at last, after the lapse of centuries, tragedy again appeared in its strength, it was found to be compatible with comedy, not only as coming from the same author, but even when included in the same piece. Euripides did not foresee the exuberant richness of the day when this was to be: he looked as much for the amalgamation of tragedy and comedy into a neutral mass as for their existence side by side: but that day of plenty brought with it, nevertheless, the fulfilment of his dream, and where the faculty divine attends and seconds the vision, we may well thank the dreamer.

Such is the estimate which we have been able to make of the last of the three great tragic poets of Greece. It has been of

necessity a complex and various one: we have endeavoured to reduce his numerous characteristics to a kind of unity, by showing how they all reflected the one nature of the man, but that very reference has obliged us to use the balance almost at every turn, as a temperament so strongly marked could hardly manifest itself anywhere without yielding a mixed result, till at last, from the indeterminateness of the judgment, our readers may have despaired of gaining any definite impression. We may be excused if we see in the miscellaneous character of the result a presumptive evidence of its correctness, corresponding as it does in that respect, at least, to the effect produced on our own mind by a perusal of his writings. Nor can we doubt that this effect, so far as it is generally felt, must materially influence the place which he holds in men's thoughts as a poet. It may dazzle, but it must bewilder: the attention may be arrested by the prismatic display, but it will not create the same permanent image as if it had come in one unbroken line. *Æschylus* will continue to lord it over the imagination as the uninspired law-giver of a Grecian Sinai, his masterpieces the mark of the aspiring translator, his undeveloped ideas the stimulants of the heaven-scaling sons of song. *Sophocles*, perfect within his own sphere, will draw the devoted student closer and closer to him, and 'prop the mind' of those who 'in these bad times' find consolation in the worship of beauty. *Euripides*, if we judge him rightly, will have many to read him as a real pleasure, but few to translate or imitate him. From time to time there may arise one who, like *Milton*, will bring to the contemplation of his works the feeling of the poet combined with the acuteness of the verbal critic, and sympathise with the subtle and cultivated intellect which must have won the homage of the man who, beyond all others, was skilled in all the learning of his generation. In the absence of such, he whose chief object it has been to lend himself to the rapid development of his own age, by the creation or adoption of new forms of thought and fancy, will not repine if, after all, the mass of posterity should decide his fittest monument to be historical, existing not so much in his works as in the character of the nation for whose advancement he lived, and in the facilities which his discoveries may have supplied to the productive powers of later periods of society.

ART. II.—1. *The Church of England cleared from the Charge of Schism, by the Decrees of the Seven Ecumenical Councils and the Tradition of the Fathers.* By THOMAS WILLIAM ALLIES, M.A. Rector of Launton, Oxon. Oxford: Parker. 1848.

2. *The See of St. Peter, the Rock of the Church, the Source of Jurisdiction, and the Centre of Unity.* By THOMAS WILLIAM ALLIES, M.A. Author of '*The Church of England cleared from the charge of Schism.*' London: Burns & Lambert. 1850.

THAT Mr. Allies, on taking a step involving the acceptance of a doctrine which, two years ago, after a full and careful examination of facts he had deliberately pronounced untenable, should be desirous to state to the public the grounds of his change of opinion, is perfectly natural. He has done so in the pamphlet before us, on the title-page of which he takes care to remind us of his former work; following a precedent which we cannot but think it would have been more discreet, as well as more modest, to have imitated less ostentatiously, in all its forms. Anything that looks like a copy, and which may, if an indifferent one, appear a parody, should be avoided by a man of sense and seriousness, in a decision on which his character and fate depend. It is scarcely necessary that a proceeding which the master, from his position, may have found imperative on him should be repeated in all its circumstances by all his followers. Nor would people in general have been more or less doubtful than they are now, about Mr. Allies' candour or steadiness of judgment, had he given up the position which he so lately maintained as impregnable, without publishing his apology. But it is, as we said, a natural wish to desire to explain apparent inconsistency—a natural wish, but often one which had best not be indulged. It is generally wisest to let alone what cannot be mended. We cannot pretend to judge what service Mr. Allies may have rendered to his new side by not contenting himself with a tacit retraction: to his own character, as a writer or as a man of sense, he has rendered none.

To the great masters of disputation of old, it used to be a light thing to prove indisputably conclusions on one side only. Their pride was to maintain what none could answer but themselves; to prove incontrovertibly all but themselves wrong; and then, as incontrovertibly, themselves also. Nothing but victory on both sides would content them. Mr. Allies seems disposed to emulate them, and to aim at the uncommon yet somewhat delicate experiment of refuting himself. He had the praise of

having written an able book on the English side of the question. He wishes for the credit of writing irrefragably on the Roman also. But if the honour of such an achievement is rare and singular, it is not one of those enterprises in which the mere attempt is glory. A man cannot fail in it with credit.

We had read his former book with attention, and had been much struck with the fair and serious way, in which considerable learning and acuteness had been brought to bear on a question, in which both sides in the controversy have found it so hard to do justice to the facts of the case. It was a survey, in which the professed position of the writer seemed almost to force him to be impartial, of all the main historical details of any relevancy to the decision. Each subject as it came under consideration was met, as it appeared, without any disposition on the part of the writer to understate or evade what might tell against him. It was not a hasty book, it was not a superficial book. A second edition had doubled its bulk. It had been reviewed; it had been specially answered. The objections to its arguments had been from the first familiar to its writer; he knew the facts of the earlier Roman controversialists, he had thought over the principles of the later ones. These last had been put to him by a convert with pointed neatness, and with the force of recent conviction. He had been struck with the theory, but found history refuse it. Thus the whole case had been before him; its different sides, philosophical as well as historical, had been presented to him. He had stated his view; it had been canvassed and examined. He had restated it more resolutely than before.

When therefore it was announced, that, as a preliminary to his leaving the English communion, Mr. Allies was engaged in demolishing his own work, we looked with some curiosity to the result. Would he rest his change of opinion on new facts which had escaped him before? This was hardly likely in so worn a controversy, when studied with ordinary care and ability. Or had he discovered a principle which left the facts as he had represented them, but simply undercut them in their bearing on the question?

The performance is now before us. Mr. Allies has published, and has left us. With the one step we have nothing to do; with the other, we should not certainly think it worth while to concern ourselves, after once reading over the pamphlet, but for the instructive example which it affords, of the way in which some of those, who are fiercest in charging the English Church with imposture, and her defenders with gross ignorance or inevitable dishonesty, are content to deal with a question of historical evidence.

It is to this part of the controversy—the evidence of Church history on the nature of the prerogative, admitted by all to have belonged of old to the Roman Bishop—that the argument of both works is directed. Other causes besides, have doubtless concurred in deciding Mr. Allies in his course; causes, probably, more powerful than even his view of the Papal Supremacy. He who has ceased to find anything to sympathise with in the English communion, does not want any stronger reason for deserting it; and this reason Mr. Allies has long had. Even the conviction of S. Peter's continued supremacy ought to have but small additional weight with one, who has once deliberately allowed in his own mind the conclusion, that in religion he is following a *sham*. With such a belief, no one of course can expect him to tolerate, or excuse others for tolerating, acknowledged evils. He has full right to be as bitter as he likes. In his language of disgust and hatred towards the English communion, he is now at least perfectly consistent; and he is, further, in perfect sympathy with the temper of the Roman movement, the temper which in England is becoming once more its characteristic feature. In the expression of these feelings, his pamphlet is not deficient; but its professed object is to address itself simply to the question, answered differently in his former book, whether the modern Roman doctrine, or, as ought to be said, the modern extreme Ultra-montane doctrine, which centres all ecclesiastical power absolutely in the Pope, was or was not, held always in the Church.

It is a common habit with eager and confident disputants to put their case on the issue of a single question. There is an air of candour and chivalrous daring about it which recommends it to some minds. But it is in general—at least in serious and complicated matters, which seldom, in point of fact, depend on one chain of argument—neither philosophical nor discreet. It often proves inconvenient. It is this which has imposed on Mr. Allies the necessity of the present very unsatisfactory attempt to undo his former task.

In the advertisement to the first edition of his former work, repeated in the second, he thus states the question, the nature of the evidence which affects it, both positive and negative, and his own estimate of its importance:—

‘The writer of the following pages is more and more convinced that the whole question between the Roman Church and ourselves, as well as the Eastern Church, turns upon the Papal Supremacy, as at present claimed, being of divine right or not. . . . The writer will not conceal that he took up this inquiry for the purpose of satisfying his own mind. Had he found the councils and fathers of the Church before the division of the east and west bearing witness to the Roman supremacy, as at present claimed,

instead of *against* it, he should have felt bound to obey them. As a priest of the Church Catholic in England, he desires to hold, and to the best of his ability will teach, all doctrine which the undivided Church always held. He finds by reference to those authorities which could not be deceived, and cannot be adulterated, that while they unanimously held the Roman primacy, and the patriarchal system, of which the Roman pontiff stood at the head, they as unanimously did not hold, nor even contemplate, that supremacy or monarchy which alone Rome will now accept as the price of her communion. They not only do not recognise it, but their words and their actions most manifestly contradict it. This is, in one word, his justification of his mother from the sin of Schism. If true, it is sufficient: if untrue, he knows of no other.

‘But should any opponent think these pages worthy of a reply, the writer warns him, at the outset, that he must in fairness discard that old disingenuous trick of using testimonies of the fathers to the primacy of the Roman See in the episcopal and patriarchal system, in order to prove the full Papal supremacy, as now claimed, in a system which is nearly come to pure monarchy. By this method, because the fathers recognise the Bishop of Rome as successor of S. Peter, they are counted witnesses to that absolute power now claimed by the Roman pontiff, though they recognise other bishops, in just the same sense, to be successors of the holy Apostles; or though they call every bishop’s see the See of Peter, as the great type and example of the episcopate. What such an one has to establish in order to justify the Roman Church, and to prove that the English and the eastern are in schism, is, that Roman doctrine, as stated by Bellarmine, which is really the key-stone of the whole system, that “Bishops succeed not properly to the Apostles, for they have no part of the true Apostolic authority,” but that “*all ordinary jurisdiction of bishops descends immediately from the Pope*,” and that “*the Pope has, full and entire, that power which Christ left on the earth for the good of the Church*.” Let this be proved on the testimony of the Eastern and Western Church, and if it be true, nothing can be more easy than to prove it, as the contradictory of it is attempted to be proved in the following pages, and all controversy will be at an end. We claim that it should be proved, for even De Maistre, who has put forward this theory with the least compromise, declares, “There is nothing new in the Church, and never will she believe save what she has always believed.”—*Church of England cleared from the Charge of Schism*, pp. i—iii.

How two more years have sufficed to alter—not his view of the English or the Roman Church generally, for that is a separate matter, but of the very same facts and testimonies here so confidently appealed to—to make him see not in others, but in them, the very contradictory asserted of what he had found in them before, asserted with equal and overpowering clearness, without possibility of mistake, except to the dishonest—will be seen in the preface to his last pamphlet:—

‘Some years ago the writer, already in great distress of mind at the historical and actual position of the Anglican Church, at the statements of her formularies, at the want of shape and principle in her practice, and, above all, at her general character and temperament as a communion, which seemed to him thoroughly alien from the spirit of the ancient Fathers, betook himself to the special consideration of one point,—the Primacy of the Roman See, which he thought more calculated than any other to lead him to a sure conclusion. . . .

‘The writer, moreover, then professed, that “he took up this inquiry

for the purpose of satisfying his own mind;" that "had he found the Councils and Fathers of the Church, before the division of the East and West, bearing witness to the Roman Supremacy, as at present claimed, instead of against it, he should have felt bound to obey them:" and that, "as a Priest of the Church Catholic in England, he desires to hold, and to the best of his ability will teach, all doctrine which the undivided Church always held."

'He made these professions in the simplicity, it is true, but likewise in the sincerity, of his heart; and he made them publicly before God and man. Now, the conclusion to which he was at that time led by the study of antiquity, was, that a Primacy of divine institution had indeed been given to the See of Peter, but that the degree to which it had been pressed in later times formed an excuse for those communions which, while they maintained the Catholic faith whole and entire, were *de facto* severed from it.

Thus he made these professions when he thought that they led him to one conclusion; but he is equally bound to redeem them now that in the course of years they have led him to another. . . .

'But in the meantime the nearer consideration of the Royal Supremacy had opened my mind to comprehend the nature of its great antagonist, the Primacy of S. Peter's See. For, as has been said, the former consists in supremacy of jurisdiction, whether viewed as deciding in the last resort upon doctrine, and this as well legislatively, by giving license to summon convocation, and by confirming its acts, as judicially, in matters of appeal; or, as giving mission and authority to exercise their powers to all Bishops. Now it was plain that such a supremacy must exist somewhere in every system. And immediately there followed the question, what is that somewhere in the Church Catholic? I could not even imagine any answer, save that it was S. Peter's Chair. And then I saw that the contest in Church history really lay not between Ultramontane and Gallican opinions, but between the liberty, independence, and spirituality of Christ's Church on the one hand, or on its being made a servile instrument of State government on the other: between a divine and a human Church. And now I went over again the testimonies of antiquity which I had before put together, and many others besides, and I found that one or two confusions and incoherences of mind—especially the not understanding accurately the distinction between powers of Order and powers of Jurisdiction, and their consequences—had alone prevented my seeing, not merely a Primacy of divine institution, but how full, complete, and overwhelming was the testimony of the Church before the division of the East and West to the Supremacy of S. Peter's See, AS AT PRESENT CLAIMED, the very same and no other. I had it proved to me by the evidence of unnumbered witnesses, that the charge of such Supremacy being originated by the false decretals of Isidore Mercator was a most groundless, I fear also, a most malignant, and treacherous imputation. And, moreover, I felt convinced that those who deny the Papal Supremacy must, if they are honest men, cease to study history, or at least begin their acquaintance with Christianity at the sixteenth century. Also that they must be content with a dead Church, and no Creed.—See of S. Peter, pp. v. vi. xi. xii.

Mr. Allies scorns, as will have been seen, explanations and compromises. Obviously he might have become a Roman Catholic without becoming an ultra-montane. He might have held in principle the very view which he defended in 1848, while adopting a different conclusion as to its present application. But a view of the Pope's power which satisfied Bossuet will not now satisfy Mr. Allies. Possibly Mr. Allies may be

right; possibly the great French doctors may have been illogical, inconsistent, temporizers, Erastian; we are merely noticing the fact, that Mr. Allies' change of view goes a great way beyond what was necessary for his change of position—goes to the extreme expression of that doctrine, which in theory is so vague and unsettled, and yet, as a practical doctrine, is, under modern circumstances, worth nothing, except in the most absolute and rigid form to which it can be pushed—personal and unshared infallibility.

This extreme view has not broken upon him now for the first time. He had long been perfectly familiar with it, and with the writings of its ardent and daring champions. An answer, too, as we have already said, appeared to the first edition of his book, in which the force of his conclusions was sought to be weakened, by the display in opposition to his argument from history, of the 'great primary Idea' of the Papacy, and the consequence which flowed from it. Without going into historical detail, the writer of this answer was content to confront with Mr. Allies' modest and qualified view, the 'great primary Idea,' apparently confident that its majesty, completeness, and internal consistency were sufficient to enable it to dispense with proof, and to bear down objections. This 'great primary Idea' was simply that of the absolute Headship of S. Peter, and of his successors in the Church; and it is expressed in a great variety of ways in a long string of passages cited by Mr. Allies. 'It is,' as he said, 'simple enough to understand.' He did not find it 'at all hard;' it is very conceivable, he thought, that our Lord 'might have appointed such a government of His Church as this—a spiritual Monarch as His representative; with officers dependent on him, and owing all their powers to corporate union with him; causing the ultimate form of unity to reside in the Monarch himself, as His Vicar, and all power of jurisdiction to flow from his person. All this,' he continues, 'is very conceivable; but *is it true?*' And he goes on to complain that, so far from proving it, his antagonist avowedly confines himself to stating it; that he waives and disclaims the appeal to history; that instead of giving some means of settling, on solid grounds, a question of such importance, he professes 'not to adduce facts, or to reason from them; but simply to state principles, and to show their natural connexion with a certain great primary Idea.' To this easy method Mr. Allies then opposed his own. 'The object of my book,' he said, 'is precisely what Mr. Thompson disclaims, *to adduce facts and to reason from them*, and by them to show that certain great principles which are now set forth, and a certain great primary idea, which is now made the basis of the whole Christian

'Church, were not held in ancient times, nor so long as the East and West were united in communion. . . . My challenge was plain and straightforward; viz. the claim which you make is modern, unsupported, nay, denied by the whole history of the Church, down to the separation of the East and West. The proper answer to it is equally plain and straightforward; viz. this is the 'ancient original claim, and these are the documents on which it rests.'

This, then, was his appeal: with these documents as his guide, he found that those early 'authorities which could not be deceived, and cannot be adulterated, while they unanimously held the Roman primacy, and the patriarchal system, of which the Roman Pontiff stood at the head, as unanimously did not hold, or even contemplate, that supremacy or monarchy which alone Rome will now accept as the price of her communion. They not only do not recognise it, but their words and their actions most manifestly contradict it;' and from the first time that this Idea and its 'consequences,' originating as Mr. Allies then thought with S. Leo, 'were presented to the Eastern mind, down to the present hour, it has by the voice of its greatest Saints and patriarchs, and the acts of Ecumenical Councils, firmly and consistently denied it.' Such, with a full understanding of the Idea he was opposing, and not without admitting its antecedent reasonableness and attractiveness, nay more, having at one period adopted it as his own—such was the witness which Mr. Allies then found in history.

'In vain does Mr. Thompson try to torture a passage or two of S. Cyprian and of S. Augustine into his view: in vain, by resting exclusively on one or two expressions of S. Optatus and others, and *putting out of sight all that on the other side the Church did and spoke*, does he try to give it the witness of antiquity. I do not ask any body to believe my assertion; let him bear this primary Idea in his mind, and then see if the history of the Church down to the very division of the East and West will endure it. Mr. Thompson supposes that all who are not in the Roman Communion are smitten with blindness, and cannot enter into the true idea of unity. Being a convert of a few months' standing he informs us what is "the Catholic faith" on that point. It may surprise him to learn that I began this inquiry with assuming that the Ultramontane Idea was true, and that I have been beaten out of it step by step by the sheer and irresistible strength of facts; so that no one Idea seems to me so thoroughly contradicted by the whole history of the Church down to the reception of the false Decretals, as that very primary Idea which he asserts.'—*Church of England cleared from the Charge of Schism*, pp. xiii., xiv.

Thus the appeal was made, then, to history; and history, as Mr. Allies then read it, gave answer against the 'Idea.' Since that time, Mr. Allies has come to think the 'Idea' the great

central truth of the Christian dispensation on earth—indispensable to its consistency as a system, essential to its perpetuity and life. Has the 'Idea' itself overawed and subdued him? or has he adopted some principle which makes historical evidence irrelevant to the question? or did he grossly misread and misunderstand the evidence on which he formerly dwelt at such length, and founded so confident a conclusion?

It is not easy to elicit from his pamphlet a distinct answer to these—the very questions, with which, if with any questions at all, it ought to deal. So much, however, is clear, that Mr. Allies shows no disposition either to renounce the appeal to history, or to admit in adequate terms the singular and utter incapacity under which, according to his present account, he must have been two years ago, to apprehend its plain and unequivocal meaning. Whatever else may have told upon his conclusions, he is very far indeed from waiving the historical ground; he still takes it as his own, without hesitation, or apology, or misgiving; in fact, he rests on it the main weight of his argument *for*, as he did before *against* the Papal Supremacy. And they are the same times, the same Fathers, the same Councils, the same passages which he has before him. He now finds in these an evidence so harmonious, so clear, so unchallenged of his new view, that he makes no scruple to charge insincerity and dishonesty on all who hesitate to accept it. 'I feel convinced, that those who deny the Papal Supremacy, must, if they be honest men, cease to study Church history, or at least begin their acquaintance with Christianity at the sixteenth century.' This formula, throughout the pamphlet, settles, satisfactorily to Mr. Allies' mind, the case of all dissidents from his solution of the question. As when he argues from Scripture, 'he cannot imagine a candid mind drawing any other conclusion from these than his own,' or 'see how any honest mind can draw from our Lord's words and acts any other meaning' than that which he ascribes to S. Leo and Bossuet; so when he comes to Church history, he finds himself at a loss to choose among its testimonies; but those which he selects 'will be enough to convince all who are capable of conviction.' Yet, we repeat, he has not had these testimonies, either of Scripture or antiquity, before him for the first time; and he is not more confident now than he was before, that no honest and intelligent student could differ from his reading of their meaning. In his first work, he warns his opponents at the outset, that 'they must in fairness discard that old disingenuous trick of using testimonies of the Fathers to the Primacy of the Roman see in the episcopal and patriarchal system, in order to prove the full Papal

'Supremacy as now claimed.' He protests against that 'disingenuousness which is the besetting sin of controversialists;' alike of Beveridge, who quotes part of a paragraph from the Fathers which told for him, and omitted the other which told against him; and of De Maistre, who brings a host of quotations to prove 'the Supremacy, which only prove at the outside 'the Primacy.' 'I cannot in my small degree,' he said before, 'do likewise . . . I cannot keep back points which tell against us. If there is any question in which perfect candour is requisite, it is this . . . I write then under the strongest sense of responsibility, and shall not be deterred from making admissions, if truth require them, which seem to tell on the other side, and which accordingly have been shrunk from, or slurred over, by our defenders in former times.' With this claim to impartiality and candour, which is so graceful and promising in a controversialist, Mr. Allies goes to his work; but withal, he is not less confident. 'If,' he says of Mr. Newman, 'a writer with all the stores of antiquity, and all the labours of modern Roman controversialists open before him, and having to render account of a great change in his own opinions, can produce no stronger indication of the Papal Supremacy from the Anti-Nicene period than these, what is the *conclusion to which every man must come who goes by the facts of history?*' . . . 'Let every candid person say, whether he or Mr. Newman is right in their account of S. Cyprian's view. The acts of S. Cyprian's episcopate are an indisputable evidence to the candid mind, that he treated the Roman Pontiff simply as his elder brother.' Again, *for* his view he has the whole Church up to the Nicene Council, and he enumerates his authorities; 'on the other side, there is *absolutely nothing to allege.*' . . . 'He who reads S. Basil's letters for himself, will rise from their perusal quite satisfied, that the bold theory just mentioned is a pure imagination, invented to turn aside the inexorable records of antiquity.' . . . He had read these with caution and impartiality; 'I have not fallen upon passages more favourable to Rome in S. Basil's writings; otherwise I should consider it a matter of good faith to insert them.' . . . 'Assuredly,' he says, speaking of the basis of the Roman distinction between order and jurisdiction, 'had such been the anciently and universally received meaning, I could have accepted it, just as I could most readily accept the doctrine it is meant to assert: were it not, that antiquity knows nothing of that doctrine . . . and this matter of the Roman Supremacy is just one to which the induction [of the Canon of Vincentius] can be applied to an unusual extent.' . . . 'Having most carefully sought, I have been unable to find any testimony of S. Chrysostome to the trans-

'mission of S. Peter's Primacy to the Bishop of Rome, unless
'the passage about Antioch and Rome may be considered such.'
'The simple truth is, which is as plain as the day in the whole
'matter, that S. Cyril felt himself as completely and inde-
'pendently the head of the Alexandrian patriarchate as S. In-
'nocent was of the Roman.' . . . 'No man can doubt where the
'sovereign power of the Church lay in 431.' . . . 'Let a single
'sentence, not however torn from its context, but candidly and
'fairly considered by the light of that context, by other
'writings and actions of the time, be produced from the
'writings of S. Athanasius, S. Basil, S. Gregory of Nazianzum,
'or of Nyssa, S. Ambrose, S. Chrysostome, S. Augustine,
'S. Cyril of Alexandria, yes, or even from the "homine
'Romano," S. Jerome himself, which acknowledges the
'present Papal idea.' . . . 'Is not the proving the Papal Supre-
'macy upon a class of facts which exist equally with regard to
'the patriarchs, a most gross application of the "lead rule" of
'which Mr. Newman complains?' Such is Mr. Allies' language
through the whole of his five hundred pages; after all admissions
and abatements required by a jealous impartiality and granted
by a generous candour, after a search declared to have been most
conscientious and laborious, the result is a positive denial of any
trace of the modern Roman doctrine in the undivided Church, a
denial of the possibility of establishing it by any honest mode of
arguing.

And yet, according to Mr. Allies' own showing, when two
years ago he deliberately examined this question *de novo*, and
for himself,—and as he then protested, with perfect candour,
under a deep sense of responsibility, with entire readiness to
accept the Roman Supremacy, if he found it; nay, starting
from the ultramontane view—evidence in favour of it was
before him, whose plainness, strength, and fulness he is now
at a loss for words to express. But with all this candour on one
side and overwhelming clearness on the other, the evidence not
only did not convince him of the Supremacy, but convinced him
of just the contrary. There was something in his mind sufficient
not merely to intercept its proper effect, but to reverse it. It is
quite true that facts do often change their look to us; the state
or terms of the question may be altered, new facts may come in,
or a new theory supply a different key to the old ones. But
here the state of the question and of the facts remains unchanged.
Mr. Allies looked for a definite doctrine or idea, carefully cleared
from what less exact writers had mixed up with it. Looking
for it in the same authorities, he finds it unequivocally contra-
dicted in 1848, unequivocally asserted in 1850. There is as
little doubt in the judgment of one year as in that of the other,

and as little difference in the question raised. The evidence on it, we are told, is such as to leave any one who gives but one answer to it without excuse. It is so overpowering, that he must, if he studies it and understands it, be right or be dishonest. This evidence Mr. Allies studied, argued on it, turned it about, weighed it, found it then as now, full, clear, and to the point; and yet on this same overwhelmingly clear evidence he has within two years maintained two opposite conclusions on the same question—one of them, according to him, the very truth which must save us, the other, such as no honest man can defend. In this strange process, clear and unequivocal evidence must have been strangely treated. Either in the volume of 500 pages, or in the pamphlet of 160, it is treated too much at length to have come off scathless. In *fact*,—we are far from saying, in *intention*,—it must, if Mr. Allies is right in *either* view, have been grossly misused, misunderstood, misrepresented, garbled, coloured, suppressed, put to all the tortures which clear and unequivocal evidence sustains when forced from its plain direction. In one or other, Mr. Allies must have been grossly mistaken; must have failed to catch the meaning of the most palpable facts and most distinct assertions; and must further have defended his mistake, and impugned the honesty of those who differed from him, with a confidence and pertinacity, which, since in one case at least it cannot be well-founded, must have been inexcusable rashness. A writer, perfectly at home with the critical points of the case on which evidence is to be sought for and questioned, and with the distinctions and shades of the controversy in its more refined and philosophical form, who as positively pronounces the same facts to run all one way in 1850, as he did that they went directly in the opposite way in 1848, is, we must say, rather mild to himself, when he tells us in explanation, that ‘he found,’ on going over the testimonies of antiquity, ‘that *one or two confusions and incoherencies of mind—especially the not understanding accurately the distinction between powers of order and powers of jurisdiction and their consequences—*’ had alone prevented his seeing, not merely a Primacy ‘of Divine institution, but how *full, complete, and overwhelming*’ was the testimony of the Church before the division of the ‘East and West *to the Supremacy of S. Peter’s see, as at present claimed—the very same, and no other.*’ The non-appreciation of the distinction between orders and jurisdiction, with the other accompanying ‘one or two incoherencies and confusions of mind,’¹ is not enough to account for his having

¹ We may perhaps refer to this head, what he now considers his former exaggeration of the effect of the False Decretals in establishing the claims of the Papacy. He has merely alluded to this in his pamphlet, without explaining, on

found in what he now states to be clear and overwhelming evidence for the Supremacy, clear and overwhelming proofs which contradicted and excluded it. How far in any parallel case, a writer, a lawyer, or a politician, by such an explanation, could save his reputation from the charge of random and reckless hastiness, we have no difficulty in determining.

We have no intention of discussing here the question of the Pope's Supremacy. We are concerned only with the contrast presented by Mr. Allies' two works on it. Of this contrast a few examples may suffice to show which seems to be the fairest and most careful statement of the case. For as Mr. Allies has chosen his own ground, he has no right to expect that bold sweeping views of history and its events, like those of Count de Maistre, whether to him they now seem candid and honest or not, are to be accepted in exchange for a cautious examination of circumstances and language.

The doctrine which he maintains at present is that 'great primary Idea' which, as we have noticed, had been confronted with his historical conclusions; that the Apostles received their powers only in virtue of their corporate union with S. Peter, to whom, personally and alone, all the powers of spiritual government, in their fulness and irrevocably, had before been granted. They had received their Episcopate, their powers to teach and to govern, '*not individually, but corporately, not separately, but collectively, and in inseparable union with Peter.*' And these powers, granted personally to S. Peter, have descended to his successors personally. 'The mission of the 'Apostles,' says Mr. Thompson, 'was, except in the case of 'Peter, to terminate with their lives.' With his successors it was to continue. 'The whole Church is in the Pope, as each particular Church is in its Bishop;' and its Bishops have power by virtue only of their union with the Pope, just as the Apostles are said 'to have had part in the Episcopate, which was given to Peter in its fulness, by union with Peter.'

Mr. Allies, in the Preface to the Second Edition of his book, challenged the proof of this. It rests of course on the promise to S. Peter in Matt. xvi. 18, 19, coupled with the command in S. John xxi. 'If,' he said, 'it is admitted as a Canon of 'Scripture interpretation, that whatever is said of Peter in the 'New Testament is said of the Bishop of Rome, as his single

his present view, why the False Decretals were forged or used at all. It is possible that what was the gradual result of many causes, was ascribed by him and others too exclusively to one. But the False Decretals only came in, in his former work, as part of his explanation how the modern Supremacy ever came to be. His giving up this explanation, goes very little way to prove that this supremacy never had a beginning, and leaves untouched his former negative argument.

‘successor; and if, besides, our Lord did *confer* in these words ‘the Episcopate on Peter alone, whole and entire, and *then* ‘made the rest partakers of it in union with S. Peter; so that ‘His words would convey the idea, that Peter alone of all ‘possessed it in himself, wholly and in its fulness;—then if ‘*both* these principles are true, I might draw some such conclusion from them as Mr. Thompson does.’

With respect to the first point, he then thought it contradicted by antiquity:—

‘But, in the first place, it will be seen at great length in my book, that the greatest Fathers of the Church, S. Augustine, S. Cyril, and S. Chrysostome, did not suppose the Bishop of Rome to be intended at all any more than any other Bishop, in this passage: nor in that of John, “Feed My sheep.” S. Leo is the great author of this opinion, and the succeeding Popes after him; and in mediæval times it was received generally in the West: but from the first time that this Idea and its consequences were presented to the Eastern mind, down to the present hour, it has by the voice of its greatest Saints and Patriarchs, and the acts of Ecumenical Councils, firmly and consistently denied it. I mean it has maintained that *the same power of the keys was bestowed upon the Apostles and their successors, as upon Peter and his successors: not by virtue of their union with him, but in virtue of their corporate union in Christ, their sole Head.*’—P. xi.

With respect to the second, he thus argues:—

‘Neither is the second premiss proven, for these words of our Lord do not convey any such Idea as Mr. Thompson draws from them. And here I cannot sufficiently wonder at the oversight which he makes. He supposes that the words, “Thou art Peter, and upon this Rock I will build My Church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth, shall be bound in heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven,” are not a *promise* of a power to be *hereafter* bestowed, but a *power then and there actually bestowed*. Whereas the power here promised to Peter, as to his brother Apostles in Matt. xviii. 18, was *first conferred on all the Apostles together*, by our Lord in the evening of the Resurrection. So that, following most strictly our Lord’s words, *we find that Peter never for one instant possessed the Episcopate by himself: or before the rest of the Apostles*. The fulfilment of the promise made in Matt. xvi. to the Church represented by her first Apostle Peter, and in Matt. xviii. to the same Church, in the person of all her Apostles, was given to all the Apostles together as described in John xx. 21-3. Peter *received* his Apostolic powers in the same and no other words as the rest of the Apostles; in receiving them he was nowise distinguished from them. Those words conveyed the power of jurisdiction as well as orders, which together make up the Episcopal character. “As My Father hath sent Me, even so send I you. And when He had said this, He breathed on them and saith unto them, Receive ye the Holy Ghost: whosoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them: and whosoever sins ye retain, they are retained.” The Idea which Mr. Thompson has so elaborately and repeatedly expressed is, as regards these passages of Scripture, *a pure fiction*. It has absolutely *no foundation*. The Idea which he so pointedly rejects is the very one which our Lord’s words convey: viz., that He bestowed the whole Episcopate on the Twelve as co-rulers, and in their persons on the whole un-

divided Episcopate of His Church, under Himself their sole Head: the breath of his mouth was their commission: His spirit dwelling in them is the pledge of its continuance to the end. They hold it by corporate union not with Peter, that is, any more than with each other, but with Him.'—*Church of England cleared, &c.* pp. xi. xii.

In his pamphlet, he begins with the Scriptural proof. After distinguishing the promise from the fulfilment, and drawing from the promise in S. Matthew, and the command in S. John, the ordinary Roman inferences, that S. Peter is 'next after Christ, and singly the foundation of the Church,' and has committed to himself alone 'the keys, the symbol of supreme power, the mastership over the Lord's house,' the 'power singly of binding and loosing,' the 'supreme guardianship of the Church,' he thus explains the powers granted to the other Apostles:—

'They were equal in the powers of the Episcopate;

'They were equal also in those of the Apostolate, superadded to the former, that is, immediate institution by Christ, and universal mission;

'They were inferior to him in one point only, which made up his Primacy, namely, that *they must exercise all these powers in union with him, and in dependence on him*: he had *singly* what they had *collectively* with him. He had promised and engaged to him, *first and alone*, the supreme government, a portion of which was afterwards promised to them with him; and after the Apostolate, granted to them all in common, he had the supervision of all entrusted to him alone. *For even they were committed to his charge in the words, "Feed My sheep."* And so he alone was the doorkeeper; he alone the shepherd of the fold; he alone the rock on which even they, as well as all other Christians, were built; in one word, he was their head, and so his Primacy is an *essential* part, nay the crown and completion of the divine government of the Church; for the Body without a Head is no Body.

'Thus were they all, doctors of the whole world, as S. Cyril and S. Chrysostom tell us, yet under one, the leader of the band.

'They could, and did, exercise jurisdiction, erect Bishops, and plant Churches, in all parts of the world, *but it was in union with Peter, and in obedience to him.*

'His Primacy, then, consisted not in a superiority of order, but in a superiority of jurisdiction.

'After the departure of the Apostles, this superiority of jurisdiction in the Primacy would be seen more clearly. *For they communicated to none that universal mission, which they themselves received from Christ, the Bishops whom they ordained having only a restricted field in which they exercised their powers; and it is manifest that our Lord in person instituted no Bishops after them. Thus these two privileges of the Apostolate, universal mission, and immediate institution by Christ, dropped. But S. Peter's Primacy, being distinct from his Apostolate, continued on. There was one still necessary to bear the keys of the kingdom of heaven, and to feed all the sheep of the Lord's flock. That power, first promised, and last given, to Peter, the crown and key-stone of the arch, that which makes the whole Church one flock, was an universal Episcopate. Thus the Primacy is jurisdictional, with regard to all Bishops, as it was with regard to the Apostles; and two powers emerge of divine institution for the government of the Church to the end of time—the Primacy and the Episcopate.*'—*See of S. Peter*, pp. 19—21.

This personal relation of S. Peter to the Apostles must, he says, continue, between his successors and the Church, to the end of time, on the same ground that the ordinary powers granted to the Apostles are believed to continue. 'In all this,' he concludes, 'I have gone on the mere words of Scripture, which are *so plain, so coherent, and so decisive*, that I cannot *imagine a candid mind* drawing any other conclusion from them.'

Now as far as argument goes, it is hard to see that Mr. Allies has got beyond Mr. Thompson. Mr. Thompson said that this 'primary Idea' was found in these words of Scripture; so have said Roman controversialists for the last 300 years and upwards. Mr. Allies says the same now. It is true that he said in 1848, that this 'primary Idea,' though repeatedly and elaborately expressed, was, 'as regards Holy Scripture, a mere 'baseless assertion,' a 'pure fiction,' 'with absolutely no foundation.' The 'Idea,' he continued, 'which Mr. Thompson *so pointedly rejects* is the *very one which our Lord's words convey*, viz.: that He bestowed the whole Episcopate on the twelve 'co-rulers, and in their persons on the whole undivided Episcopate of his Church, under Himself, their sole Head. They 'hold it by corporate union, not with Peter, (that is, any more 'than with each other,) but with Him. . . Let Mr. Thompson or 'any one else show when Peter ever received the Episcopate 'whole and complete in himself.' Mr. Allies now finds 'the 'mere words of Scripture so plain and decisive, that he cannot *imagine a candid mind* drawing from them any other conclusion,' than what then seemed to him a 'pure fiction and 'baseless assertion.' He now *says* that this Idea *is* in Scripture. It is easy to see that a high personal preeminence was given to S. Peter; and that he to whom such high words were spoken, and such solemn charges given, did in point of fact take the first part among his brethren in the setting up of the Church. But when we ask in what this preeminence consisted, and how it bears on the permanent polity of the Church universal, we are merely told that no candid mind can see anything less in it than the Papal Supremacy of Pius IX. and his predecessors, interpreted in a way which, however logical, consistent, and necessary, has yet been considered a false and monstrous extreme, by some of the most illustrious theologians of the Roman communion. A strong personal impression doubtless carries with it rhetorical force. A connected mode of stating is logically highly important. Yet statement is not argument. And how the very same words which at one time served to show this assertion to be without foundation, have since come to show it to be self-evident; how this impression has been

transformed from a 'pure fiction' into a conclusion 'which no honest mind can doubt,' is a matter which should not have been left wholly unexplained by the writer, in whom so very remarkable a change had been wrought, and in a pamphlet written for the express purpose of justifying it.

So much for the Scriptural view. Mr. Allies proceeds, 'It is another argument, and no less a truth, that *this view alone* supplies a key to all antiquity.' Thus *alone* does the history of the Church become intelligible. He is, therefore, to prove from history that the earlier view which he had taken of the Primacy, as the *first place* in the stirring and energetic hierarchy of the unbroken Church, with the ample prerogatives of a first place, but not the attributes of a sole source and controller of authority—that this view antiquity will not bear. He is to show that antiquity knows nothing of any limitations to the spiritual power of S. Peter, or of his successors; that antiquity is unconscious and intolerant of any view, but one which concentrates the whole power of the Church in S. Peter and his successors for ever, and derives all separate powers from it alone.

He had, in his first work, very distinctly drawn attention to the fact that he had escaped the common snare to the honesty of both sides, the confusion of the ancient Primacy with the modern Supremacy. His was no vulgar and common-place abuse of garbled texts of the Fathers. He insisted on the Primacy in its old system, and under its old conditions, as strongly as he protested that he could find *nothing for*, but *everything against*, that further and absolute development of it which became the Supremacy. He found 'by reference to authorities which could not be deceived, and cannot be adulterated, that while they unanimously held the Roman Primacy and the patriarchal system, of which the Roman Pontiff stood at the head, they as unanimously did not hold, nor even contemplate, that supremacy or monarchy which alone Rome will now accept as the price of her communion. They not only do not recognise it, but their words and actions most manifestly contradict it.' And he is very earnest in his warnings against what he calls 'that old disingenuous trick' of proving the Supremacy by passages which only prove the Primacy. In a further argument, therefore, which carries on the idea of the Primacy into that of the Supremacy, we naturally look for a careful recollection of the distinction, and a careful elimination of all equivocal proofs; up to the ancient Primacy, the claim is supposed to be granted; we expect critical and crucial instances which leave no doubt of something more. We might expect further an explanation of all that alleged mass of evidence with which the modern idea of the Supremacy was said to be irreconcilable. We might have

expected in a man of Mr. Allies' candour, some detailed account of the fallacy in which the distinction arose, and how so perverse a view came in the first instance to be taken of a history which is now pronounced to be incapable of misleading any but the wilfully blind.

We can find, however, nothing of the kind. He has, indeed, a long chapter on 'the Church's Witness to the Primacy,' out of which he professes to furnish 'abundant proof to every candid mind,' of what he has laid down—not only that Bellarmine's view is true, but that it is the only one ever known to the Church of the first ages. But in the construction of this proof, he forgets that the question is whether the Primacy of those ages means a universal and indefeasible Supremacy; he forgets, or seems to forget, that such a distinction ever existed; that he has maintained it; that great Roman Catholic authorities have maintained it. He absolutely ignores the question, and that he ever had anything to do with it. He states his conclusions, and quotes his texts. For the rest, those who do not see their connexion are uncandid and dishonest, now that he has laid the two before them. Up to this time indeed, they might have sheltered themselves under his example and the equally strong sentences of his former work. But the arbiter has changed his mind.

Doubtless in his new position he may for himself dispense with all but the strong impressions of a bold and candid mind. Much that to us seems flimsy and superficial in learning, off-hand and reckless in statement, arrogant and intemperate in tone, may be the effect of a superior position, and clear theory. He may afford to despise those longer and slower processes of argument, which indeed only so lately led him so far astray. But condescension is under all circumstances a graceful and not unwise tribute to the infirmity of others. It would not have been unbecoming in him to have reasoned sometimes where he has but affirmed, and to have explained facts where he has only ignored them. It would not have been beside his purpose to have remembered, that it might not satisfy the rest of the world to be told, that he should consider them dishonest unless they accepted his altered view. He has already the credit of being learned, ingenious, candid; if he could afford to forego that of consistency, it yet might not have been undeserving of his attention, to try for that of calm judgment and charity.

What he contradicted then—what he now maintains, as the clear doctrine of all antiquity, which no candid mind can doubt about—is the doctrine of Bellarmine, that '*all ordinary jurisdiction of Bishops descends immediately from the Pope,*' and '*that the Pope has, full and entire, that power which Christ left*

on earth for the good of the Church.' This doctrine he now says—this, and nothing short of this, is the plain, unanimous, uncontradicted doctrine of the whole ancient Church. He thought before that the ancient Church looked upon Rome as the chief and most venerable seat of the Christian religion; that in the great brotherhood of bishops, its bishops were the first; that in their person the idea of S. Peter as the leader and spokesman of the Apostles was more strikingly and significantly than elsewhere set forth to the Church, and that in that line of bold and zealous men S. Peter's spirit and faith survived; that with the first place, went naturally all that the first place naturally involves, in all corporations and confederations of men, as long as the system works harmoniously together—with all the temptations and opportunities to encroach, sometimes for good ends, sometimes for bad ones, which as naturally and inevitably go along with the first place. He now thinks that this interpretation of the Primacy is as far short of the truth, as a body of co-ordinate and mutually limiting powers differs from a single power, of which every other authority is the precarious delegate and vicar. He now thinks that it is impossible for the Papacy to encroach, for there are no limits set that it can overpass. 'Once grasp its true nature, and you see that it cannot be limited by any power over which it is appointed itself to rule.' 'Time has not exhausted the grant of the Primacy, or told us all that is contained in our Lord's words to S. Peter.' Its only law and limit is love. He is now prepared to maintain that not merely implicitly and *de jure*, but according to the unbroken tradition, and undoubting belief of antiquity, every bishop and ecclesiastic in Christendom, from the Patriarch of Alexandria or Constantinople, and the Metropolitans of Africa and Asia, down to the obscurest priest among the barbarians of the forest or the desert, received his right to govern or to minister, by delegation from the see of Rome—had no authority but what in his measure he derived from it, and for the use of which he was directly responsible to it—was the conscious and loyal subject of its jurisdiction, a jurisdiction 'coactive, universal, immediate, supreme.' 'From the first,' he says, 'the Primacy contained the episcopate, and the *privileges of Metropolitans, Primates, and Patriarchs, are but emanations from the fountain head, which sends forth larger or lesser streams, as the case may require, but remains itself full.*' Singly or collectively, the whole body of the Clergy were swayed and guided by this great central power; all whom it deigned to notice were amenable to it: it dictated law and creed to general council and provincial synod, which alike were but organs to accept and register its decrees. 'Is this a new belief?' he asks; 'nay, it is the doctrine of all

'antiquity, the *only* view which ancient saints give us of the 'government of Christ's Church; the only view that will 'give connexion and harmony to the facts of ecclesiastical 'history.'

The position is a broad one, and moreover a very clear one; and the evidence, if there is any at all, cannot but be as clear also. If the Pope was from the first what Mr. Allies says that he was, and what he is understood to be in the Latin communion now, by ultramontane theologians, the acknowledged and only source of all ecclesiastical authority, it is impossible that there should be any mistaking it. If he came to be, in time, something which he was not before; if he grew to be what he is, from something which though like to it, and on the way to it, was yet different from it and short of it,—then of course imperfect and confused statements may be looked for. But then comes the question, also, whether what he was at first, authorizes all that he came to be afterwards; it is nothing new that power should encroach, and encroach successfully. But in terms at least Mr. Allies rejects this expedient of some of the keenest champions of his own doctrine; in terms, we say, for he does allow in the course of his pamphlet, that it was *only* in the germ, as 'an idea possessing the mind,' that the modern doctrine is, often at least, to be traced. But this is merely a passing inconsistency. If the idea was there at all, it must have been as clear as Mr. Allies says that it was. If the idea was there at all, not merely of a great yet vague prerogative, but that all power in the Church came from, and depended on the Pope,—that he stood in the place of Christ himself,—it must have been, as he says it was, 'the *only* view which ancient saints give us of the government of Christ's Church.' An idea so important, so essential, could not have been confused or dim in times when Church authority was most active. If it existed, it must have been energetic; the leading and immutable feature of the Christian polity could not but be visible. If an all-controlling and exclusive Supremacy was not energetic and visible, it could be no all-controlling and exclusive Supremacy at all. Mr. Allies is compelled by the condition of his thesis, and the necessities of his position, to claim from history an evidence as clear as he states it to be.

What Mr. Allies, however, at present considers clear and sufficient proof will be better understood from a few instances.

He had written as follows in his former work: 'It will be seen 'at great length in my book, that the greatest Fathers of the 'Church, S. Augustine, S. Cyril, and S. Chrysostome, did not 'suppose the Bishop of Rome to be intended at all, any more 'than any other Bishop, in this passage (S. Matt. xvi.) nor in that

‘ of John, “ Feed my sheep.” *S. Leo is the great author of this opinion* ; and the succeeding Popes after him.’

In his recent pamphlet, in confirmation of his interpretation of the passages of the Gospel, he says: ‘ I will now select, out of ancient and modern times, the testimony of two great Bishops to this interpretation of Holy Scripture. One shall be the representative of the Fathers, the other of the modern Church.’

The modern authority is Bossuet. Doubtless, Bossuet was a Roman Catholic ; he held the Primacy of S. Peter, and held that it was given to S. Peter by our Lord. Neither did he doubt that this Primacy was intended to be continued to his successors. So also thought Mr. Allies when he wrote his former book, whatever may have been his difference with Bossuet as to the conditions on which that Primacy was given. But the question in debate now is as to the meaning of that Primacy. ‘ The question at issue is,’ he wrote in 1848, ‘ whether the Bishop of Rome be the first of the Patriarchs, and first Bishop of the Apostolic College, and holding among them the place that Peter held, all which I freely acknowledge as the testimony of antiquity ; or whether he be, further, not only this, *but the source of all jurisdiction, uniting in his single person all those powers which belonged to Peter and the Apostles collectively* ; an idea which, however extravagant, is actually maintained at present in the Church of Rome, and is moreover absolutely necessary to justify its acts, and to condemn the position of the Greek and English Churches.’ Such is the way in which, fully recognising Bossuet’s loyalty to the Roman See, he introduced Bossuet’s argument from the words of S. Leo and the council of Chalcedon, *against the modern Roman interpretation of the Primacy*. Mr. Allies is perfectly aware that Bossuet’s *Defensio Cleri Gallicani*, from which he drew so much in his former work, was written to overthrow those inferences of the words of our Lord to S. Peter, which he now considers to be the only ones which a candid mind can draw from them. He knows that Bossuet did not understand S. Peter’s primacy as he does now. And yet he ventures to quote him, as representing the testimony of the modern Church on his own new side.

With reference to the ancient Church he had said, that ‘ the author of this opinion was S. Leo.’ In confirmation of his assertion, that this opinion, which he now derives from Scripture, was the uniform view of all antiquity, he cites in the first place, as the representative of antiquity,—not S. Augustine, S. Cyril, and S. Chrysostom, who, according to his former statement, ignored it,—*but S. Leo*. Truly we are obliged to Mr. Allies for the new light he has afforded us, to come to a conclusion on the

subject. He quotes Bossuet as his modern authority, who wrote against his present view, and S. Leo as his ancient one, who is said to have invented it.

The following is his sketch of the position of the Roman See in the first three centuries. By the Primacy, in this passage, Mr. Allies means, not such a Primacy as he contended for in his first work, but what he then called the Supremacy—the absolute monarchical power, the possession of all power complete and entire, in the Christian Church.

‘We have seen, moreover, that this power is based, not on any grant of the Church of God, not on any concessions of its Bishops from age to age, but on the express words of the Founder of that Church, words so remarkable that they prove themselves to be His who spake as never man spake, in that while they convey the supreme power which is to rule and guide that Church for ever—to be seated at its heart, and to move its hands—they enfold in themselves the living germ from which all its organization has sprung. . . .

‘The Primitive Church, during nearly three centuries, in which it was exposed to continual persecution, was never assembled in a general Council. During that time it was governed by its one Episcopate, cast into the shape which it had received from the moulding hand of S. Peter himself, at the head of the Apostolic College. That Apostle, in his own lifetime, established three primatial Sees, of Rome, Alexandria, and Antioch,—the mother Churches of three great patriarchates, which, as Church after Church was propagated from them, and received its Bishop, yet retained over them a parent’s right of correction and inspection. Of these, the two latter, the Sees of Alexandria and Antioch, were subordinate to the See of Rome, to whose Bishop their Bishops were accountable for the purity of their faith, and the due government of their Church. The records of these three first centuries have in a large degree perished; but we see standing out of them certain facts, which cannot be accounted for but by the Roman PRIMACY, viz., that the Bishop of Rome, and he alone, claims a control over the Churches of the whole world, threatening to sever from his communion, (and sometimes carrying that threat into execution,) such as do not maintain the purity of that faith which he is charged to watch over, and the rules of that communion which had come down from the Apostles. The well known instances of S. Clement writing to the Church of Corinth to heal its divisions, in the very lifetime of S. John; of S. Victor censuring the Asiatic, and S. Stephen the African Churches; and of S. Dionysius receiving an apology for his faith from his namesake, the Bishop of Alexandria, are sufficient proofs of this. The force of the fact lies in this, that the Bishop of Rome, and he alone, claims, as need may arise, a control over all; but no one claims a control over him.’—See of S. Peter, pp. 72—74.

The sketch is summary and decided. It competes in breadth and peremptoriness of statement with a similar sketch in a celebrated Essay with which he is acquainted, and to the examination of which, in his former work, he devoted fifty closely-printed and laborious pages. If he is less graphic, perhaps, than his prototype; if there is not the rapid and dexterous combination of emphatic instances, there is at least the same assurance of an appeal to indisputable notoriety. Effect is the result

of the absence, as well as of the enumeration of details. Dr. Newman, however, seeks to convince by producing them; Mr. Allies, more boldly, by omitting them.

Some of these instances, however, he does allude to, as cases known and allowed by all the world. They are indeed familiar to all readers of ecclesiastical history, and we shall come to them presently; but first we must deal with Mr. Allies' very clear statement of the *origin and character* of the subordination of Antioch and Alexandria to Rome; which, though he gives it as if it were found in black and white in Eusebius, we must in reality take on trust from him. The fact of course was well known, that these were Apostolic sees, and second and third in rank when Rome was first; but the distinct explanation of it, as the only received view of antiquity, though it fits in admirably with Mr. Allies' theory, and though the idea is suggested in a document of the Roman Church in the fifth century, must rest, we believe, on that theory with whatever support that document can give it.¹ That S. Athanasius, S. Cyril, S. Chrysostom, or their predecessors considered their ecclesiastical authority and preeminence as derived from Apostolic tradition, is likely enough; that they considered it still derived in each case from the Roman successor of S. Peter, and themselves dependant on his supreme power for their jurisdiction and prerogatives, is a position, perfectly intelligible indeed, but so intelligible, that it is singular that it

¹ The following are Bossuet's remarks on it:

'Nothing to the purpose is that which the anonymous author writes about the Patriarchate of Alexandria and Antioch set up by the Apostle Peter. . . .

'He states, that Metropolitan Churches, specially in Gaul, derived their authority from the Supreme Pontiff. How does this help his cause? Paul surely appointed Titus Metropolitan in Crete, and ordered him to place Bishops in the several churches. Must Peter have interposed here also? Did Peter set up the Sees of Ephesus, Cesarea, Heraclea, and other Primatical Sees in the East, which had a great number, not merely of Bishops, but of Metropolitans, under them?

'But for his assertion, that the Episcopate was propagated through the whole world by Peter alone and his successors, it is an assertion without proof: as if the other Apostles did nothing. For his assertion that the distribution into Dioceses, and the assigning of a peculiar flock to every pastor, was done only by the authority of Peter; that whatever the rest of the Apostles, even Paul in Crete, did and ordered, had force through the express, or tacit, consent of Peter and his successors, this I think more worthy of contempt than refutation, and wonder that a serious person could give utterance to it, where learning is so cultivated. . . .

'As for the objection about the three patriarchs being confirmed by the Apostolic See, who were then to confirm the rest of their Bishops, even were it most certain and ancient, and derived from the very origin of Christianity, what has it to do with us? it being certain that the Church of Carthage, and those of Ephesus, Heraclea, and Cesarea in Cappadocia, before they were subjected to the See of Constantinople, and others, enjoyed the right of an absolutely free ordination. . . . *Church of England cleared, &c.*, pp. 429—431.

'The Bishops,' says Mr. Allies, in 1848, 'of the great sees, specially Rome, Alexandria, and Antioch, announced their accession to each other, together with a profession of the orthodox faith. But as for any jurisdiction emanating from Rome to the great bishops of the East, such a thing was never even imagined.' *Ibid.* p. 26.

should not appear on the face of all their acts; more singular still when it is considered how often they did invoke, against persecutors or opponents, the countenance and suffrage of the first Bishop. Mr. Allies here speaks of the early centuries; S. Chrysostom of Antioch, and S. Cyril of Alexandria, belong to a later time. But of their way of viewing the subject, Mr. Allies has in his former work given us a large account; of S. Chrysostom he there says:—

‘ Now let the language of S. Chrysostome on these various passages be fairly weighed. No thought, assuredly, had he, continually alluding, as he does, to S. Peter’s Primacy, dwelling upon it, and speaking of it largely and generously, that, while this was to last for ever, and be wondrously developed into a great centralising power in the heart of the Church, on the other hand the Apostolic powers of his brethren were not to continue, (as Bellarmine asserts, and as the Roman theory and practice exhibit,) but be absorbed in the authority of their chief. Does he say, for instance, that Peter has the whole world committed to him? This is true, but then it is not exclusively of his brethren, but in conjunction with them. Bellarmine will quote him for the first point, but omit the second.’—*Church of England cleared, &c.*, pp. 187, 188.

The following is a specimen of his language:—

‘ Preaching before his Bishop Flavian at Antioch, he says, “ He too received this name Peter not from wonders and signs, but from zeal and earnest affection. For it was not because he raised the dead, nor because he made the lame man upright, that he was so called; but, because he showed forth a true faith together with his confession, he inherited this name, Thou art Peter, and upon this Rock I will build My Church. Why? not because he did miracles, but because he said, Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God. Thou seest that his very being called Peter took its beginning not from working miracles, but from ardent zeal. But, since I have mentioned Peter, another Peter occurs to me, our common Father and Teacher, who being his successor in virtue has also inherited his seat.” (Singular enough it is that, at the moment the saint said this, Flavian was not the Bishop of Antioch who enjoyed the Communion of Rome, but was supported by the East against Paulinus.) “ For this, too, is one of the privileges of our city, that it received at the beginning for its teacher the first of the Apostles. For fitting it was that the city, which, before the whole world, encircled her brows with the name of Christian, should receive as Pastor the first of the Apostles. But though we received him for our teacher, we did not keep him to the end, but yielded him to imperial Rome: or rather we kept him to the end. For we have not indeed the body of Peter, but we keep the faith of Peter as himself: and having the faith of Peter, we have Peter himself.”—*Ibid.* pp. 183, 184.

Further on, he observes:—

‘ But indeed, having most carefully sought, I have been unable to find any testimony of S. Chrysostome to the transmission of S. Peter’s Primacy over the whole Church to the Bishop of Rome; unless the passage above respecting Antioch and Rome may be considered such. Yet there is a conjuncture in that great Saint’s life, in which, had he acknowledged any powers to be lodged in the Bishop of Rome beyond those of a Patriarch, the first Bishop of the West, he would surely have expressed it. I mean

his letter to Pope S. Innocent, detailing the unjust persecution which he had suffered. . . .

‘He sends duplicates of this letter to Venerius, Bishop of Milan, and Chromatius of Aquileia. The Bishop of Rome, then, is begged to disapprove of these proceedings, but so likewise, and in the same words, are the other two great Primates of Italy: and reference is made throughout to a supreme Ecclesiastical authority, which is, the Canon of the Church: and the second Bishop of the world, thus treated, appeals not to the See of Rome simply as a superior tribunal, but to a Council.

‘Now what is Bellarmine’s account of the document I have just quoted? It appears as his seventh proof out of the Greek Fathers that the Roman Pontiff succeeds Peter in the monarchy of the Church. “S. John Chrysostome in his first letter to Pope Innocent says, ‘I beseech you to write that proceedings so lawless may not have force: but that they who have acted lawlessly may be subject to the punishment of the Church’s laws,’ &c. Theophilus, Bishop of Alexandria, in a Council of many Bishops, had deposed Chrysostome from the Bishopric of Constantinople. Chrysostome writes to the Roman Pontiff that he by his own authority should decree that the sentence of Theophilus was null, and should punish Theophilus himself. Therefore Chrysostome recognises Pope Innocent as supreme judge even of the Greeks.” That is, he proves the Roman Pontiff’s monarchy by the expressions of a letter, duplicates of which he omits to say were sent to the Bishops of Milan and Aquileia. . . .

‘In this whole affair what is done and said on both sides illustrates both the previously quoted writings of S. Chrysostome, and the existing constitution of the Church, and proves that it was Episcopal, and that it was not Papal. The Bishop of the second See is intruded on and outraged by the Bishop of the third, in violation of the Canons; he appeals to a Council: at the same time he requests the three Primates of Italy, in the same words, to show their disapproval of proceedings intrinsically null. The Bishops of Rome, Milan, and Aquileia, do disapprove of the act of Theophilus: nevertheless the former writes to the Clergy of Constantinople that a Council is necessary; he expressly disowns the power of being able to settle such disorders. To Theophilus he writes in the same terms, and he sets himself to obtain this Council. Can a more complete picture of that Church government, which we demand, be set forth? The Popes of the fourth and fifth centuries, it seems, never imagined that the Canons of the Nicene Council were to be changed into a totally different discipline.’—*Ibid.* pp. 195—199.

And he concludes, after comparing a panegyric on Rome by S. Chrysostom with one by Lacordaire:—

‘Such feelings as these are what any Churchman must habitually entertain, who looks on the Roman Pontiff as at once the governing power and the life of the Church. Could, then, S. Chrysostome have beheld in Rome the Church’s heart, whence her life-blood courses over the whole body, and have seen no reason to love her for that? or have stated that she was more remarkable for possessing even the bodies of the blessed Apostles than for all other things together? What Roman Catholic would so speak now? The power of the Roman Pontiff in the Latin Communion is actually such, that Lacordaire’s words respecting the city of Rome apply to that whole Church; to destroy that power would be to destroy the Church herself; the parricide would be a suicide. But how can this dogma be imposed upon us as necessary to salvation, if S. Augustine, S. Chrysostome, and the Church of their day knew it not? or let it be shown us, how any men who

did know it, could either have written as they write, or have been silent as they are silent.'—*Ibid.* p. 201.

Of S. Cyril, who afterwards asked for and was armed with the authority of the first see, against Nestorius, and who is therefore triumphantly represented as the mere deputy of the Pope at the Council of Ephesus, Mr. Allies thus writes in his former work:—

‘Further, the actions of S. Cyril come in fully to corroborate his doctrine. When in the year 412 he succeeded his uncle Theophilus as Patriarch of Alexandria, that whole Patriarchate, as well as those of Antioch and Constantinople, had been for nearly eight years out of Communion with Rome, in consequence of the persecution of S. John Chrysostome. Pope S. Innocent had nobly defended his cause, but he was unable to prevent the whole East taking a contrary course, and he accordingly removed them from his Communion. But did they in consequence yield? Did they acknowledge such an authority in the Bishop of Rome, even at the head of his Council, or of the whole West, that what he ruled to be right was right; and that, if they disobeyed him, and in consequence were excluded from his Communion, they endangered their salvation? If we may judge from their actions no such notion ever occurred to their minds. Rather than replace the name of S. John Chrysostome in the Diptychs they suffered the East and West to be divided for years. Alexander of Antioch was the first who in the year 414 placed S. Chrysostome's name in the roll of Bishops, and restored Communion with Rome. After some little time Atticus of Constantinople did the same, and we have a letter of his to S. Cyril, excusing himself for this course, as done unwillingly, and to gain many persons at Constantinople, as well as to restore peace throughout the world. It is plain from the writer's tone that he had no notion of any superior authority in Rome: he speaks of the *Canon*, as what both he and S. Cyril alike respected. Still more remarkable is S. Cyril's answer, from its bold uncompromising tone. By the act of Atticus he was left alone with his Patriarchate in opposition to Rome. Yet he speaks even contemptuously of the little gain Atticus would derive from his conduct. “Carefully viewing and considering with myself if they who have done this” (*i.e.* replaced S. Chrysostome's name in the Diptychs,) “are following the decisions of the Fathers of Nicea, and directing the mind's eye a little towards that great Council, I behold the whole assembly of those holy Fathers as if by their looks refusing, and with all their power preventing me from agreeing with this.” Here was the Canon of the Church, and the Council of Nicea, as S. Cyril thought, on one side, and the authority of Rome and the West on the other. We see to which he considered himself bound. Further on he says “For does your Piety think that we are so remiss as not zealously to endeavour to make ourselves acquainted both with your good reputation, and how the flocks of the Saviour are directed? For one is the solicitude of priests, though we be divided in position.” (These remarkable words may be considered an expression of S. Cyprian's famous sentence, “The Episcopate is one, of which each enjoys full possession.”) Thus trying to persuade Atticus to continue his resistance to Rome, he says, “Grant that a few are displeased at this: permit me to say openly, we desire indeed the salvation of all, but if any one out of his own ignorance separates, and resists the laws of the Church, what is that man's loss?” Unwillingly, and when his two other colleagues had for some time given way, did S. Cyril replace S. Chrysostome's name in the Diptychs, and so

re-enter into communion with the West. This is believed to have been in the year 418, six years after his accession. In the meantime, according to modern Roman maxims, he put his own salvation, and that of all those committed to his charge, into peril. Now that S. Cyril may have been wrong on a question of fact, as S. John Chrysostome's condemnation, I can well imagine, as S. Cyprian was wrong on the question of Baptism. But that a Patriarch of Alexandria, Saint and Doctor, was ignorant of the Church's constitution, or acted in defiance of it for years, and expressed no contrition when he retraced his course, this I cannot believe. The simple truth is, which is as plain as the day in the whole matter, that S. Cyril felt himself as completely and independently the head of the Alexandrine Patriarchate, as S. Innocent was of the Roman; and that he had no superior but the Canon of the Church, and an Ecumenical Council. And the conduct of the Patriarchs of Constantinople and Antioch, and of the Emperors who supported all three, proves the same.

'It is curious to put beside this narrative Mr. Newman's approving quotation from Bellarmine. "All Catholics agree . . . that the Pope, when determining anything in a doubtful matter, whether by himself, or with his own particular council, *whether it is possible for him to err or not, is to be obeyed* by all the faithful."

'If any one chooses to take the final yielding of Alexander of Antioch, Atticus of Constantinople, and S. Cyril of Alexandria, in a question of fact, for an "actual exemplification of the monarchical principle in the fourth" (here the fifth) "century," of which Mr. Newman speaks, I think he must be very hard driven by a theory, besides *having the most unlimited confidence in his power of arranging the facts of history.*'—*Ibid.* pp. 212—215.

If Mr. Allies' 'power' is not equal to Dr. Newman's, 'of arranging the facts of history,' we cannot but think that his 'confidence' is as 'unlimited.' In his former work he had said, speaking of the interference of one Patriarch with another:—

'Twelve years later S. Cyril showed by his conduct towards an heretical successor of Atticus, that his care *was not confined to the limits of his own Patriarchate*, ample as was its extent, or almost sovereign his authority therein: but that in truth "the solicitude of Priests is one, though they be divided in space."—*Ibid.* p. 275.

and applying this to the interference of the Roman See in the East:—

'Thus jealously did John of Antioch, at the head of the Bishops of his Patriarchate, maintain his independence, even in the face of the other three great divisions of the Church.

'I must now give two instances in which S. Cyril interfered in the ordinary government of his brother Patriarchs, inasmuch as it is upon certain cases, precisely similar, of the Roman Pontiff's interference with the East, that the proof of his universal Supremacy is built. Thus a complaint against S. Dionysius of Alexandria, made to S. Dionysius of Rome, is mentioned by Mr. Newman. The importance of the fact will depend entirely on whether the Roman Pontiff claimed and exercised such an interference as his single privilege. The truth is that all the Patriarchs did as much.'—*Ibid.* p. 222.

He now quotes this case of S. Dionysius, without remark, as a 'sufficient proof' of the Roman, not Primacy, but Supremacy.

Among other 'sufficient proofs,' he quotes also, the cases of 'S. Victor censuring the Asiatic, and S. Stephen the African Churches.' They did so doubtless. And the following passages from his former book give the complement to the fact as then stated. In these extracts is given in each case the summary of what he had already stated in full—the way in which that claim was received by the greatest authorities of their time in those churches. First, of the Asiatic:—

'I suppose that the actions of S. Irenæus towards the Apostolic See of the West are a comment upon his words respecting it: and then when he calls Rome, as Mr. Newman quotes, "the greatest Church, the most ancient, the most conspicuous, and founded and established by Peter and Paul," appeals to its tradition not in contrast indeed, but in preference to that of other Churches, and declares that "in this Church, every Church, that is, the faithful from every side must meet," or "agree together *propter potiorem principalitatem*," he really means what he says, and what his actions indicate, that the Bishop of Rome was first among his brethren: and he does not mean a totally different thing, which his words are quoted to prove, namely, that the Bishop of Rome stood in the same relation to him and to all the other Bishops of the world as he himself stood in to his own presbyters at Lyons. If he did mean this latter thing, he selected the strangest words to express it, and he exemplified it by the strangest actions which I can well conceive. But what excuse to allege for Polycrates, who absolutely refused to listen to the Bishop of Rome's decision, or for the other Bishops throughout the world who met and discussed the matter in virtue of their own authority, and gave their judgment, as binding upon their people, by the same authority, and requested, as the Bishops of Palestine, that copies of their letters might be sent everywhere, instead of looking to a sentence from Rome, I cannot imagine: unless it be what Mr. Newman suggests that "all authority necessarily leads to resistance." P. 24. In that point of view, certainly, the first four centuries supply the strongest sort of "cumulative argument" to the Roman Supremacy, for they are nothing else but a perpetual denial of it: only that the idea does not seem to have presented itself to the great Councils and writers of that time.'—*Ibid.* pp. 61, 62.

Next, of the African:—

'In truth, all the acts of S. Cyprian's Episcopate, of which I have given several in illustration, are an indisputable assurance to the candid mind that he treated the Roman Pontiff simply as his brother,—his elder brother, indeed,—holding the first See in Christendom, but, individually, as liable to err as himself. And it is equally clear that S. Augustine, a hundred and forty years later, did not censure him for this. What we have seen, is this. In the matter of Fortunatus and Felicissimus, Cyprian rejects with vehement indignation their appeal to Rome: in the case of Marcian of Arles, having, as well as Pope Stephen, been appealed to by Faustinus, Bishop of Lyons, and his colleagues, he writes as an equal to Pope Stephen, almost enjoining him what to do: in the question of rebaptizing heretics, he disregards, S. Stephen's judgment, and the anathema which accompanies it; and how strong S. Firmilian's language is we need not repeat, who declares that S. Stephen's excommunication only cut off himself: in the case of Basilides, he deposes afresh one whom Stephen had restored.'—*Ibid.* pp. 56, 57.

Could it be doubted, from Mr. Allies' broad way of stating

the matter in his pamphlet,—from his assertion that the modern idea of the Supremacy—that same, and no other, is ‘the *only*’ view which ancient saints give us of the government of ‘Christ’s Church, the only view which will give connexion and ‘harmony to the facts of Ecclesiastical History’—could it be doubted, but that when ‘S. Victor censured the Asiatic and S. Stephen the African churches,’ S. Irenæus and S. Cyprian must have been on the Pope’s side? Could it be supposed, that when Mr. Allies wrote thus, he should have known that they were not?

But S. Augustine, he tells us, agrees with his view. S. Augustine spoke of S. Peter as a type of the Unity of the Church, and as the first of the Apostles; he respected and acknowledged the first rank and apostolic authority of the Roman see; he referred to it, he extolled it, he treated it with deference. Doubtless he did all this, as Mr. Allies, in a way which resembles the most old-fashioned modes of controversial quotation, proves beyond question. In his contest with the Pelagians, after all his toil, after two African councils had decided against them, the Pope was appealed to, and he, in a letter which set forth in lofty and not unwonted language his own position in the Church, agreed with S. Augustine and the African Councils. S. Augustine did not protest against the Pope’s language; we doubt not he allowed it, as an English parliament takes no pains to limit the expressions of the Royal supremacy—he accepted it triumphantly. ‘The Pope,’ he says, ‘answered to all, as was right, and as ‘became the Prelate of the Apostolic See.’ ‘Two provincial ‘Councils,’ he says, ‘have decided; their reports have been sent ‘to the Apostolic See. The Apostolic See has answered. *Causa finita est.*’ Doubtless he did all this, as was most natural and reasonable; and a modern Roman Catholic prelate would do the same. But did S. Augustine never protest against the Pope’s acts? Did not S. Augustine and the African Church, which owned his influence, take steps and use language which, in a modern Roman Catholic Bishop, and on the theory which Mr. Allies has adopted, would seem, and be, rebellion?

Mr. Allies has given us a full account, in his earlier work, of the transactions relative to one Apiarius, who appealed to Rome against the African Church. The Pope seems to have been deceived by Apiarius, but certainly supported him. In doing so, he made claims much of the same nature as his successors have often made since. And he maintained them by quoting, as Decrees of Nice, Canons which the African Church had never heard of. The African Church demurred to his claim, and questioned the authenticity of his Canons. Reference was made to copies acknowledged by the great Greek Patriarchates.

The Canons in question turned out to be the Canons of Sardica—bound up in the same volume, say modern Roman writers, and numbered consecutively with the Latin version of the Nicene, and *therefore* quoted as the Nicene. Mr. Allies quoted the letter of the African Council to the Pope, in which the following passages occur:—

‘ Let your Holiness reject, as is worthy of you, that unprincipled taking shelter with you of Presbyters likewise, and the inferior Clergy, *both because by no ordinance of the fathers hath the Church of Africa been deprived of this authority, and the Nicene decrees have most plainly committed not only the Clergy of inferior rank, but the Bishops themselves, to their own Metropolitans. For they have ordained with great wisdom and justice, that all matters should be terminated in the places where they arise; and did not think that the grace of the Holy Spirit would be wanting to any Province, for the Priests of Christ (i. e. Bishops) wisely to discern, and firmly to maintain, the right: especially since whosoever thinks himself wronged by any judgment may appeal to the Council of his Province, or even to a general Council*’ [of Africa]: ‘ *unless it be imagined that God can inspire a single individual with justice, and refuse it to an innumerable multitude of Priests (Bishops) assembled in Council. And how shall we be able to rely on a sentence passed beyond the sea, since it will not be possible to send thither the necessary witnesses, whether from the weakness of sex, or advanced age, or any other impediment? For that your Holiness should send any on your part we can find ordained by no council of fathers. Because with regard to what you have sent us by the same our brother-Bishop Faustinus, as being contained in the Nicene Council, we can find nothing of the kind in the more authentic copies of that Council, which we have received from the holy Cyril our brother, Bishop of the Alexandrine Church, and from the venerable Atticus the Prelate of Constantinople, and which we formerly sent by Innocent the Presbyter, and Marcellus the Sub-deacon, through whom we received them, to Boniface the Bishop, your predecessor of venerable memory. Moreover whoever desires you to delegate any of your Clergy to execute your orders, do not comply, lest it seem that we are introducing the pride of secular dominion into the Church of Christ, which exhibiteth to all that desire to see God the light of simplicity and the splendour of humility.*’ —*Church of England cleared, &c.*, p. 141.

And he thus states the impression which the case had made upon him:—

‘ But as to the whole case of Apiarius I confess it was *not without astonishment* that I first read this passage of history; so exactly had the African bishops, in 426, when the greatest father of the Church was one of them, anticipated and pleaded the cause of the English Church, in 1534. . . . I do not think it makes at all in favour of the Papal Supremacy that the liberties which the African Church under S. Aurelius and S. Augustine so nobly maintained, grounding them at once on the inherent rights of Bishops, and on the authority of the Nicene decrees, were in process of time wrested from them by the Popes, probably when they were enfeebled by the irruption of the Vandals, and were in greater need of transmarine assistance. I cannot imagine *how a divine right can be constructed out of a series of successful encroachments.*’—*Ibid.* pp. 144, 145.

Whether Mr. Allies at present sees in this transaction a fresh evidence, which no candid mind can dispute about, of the

unquestioned recognition by S. Augustine and his cotemporaries, of all ecclesiastical powers as 'emanations' from S. Peter's Primacy, and of a jurisdiction in the Pope, 'coactive, immediate, universal, and supreme,' we have no means of determining. It is possible; he has not, however, quoted it in his last pamphlet.

The following additional specimens of Mr. Allies' peculiar ideas, as to the way of treating historical proofs, must serve as our excuse for not going along with him any further in his examination of the Fathers. On such principles it is hardly worth while holding controversy. We must agree to differ.

Among the first facts which happen to be noticed in Mr. Allies' argument, are certain canons and acts of the Councils of Nice and of Sardica. He thus quotes the authority of Nice:—

'And the first Council in which the whole Church was represented, the Nicene Council, famous to all ages, stated, not as granting a favour, but bearing witness to a fact, and acknowledging a power existing from the very first, *without attempting to define it—for indeed that power was neither derived from its gift nor subject to its control*—"the Roman Church always had the Primacy."—See of S. Peter, p. 8.

Again, of the present Roman Supremacy he says, 'Councils acknowledge it, but it is before Councils. The first of them said, "The Roman Church always had the Primacy."' And again—

'In the year 325, at the great Nicene Council, the preeminent authority of the Bishops of Rome, Alexandria, and Antioch is acknowledged, the former of these being referred to as a type to sanction a claim of the latter over his subject Bishops, and it is stated that "*the Roman Church always had the Primacy.*" The Bishop of Corduba, in Spain, apparently at once Papal Legate and Imperial Commissioner, and Vitus and Vincentius, Legates of S. Sylvester, presided over the Council, and "it was determined that all these things should be sent to Sylvester, Bishop of the City of Rome," for his confirmation, which *only could* make the Council ecumenical, as may be seen even from the fact that of three hundred and eighteen Bishops twenty-two alone belonged to Europe.'—*Ibid.* p. 75.

We have two remarks to make on these passages. If the Council of Nicæa really bore unequivocal witness to the far more than Primacy, the absolute Supremacy of the Pope, as at present claimed, such testimony would be important indeed—as important as Mr. Allies intends it to appear.

Mr. Allies quotes it as unequivocal. No reader could suppose from his statement that there was any reasonable doubt as to its meaning and relevancy. It is not the way in which a fair and exact controversialist, such as Mr. Allies piques himself on being, speaks of a disputed passage of great importance, when he thinks that there may be another view of it taken. He stakes his credit on the fact, that there is nothing worth thinking of, to

interfere with his use of it, without qualification or apology, as the recognition by the most venerable authority in Church History, of the modern Roman theory.

Yet the following is his account of the language of the Council of Nice in his former work :—

‘ So likewise the Council of Nicea mentions the Sees of Alexandria, Antioch, and Rome in precisely similar terms :—“ Let the ancient customs be maintained, which are in Egypt and Libya, and Pentapolis ; according to which the Bishop of Alexandria has authority over all those places. For this is also customary to the Bishop of Rome. In like manner in Antioch, and in the other provinces, the privileges are to be preserved to the Churches. And as a general rule this is manifest, that if any one be made a Bishop without the consent of the Metropolitan, the Great Council declares that he should not be a Bishop. If, however, two or three out of private contention resist the general vote of all, being reasonable, and according to the Ecclesiastical Canon, let the vote of the greater number prevail.” In this canon, (the 6th,) as in a mirror, the whole system of the ancient Church may be discerned. Not only the rights of the three great Metropolitans, but those of all others are therein recognised and confirmed. While a particular point in the administration of the great Egyptian Patriarchate, which might have seemed an infringement of the general rights of Metropolitans, is allowed by a reference to the similar practice in the proper Roman Patriarchate : viz. that the Bishop of Alexandria, and not the Metropolitans under him, should have the power to consecrate Bishops in the three provinces of his Patriarchate, for the Bishop of Rome does the same in his, *i. e.* in the suburbican provinces, or in Italy, south of the province of Milan, in Sicily, and the islands. There is then a primacy involved in the way in which Rome is here mentioned, but assuredly no more than a primacy : and the privileges (*πρεσβεία*) of all the Churches are put on the same foundation as those of the First ; “ Let the ancient customs prevail.”’—*Church of England cleared, &c.* pp. 18, 19.

Now here is another view given of the meaning and bearing of the Nicene Council. We are not saying which is right. What we observe is, that this view is at least as reasonable and likely, on the face of the document, as the other ; that Mr. Allies has not refuted it ; but that treating it as if it could not exist, or he had never heard of it, he quietly and without a word to explain or guard himself, assumes his new view of the passage, with all the assurance with which he might cite Bellarmine on his side.

Our next remark is this. The reader will have noticed that the words on which Mr. Allies lays stress ‘ *the Roman Church always had the Primacy,* ’ do not occur in his previous version of the Canon of the Council. Mr. Allies now quotes them—without a hint that there is the least question on the subject—as the words of the Council.

Without going into criticism, we shall merely mention the state of the facts about them. The words which are thus quoted without remark as those of the Nicene Council, are *not* found in any Greek copy of its Canons. They *are* found in *this form*

(not without a various reading which alters their force)¹ in a Latin version of the Roman Church; and in *another paraphrastic* form, in one other early Italian version. At the Council of Chalcedon, the Legates of Pope Leo produced their version, containing the words: they were met by the Greeks, who produced their copies of the Greek, from the archives of Constantinople, without them. Other Latin versions want it.

Does Mr. Allies think that, in quoting words to which he attaches great importance, though, in fact, they do not go beyond the thesis of his former book, he is at liberty to ignore the fact that they are found only in Latin translations, which were confronted with, and contradicted by, the Greek text, as produced at the Council of Chalcedon? And Roman copies of Nicene Canons were not above suspicion,—in Africa² as well as Constantinople.

Of the Council of Sardica he observes:—

‘A General Council is assembled at Sardica, A.D. 347, and it recognises S. Peter’s successor as in full, time-honoured possession of his supreme power. It directs, *not* as a *new* thing, nor as the *recognition* of a *new* power, but what was “best and most fitting,” as being in accordance with all ancient usage, that all Bishops, in case of difficulty, “should refer to the head, that is, the See of the Apostle Peter.”’—*See of S. Peter*, p. 7.

And again:

‘In the year 347, a great Council was held at Sardica, intended to be ecumenical. It was presided over by the same Bishop of Corduba, and in its synodical letter to Pope Julius, tells him, “For this will seem the best, and by far the most fitting, if the Lord’s Bishops make reference from all the provinces to the head, that is, the See of the Apostle Peter.”’—*Ibid.* p. 75.

The words quoted are from the letter addressed by the Council to the Pope, stating to him, in strong terms, which need not be explained away, and which were common enough when the Roman See stood at the head of the undivided Christian Hierarchy, his high place. The question is, what force these words carry with them. They are in themselves vague, compared with the idea of Roman Supremacy. If this Primacy is unlimited, is it because *it has* no limits, or has hitherto required none to be imposed on it? If any answer is to be given to this on historical grounds, it must be done by comparing words with acts—titles and ascriptions of honour, with the actual working of the dignity to which they are ascribed, in the system to which it belongs. In his former work, Mr. Allies at least tried to do this. He did not confine himself to citing words, without looking to see under what circumstances they were spoken. If he now despises this process as a ‘narrow and purblind way of reading history,’

¹ ‘*Habeat Primatum*’ for ‘*habuit*,’ a grant, or acquiescence, instead of a witness to a fact.

² The case of Apirius above.

let him boldly say so. An ingenious man may do a great deal without facts. The arguments which have worked wonders for Rome in the last few years are *à priori* ones. But a gentleman who is so extremely sceptical of the honesty of his opponents as he is, may be expected, if he touches a fact at all, to show an example which is above suspicion. These may be the words of the Bishops at Sardica; they are words which Roman Catholic Bishops might use now. They *may* leave the Primacy undefined and unlimited—they *may* have meant, as Mr. Allies says they did, that this Primacy, *as now understood*, was nothing new to the Council, and that they recognised it, not as a new power, but an existing fact from the beginning in the Church. But if there is anything in the proceedings of the Council which imply, and have been understood to imply the reverse; if in his former work he had dwelt with some force on this, it might have been inconvenient to the flow of Mr. Allies' declamation, but it would have been satisfactory to those who wished to understand what fault he had found with his former argument, to have at least adverted to it. His previous representation of the proceedings at Sardica is not unworthy even of his attention now; it is careful, reasonable, and supported by the authority of respectable Roman Catholic writers. He thus gives from Thomassin the design of the Council:—

‘In so vast a system of interlaced and concurrent powers as the Church of Christ presented, differences would continually arise; and in so profound a subject-matter as the Christian revelation, heresies would be continually starting up: to arrange the former, and to expel or subjugate the latter, the Bishops, says Thomassin, having already more than once appealed to the Christian Emperors for the calling of great Councils, saw the danger of suffering the Imperial authority to intervene in Ecclesiastical causes, and sought to establish a new jurisprudence on this head. “The Council of Antioch (A.D. 341), and that of Sardica (A.D. 347), which were held almost at the same time,—the one in the East, the other in the West,—set about this in a very different manner, aiming, however, at the same end. The Council of Antioch ordered that Bishops, Priests, and Deacons, who should have been condemned by a Provincial Council, might recur to a larger Council of Bishops:” (Archbishop de Marca explains this somewhat differently;) “but that if they carried their complaints before the Emperor they could never be re-established in their dignity.” “One must in good faith admit, that this regulation had much conformity with what had been practised in the first ages of obscurity and persecution, for it was in the same way that extraordinary Councils had been held, such as were those of Antioch against Paul of Samosata, Bishop of that great city. It was the Metropolitans and Bishops of the neighbourhood who assembled with those of the Province, where the flame of a great dissension had been kindled. The Council of Sardica, urged by the same desire to break through the custom which was introducing itself, of having recourse to the Emperor for judgment of spiritual causes of the Church, bethought itself of another means, which was not less conformable to the practice of the preceding centuries, and which had, beside that, much foundation in the Holy Scriptures. For Jesus Christ, having given the Primacy, and the rank of Head,

to S. Peter, above the other Apostles, and having given successors as well to the Apostles, to wit, all the Bishops, as to S. Peter, to wit, the Roman Pontiffs; moreover, having willed that His Church should remain for ever one by the union of all Bishops with their Head, it is manifest, that if the Bishops of a Province could not agree in their Provincial Council, and if the Bishops of several provinces had disputes between each other, the most natural way to finish these differences was to introduce the authority of the Head, and of him whom Jesus Christ has established as the centre of unity of His universal Church."—*Church of England cleared*, &c. pp. 73, 74.

The following are—not the complimentary words—but the actual Canons of the Council.

'Accordingly, at the Council of Sardica, attended by S. Athanasius, then in exile, and about a hundred Western Bishops, after the secession of the Eastern or Arian portion, Hosius proposed, "If two Bishops of the same Province have a disagreement, neither of the two shall take for arbitrator a Bishop of another Province: if a Bishop, having been condemned, feels so assured of his right, that he is willing to be judged anew in a Council, let us honour, if you think it good, the memory of the Apostle S. Peter; let those who have examined the cause, write to Julius, Bishop of Rome; if he thinks proper to order a fresh trial, let him name judges; if he does not think that there is reason to renew the matter, let what he orders be kept to. The Council approved this proposition. The Bishop Gaudentius added, that, during this appeal, no Bishop should be ordained in place of him who had been deposed, until the Bishop of Rome had judged his cause."

"To make the preceding Canon clearer, Hosius said, 'When a Bishop, deposed by the Council of the Province, shall have appealed and had recourse to the Bishop of Rome, if he judge proper that the matter be examined afresh, he shall write to the Bishops of the neighbouring Province to be the judges of it; and if the deposed Bishop persuade the Bishop of Rome to send a Priest from his own person, he shall be able to do it, and to send commissioners to judge by his authority, together with the Bishops; but if he believes that the Bishops are sufficient to settle the matter, he will do what his wisdom suggests to him.' The judgment which Pope Julius, together with the Council of Rome, had given in favour of Athanasius and the other persecuted Bishops, seems to have given cause to this Canon, and we have seen that this Pope complained that they had judged Athanasius without writing to him about it."—*Ibid.* pp. 74, 75.

And Mr. Allies subjoins the following comment:—

"To this Council," says Archbishop de Marca, "is owing the first origin of the right of the supreme Pontiff, as to the canonical judgments of Bishops. Although, if we look closer into the matter, and do not go beyond the words of the Canons, it will be plain that nothing is there laid down against the supreme authority of Provincial Councils confirmed by the Nicene Canon." . . . "But the right sought in that Council for the Roman Bishop is utterly different from the right of appeal, inasmuch as nothing more is granted to him than the power to decree the revision of a cause. That is, the Council appoints that if a condemned Bishop appeals to the Roman Pontiff, it should be in his power to reject the appeal, by which the sentence of the Provincial Bishops will be confirmed, or to admit it. In which case the Roman Bishop is bound to send back the entire case to the Bishops of the Province, and their neighbours, for them to take cognisance of the cause in the presence of the delegate of the supreme Pontiff, if

he think good to send one. Moreover, the force of an appeal is, to suspend in the interim the previous sentence. Which is otherwise in a revision. For that retreat to the Apostolical See did not prevent the sentence of deposition being in the meanwhile committed to execution.

"But the words of the Canon prove that the institution of this right was new. If it please you, says Hosius Bishop of Corduba, who presided over the Council, let us honour the memory of the Apostle S. Peter. He says not, that the ancient tradition was to be confirmed, as was wont to be done in matters which only require the renewal or explanation of an ancient right." . . .

"Such is the modest commencement of that power of hearing Episcopal causes on appeal, which has been the instrument of obtaining the wonderful authority concentrated for a long series of ages in the See of Rome. However conformable to the practice of preceding centuries, as Thomassin says, this may have been, this power is here certainly *granted* by the Council, *not considered as inherent in the See of Rome*. And this one fact is fatal to the present claim of the Supremacy. To use De Maistre's favourite analogy, it is as though the States General or Parliament conferred his royal powers on the Sovereign who convoked them, and whose assent alone made their enactments law. Accordingly, like the whole course of proceedings in these early Councils, it is incompatible with the notion of the Pope being the monarch in the Church. . . .

"The restrictions under which, according to the Council of Sardica, the Pope could cause a matter to be reheard, are specific. Much larger power is assigned in the fourth General Council, that of Chalcedon, to the See of Constantinople, in the ninth Canon, which says, "If any Bishop or Clergyman has a controversy against the Bishop of the Province himself (*i. e.* the Metropolitan), let him have recourse to the Exarch of the Diocese, or to the throne of the Imperial city of Constantinople, and plead his cause before him."—*Ibid.* pp. 75—77.

Now these are fair examples of the way in which Mr. Allies treats the historical argument, which he had gone over, certainly with considerable care, in his former book. There he had said that if history is worth appealing to, it must be appealed to on both sides; what limits the idea of the Primacy is as little to be kept out of sight as what establishes it. In his pamphlet,—and what we say is the account of his whole apparatus of 'proofs which are to satisfy any candid mind,'—he absolutely ignores, and leaves unnoticed and unexplained, the fact, that the texts which he cites were spoken under a constitution of things to which there is nothing similar now to be found in the world;—or that, as he himself had shown at length, the vestiges which remain of that constitution in history, while they prove a Primacy, prove also that, whatever it might have been, it could not have been the same all-absorbing and centralizing power, which at length grew out of it. He quotes triumphantly the strong language of the Fathers about the Apostolic See; he quietly ignores their strong acts, whether of resistance or independence. He quotes their lofty words about Rome and her Bishops, as if they stood alone. Even if they did, yet, in the case of a power of government, which is always if active a growing power, and may grow to be what

it ought not, they would be insufficient of themselves to make out the modern Popedom, unless they explicitly contemplated and sanctioned it; but they do not stand alone, as they seem to do in Mr. Allies' pages; and of all which modifies them, of all that explains them, of all in early history which is incompatible with the present idea of the Papacy, there is to be found not a notice or a hint.

Mr. Allies' argument from history simply comes to this. He has a theory respecting the Roman power. Supposing this theory to be true; supposing that all authority and power in the Church were, 1, derived from our Lord, to S. Peter; 2, from S. Peter to the line of Roman Pontiffs; 3, from S. Peter's see at Rome, in due measure from time to time, through all generations, to all other sees of the Church; 4, derived in such a manner as to be ever dependent upon, and subject to, the 'coactive, universal, immediate, supreme jurisdiction' of that see, —all which is perfectly distinct from the Pope being the first Bishop, with the natural prerogatives of a first place, in the closely-united Hierarchy of the first centuries;—supposing this, which is the present claim of Rome, he finds that ecclesiastical history contains much which on this theory we should expect to find there.

True. But this is not all: for if no jurisdiction exists, or ever existed, in the Christian Church, but what was derived—and felt and acknowledged to be derived—from S. Peter and S. Peter's Roman See; if even the great Bishops of Africa and the East understood themselves to be such only by the grace of the Apostolic See; if they really thought—and never thought otherwise—that they had neither mission nor ordinary jurisdiction but what they received by delegation from the Pope, and could impart none, but as his representatives,—ecclesiastical history presents a series of most unintelligible contradictions. For, 1, it is full of facts and language which on this theory we should certainly expect not to find there, and which are inexplicable on it; 2, The facts and language quoted in its favour are on the whole silent as to the peculiar point of the theory; viz. the derivation and concentration of power.

If it is meant that the indefeasible and absolute Supremacy can be constructed in argument out of the Primacy, let it be said. Doubtless, in result, it has been so. But the two things are different in themselves, and in their consequences. To confuse them may be easy, and may be natural, but is the aim only of sophistry. We need but cast our eyes round the society in which we live, to see that a first place is different from and short of absolute power, and that such primacies, not only of rank, but of real power, differ in every conceivable degree

among themselves. To say that an authority, a person, a court, is first, nay is, in some sense, supreme, tells nothing of its real extent of action, till we know what other powers work with it, around it, and under it; till we take in the consideration of the system of which, in some sense or other, it stands at the head. Leading powers are as different as the systems which they work in. Further; the more complicated the system, the more difficult it is to distinguish, which is the supreme or leading power, and to express in what sense it is such. There are various political powers in England; which of them is supreme? The claim to Supremacy is heard on all sides—formal in the law, familiar in the market-place—where is its reality? Who is supreme in the House of Commons,—the speaker, or the minister who commands the majority, or the majority itself? There are supreme courts, courts of final appeal, courts of Chancery, courts of Queen's Bench; but their great powers of decision and interference *are* powers only under fixed conditions: apart from those conditions, from the rules of practice, or from the principles of polity, which imply the co-existence of other constitutional powers, their pre-eminence avails them nothing. Take the dominant State in an association of nations; it may be leadership of Sparta, or the rule of Athens, or the empire of Rome, or the pre-eminence of Austria or Prussia; but you cannot tell the nature of its power or its claims from its having the first voice; from its being a centre of reference, appeal, and counsel. Take the Metropolitan of a Province, the Bishop of a Diocese, the General of an Order, the Abbot of a Monastery, the Head of a College, the Chancellor, or Vice-Chancellor, of a University; primacies, all of them, of great and real power; implying superintendence, control, interference, arbitration, weight of personal opinion and official judgment, in some cases, and in various degrees, delegation of authority. But in what besides such general features are these primacies like another? Who could argue from the relation of a Bishop towards his Clergy, to that of a Metropolitan towards his Bishops? In some points naturally, in others necessarily, in some by accident or custom, they are alike; in others, the most important reciprocal rights and duties are altogether different. The Head of a College, the Vice-Chancellor of a University, are each of them in their own body—by position, by law, by common understanding—the first and highest, with great powers at their command, if they can and choose to use them. But they are not alike in their power, and they are not absolute. Rights which they did not create, powers which are not under their control, are all round them; they may have the initiative, they may have a veto, they may be the executive

organ, they may be the universal referee, they may embody and represent, where it is necessary for one person to represent them, the dignity or the authority of the whole body. This proves nothing as to their absolute power. The Vice-Chancellor does not make his brother Heads; in their own spheres they act by their own, and not his authority; with the utmost deference for his office, willingness to trust him, disposition to put responsibility on him, to accept his law and his decisions, it may be to invoke his authority against one another, they owe him no allegiance, and beyond certain well-understood limits, neither he nor they ever think of his interference or control. A College presents another type of this. The Head does not elect his fellows, they do not derive their rights from him, yet it may be that none but his authority can admit them; in all important points, though his assent may or may not be necessary, his single authority is null; public acts must be the acts of the society. In every separate combination of social life, religious, natural, political, the law of power varies; and even where it is concentrated, it is not therefore of necessity unlimited.

It may easily become so. It is perfectly conceivable that what has happened so often, may happen in any single case; and that any presiding and regulating power may be turned into an absolute and uncontrolled one. It is perfectly conceivable that any of the powers which we have instanced should absorb all concurrent and co-ordinate ones, and become the sole, where it had been the first authority. We can conceive courts of law becoming political powers; a court of Chancery or Queen's Bench growing up into a Parliament of Paris; or the tempered sway of a University Vice-Chancellor transformed into the absolute reign of a resident Royal Commissioner, with Heads of Houses sunk into the inoffensive and resigned appendages of his official pageants. Such transformations of power are among the most obvious phenomena of history. It is very natural for a Primacy to become a Supremacy; natural and usual also for it, in such a case, to use its admitted rights, and the liberty with which it was allowed to exercise them, as the basis and justification of its usurpations. The one may turn into the other,—may do so legitimately, or beneficially—but they are different things; the legitimacy of the one proves nothing as to the legitimacy of the other; the expediency of one period is no measure of that of another.

To bridge over the interval, perceived by some of the most keen-sighted Roman controversialists to exist between the ancient Primacy and the modern Supremacy, is what rests with them still to do, and what they are still attempting. To con-

found the two, in the most antiquated fashion of the dullest, and that after having proclaimed, with no slight emphasis, his perception of the distinction, and the dishonesty or stupidity of not perceiving it, is the last achievement of Mr. Allies in the service of the English Church,—the performance of ‘his last duty to Anglicanism.’

But, he suggests, there is the argument from the fact; the one *has* passed into the other. The Papacy has the ground of possession. ‘It can claim the right of a power in possession,’ he says; ‘an existing power has a right, that indefinite expressions should be interpreted in its favour.’ Why should it? Supposing it has possession, possession loudly challenged on the right hand and on the left, it has likewise the burden of history. If it has possession to presume from, it has history to explain. But has it possession? It professes, indeed, to be the power, the sole and all-sufficient power, left for the good of the Church. But what is the fact? The fact is, that for a thousand years it has lost the East; for three hundred years, not the least noble portion of the West. *It says*, not by its own misgovernment, but by their sin; and then it claims, because it exists at all, that everything should be interpreted in its favour, to prove that it *could not* misgovern, and that therefore it *must be* by their sin.

Supposing that there is no reservation in the words of the Fathers, and that they meant none; supposing, from their sayings which grant *much* to Rome, that they would have been ready to grant her *all*,—a supposition as hopeless as any that could be hazarded about ecclesiastical history,—we must also suppose them—if modern Rome is to have the benefit of it—to have done so, foreseeing and forecasting all. Before we can presume them content and willing that their indefinite admissions of a Primacy should pass on without restriction into the Supremacy, we must know what they would have thought of the history and fortunes of that Supremacy: we must place these in juxtaposition with their words.

There is not the smallest likelihood, if we may judge from other parts of their language, and many of their acts, that if interrogated, they would have given an answer which would suit the Roman controversialist, even before knowing the course which the Papacy was to run. Yet they might have given it, in their own day,—it is quite conceivable—in far more generous and confiding terms than would be convenient for the argument of his opponent. But why should they not? They would have spoken, doubtless, as they knew Rome, and knew Christendom. The Christendom they knew was an undivided one; perplexed by heresies, but as yet outwardly and to the eye of the world, one—one, made up of many members—of Churches distinct as

the nations themselves, and with distinct systems of government, yet able and accustomed without difficulty to act in concert. The Rome they knew was a see, with whose idea nothing but the most sacred and venerable associations, which could awe and win a religious mind, were connected—the resting-place of the greatest Apostles, the inheritor of their teaching, their zeal, and their constancy, ruled by a line of Prelates not unworthy to succeed Apostles. How could any Christian in the days of S. Augustine have thought of Rome without gratitude and reverence? How could the great Christian Hierarchy—imagine it as powerful and independent as it was—speak except in the loftiest terms, of the great See which was at its head? How should they not, bound together, as they were, in immemorial union, seek to act with it, look for its counsel, appeal to its arbitration, defer to its opinion, wait for its co-operation and agreement, honour it as the bond of their unity, and key-stone of their great brotherhood? What body of powers, however separated in origin and rights, which recognises a first place among them, acts otherwise? And when a great system works in harmony, are confidence and words of honour so strange, towards those who, in whatever sense, with greater power or with less, stand at its head? But does the frankness of such confidence, the heartiness and strength of such words of honour, prove that other powers claim no rights or have forgotten them,—or prove either that the power, so trusted and honoured, is supposed incapable of failure or of usurpation, because no misgivings are expressed, or even felt?

What more can be said of Rome in the days of S. Austin? It was the first see of Christendom, with great and natural influence, which was of importance and benefit to the Church; and the Church acknowledged it. But she acknowledged it without dreaming that she was merging all her varied and distinct powers in one Bishop, any more than that she had derived them all from him. He was resisted without scruple by those who were most unreserved in honouring him. They may have left unchallenged, they may even at times have adopted, the strong language in which he often expressed his claims; but it was when their own power and distinct authority were too real and prominent, to be compromised by any tribute of reverence to the most illustrious of their body. The free and loose way in which, in the proceedings at Chalcedon, the lofty assertions of S. Leo mingle, uncontradicted but unconfirmed, with acts entirely at variance with them, shows how clear, and how much at ease the ancient hierarchy was about its own proper authority. Frankly, no doubt, they recognised the prerogatives of Rome; but it was at the very moment when they were acting on their own.

But whatever preeminence was ascribed by the Fathers to the

Roman see, a point which probably requires calmer times than ours to state with truth and precision, it is to be remembered that they wrote and spoke when the history of the Church was not a third run out. And now this Primacy in Christendom has, as a fact, ceased to exist, with the permanent breaking up of Christendom. The Supremacy indeed remains, confined to that which, calling itself the whole Church, is only part of that Christendom with which the Fathers were acquainted; we may, if we like, acknowledge the Papal dignity of Pius IX., but not, if we wished it, that even of S. Leo, the head of the united Hierarchy of East and West. It is gone, with the constitution of the Church which the Fathers knew, and to which it belonged. Yet they never imagined that constitution passing away. They never conceived as a possibility the permanent separation of visible Christendom; the Sees of Athanasius and Chrysostom separated for a thousand years from that of Leo. Such an issue of things, so utterly baffling to all their habits of thought, assuredly never presented itself to the minds even of those who thought they saw the presages of Antichrist. Yet it has come to pass; the unbroken Church which they knew, that united East and West, different from which they never imagined that the Church could be, has been divided; divided, as far as men see, for good. And they may have as little imagined the usurpations of the Pope, as the separation, or, according to the Roman view, the schism and apostasy, of the Eastern Church. If they do not seem to contemplate the one, as little do they other. They leave as little room for one contingency as the other; the one, quite as much as the other, contradicts all their traditional and received ideas. But in one at least they hoped too much; Providence has shown that they were mistaken; the fortunes of the Church have not corresponded to what they probably considered as its visibly destined course. They allowed too little for what man is permitted to do, apparently to thwart God's purposes. And so, if they never thought of Churches permanently separated from the communion of the Roman See, they never thought either of its misgovernment. Those who ask what S. Augustine would have said of the Reformation and its present consequences, may first answer what he would have said, or whether he could have conceived the possibility, of the Popes of Avignon and the Renaissance, the history of the Western Schism, or the temporal pretensions of Gregory VII. The history of the Papacy has too little answered to the ideas of the Fathers to warrant our presuming anything in its favour—to warrant our drawing from their words, any more definite and absolute meaning in support of its claims, than their obvious construction will bear, spoken as they were under certain known circumstances.

The Fathers said high things of the Roman See of their own day; the demand for a favourable interpretation of their sayings of itself indicates, that for the exigencies of that of our day, they did not say enough.

But there is a distinction, Mr. Allies says, which alters the condition of the whole argument, the appreciation and understanding of which has worked in him that wonderful change of view, to the contrasts of which we have—very imperfectly, we are aware—endeavoured to do justice. Orders, he says, belonged to the Apostles—belong still to all Bishops to give; jurisdiction was given only to S. Peter, and belongs only to the Popes, his successors. Having missed this before, his candour only led him astray; armed with it now, he can read his former proofs backward, and yet with confidence, and undisturbed conscience or countenance, claim for his reversed conclusion the same palpable clearness, which, we were told before, left the opponents of his original one without excuse.

‘Let us take another passage which points out the difference between Order and Jurisdiction in the members of the Apostolic College itself, and so in the Episcopal Body since; for, on the *right understanding of this distinction, and of the consequences which flow from it, depends the understanding of the whole constitution of the Church as a visible society*; and a misconception, an incoherence here, will confuse the whole vision, and make a man, with the best intentions, unable to locate, or estimate, the strongest proofs brought before him.’—*See of S. Peter*, pp. 53, 54.

We have only two observations to make on this.

1. We must take the liberty of observing, that if now for the first time Mr. Allies has admitted the distinction, it is not the first time that he has had it under his notice. We might imagine from his way of speaking of it at present, and of the light which it is said to throw on the whole subject, that it could never have been presented to an acute and candid mind, without at once clearing up the whole subject. But this would be a mistake. He may possibly have misconceived it before, though in what way, he leaves us at present to conjecture; but he must have misconceived it after deliberate and apparently careful study; and as far as the idea itself is concerned, we do not ourselves see how he has missed either its nature or its force, in the following passage from his former work, in which he states it, to reject it:—

‘Theirs [he says, of the Jesuits] are those very clever, but arbitrary, divisions which Mr. Thompson assumes to be “the Catholic Faith:” i.e. the separation of the Bishop’s power into that of orders, and that of jurisdiction, allowing that all Bishops are equal as to the first, but restricting the last to the Pope: the asserting that S. Peter’s power was ordinary, but that of the Apostles extraordinary: that S. Peter had a successor to all his power, but the Apostles none to theirs: that the Bishops are successors of the

Apostles only as to orders, not as to jurisdiction: that the Pope's jurisdiction comes from Christ immediately, but that of other Bishops from the Pope: that the Apostles were equal to each other in all points but one, viz., that the exercise of all their powers depended upon union with Peter, which totally destroyed their equality.

'These and such like are very clever, but wholly arbitrary, and moreover *ex-post-facto* defences of the plenitude of Papal power, which was really introduced by the belief of Western Europe in the authenticity of the false Decretals. It will be seen in the latter part of my book that Bossuet and Van Espen reject in the strongest terms propositions which Mr. Thompson considers part of the Catholic belief.'—*Church of England cleared, &c.*, p. xv.

Again:—

'The *equality* of the Episcopate, the "par dignitas" of Pope Leo IX., is utterly destroyed by Mr. Thompson's theory. It is utterly futile to divide the Episcopate into two parts, orders and jurisdiction, allow all Bishops to be equal as to the first, but one only to hold the second, and term this still, "unus Episcopatus, cujus a singulis in solidum pars tenetur." It may be a government of wonderful power from its concentration, and under which wonderful deeds have been done, but it is no longer one in which "unus Episcopatus," "par dignitas" is held by a "collegium," as S. Cyprian says to the Pope. Nor that of which he wrote: "No one of us sets himself up to be a Bishop of Bishops, or by fear of his tyranny compels his colleagues to the necessity of obedience, since every Bishop according to his recognised liberty and power possesses a free choice, and can no more be judged by another than he himself can judge another. But let us all await the judgment of our Lord Jesus Christ, who singly and alone has the power both of setting us up in the government of His Church, and of judging our proceedings." Powerful words, which have received the approval of S. Augustine. The Papal government, on the contrary, is a most highly centralized absolute monarchy.

'Now the sovereignty of the Church as instituted by our Lord lies in that one Episcopate which He instituted on the night of His resurrection: a body bound together in corporate unity with its Head, who is Christ Himself: the first member of this body, *primus inter pares*, Peter was, but not its head, except indeed in that derived and imperfect sense in which the Primate of a particular Church is said to be its head. The very fault with which I should charge Mr. Thompson is, that he makes the Pope the Head of the Church in the sense in which Christ alone is her Head.'—*Ibid.* pp. xviii. xix.

To the discussion of the distinction in question, its importance and evidence, besides his frequent allusions to it in the course of his argument, he specially devotes some thirty pages of his former book. After illustrating the theory of Bellarmine, he observes:—

'What Bellarmine here says, is, assuredly, both the true Roman view, and moreover *absolutely necessary to justify that Church in the attitude she assumes and the measures she authorizes towards other parts of the Church. And if it be the ancient Catholic doctrine, it does justify her.* For I must observe that the Ultramontane theory of the Papal Monarchy is not one which the Roman Catholic convert may either hold or reject indifferently. True though it be that the Gallican view has always been tolerated, however much it has been disliked by the governing power in the Roman Communion, yet equally certain it is, that nothing short of the extreme claim put forth by Bellarmine will either constrain all persons on pain of their salvation to

belong to the Communion of the Roman Pontiff, or bear out that Pontiff in his acts since the time of Pope Gregory VII. The Primacy, even developed as it was at the end of eight hundred years, will do neither the one nor the other; it will neither make it a clear duty to sacrifice every other consideration to the one necessity of communion with Rome, nor will it prove the right to be on the side of the Roman Pontiff in his dealings with the Eastern and the English Church. No shield is broad enough or strong enough to cover him, but the ægis of complete sovereignty belonging to the sole Vicar of Christ. No authority, short of absolute inerrancy, in his single See, will cut short the difficulties which surround a thoughtful mind at the disturbed state of the Church, and give a clear and certain preponderance to the Papal Scale. But this inerrancy of the Papal See, however much it is longed after, and secretly rested in, by Roman writers, is yet no dogma of the Roman Communion. The Roman theory, the whole system of Roman doctrine and discipline, rests upon it logically, yet has never dared to make it *de Fide*. Thus a Roman writer "is fully satisfied that the infallibility of the Pope, and the consequent duty of implicit and unreserved submission to his authority, are necessary conclusions from his supremacy." When therefore Roman writers, specially converts, boast, that, if they argue with us on the Ultramontane ground, they do more than is necessary, more than their position requires, they affect to be generous while they are not just. Their cause *does* require all that its most extravagant defender has ever maintained, namely, that the infallibility of the Church, when pushed to its ultimate point, resides in the single person of the Roman Pontiff, and that he is the source of jurisdiction to every Bishop in the world; so that, however Catholic the doctrine any communion holds, however unimpeachable its Apostolic descent, however rightful the circumstances of its case, if it be not in actual communion with the Roman Pontiff, it does not belong to the Church of God.—*Ibid.* pp. 420, 421.

He then proceeds to its examination. We will not say that he does it altogether in his own words; but the reasonings which he quotes, we may suppose him to have understood and made his own. And the authors whom he cites are writers who might well be supposed capable of doing justice to the distinction referred to—Bossuet and Van Espen. He says:—

‘But if there is one part of the Ultramontane theory which more than another is *contrary to the whole spirit of antiquity, and is nullified by every act of the ancient Church, it is that claim of being the fountain-head of jurisdiction to the whole Church.* Let us hear what even Bossuet says of it. “One objection of theirs remains to be explained, that Bishops borrow their power and jurisdiction from the Roman Pontiff, and therefore, although united with him in any Ecumenical Council, can do nothing against the root and source of their own authority, but are only present as his counsellors; and that the force of the decree, as well in matters of faith as in other matters, lies in the power of the Roman Pontiff. Which fiction falls of itself to the ground, even from this, that it was unheard of in the early ages, and began to be introduced into theology in the thirteenth century; that is, after men preferred generally to act upon philosophical reasonings, and those very bad, before consulting the fathers.”’—*Ibid.* p. 421.

He quotes at great length Bossuet’s argument. It is at least copious, exact, and to the point. This is the way in which Bossuet speaks of the authority and weight of this all-important distinction:—

'He (Bossuet) then shows that this tradition had gone down even to his own times: "This holy and Apostolic doctrine of the Episcopal jurisdiction and power proceeding immediately from, and instituted by, Christ, the Gallic Church hath most zealously retained." "Therefore, that very late invention, that Bishops receive their jurisdiction from the Pope, and are, as it were, vicars of him, ought to be banished from Christian schools, as unheard of for twelve centuries.

"How strong and ancient our own view is, the vain attempts of others show, and especially of that anonymous writer on the Liberties. For, in order to leave no means of vilifying the Episcopal dignity untouched, he has occupied the whole of his eighth book with this question, searching on all sides for authors who follow this degenerate view. And schoolmen indeed and authors of the latest period he easily finds, and praises abundance of them, but from antiquity he has produced nothing at all save those expressions about Peter which I have quoted: and all learned men see how wide of the point these are. . . .

"For his assertion, that the distribution into Dioceses, and the assigning of a peculiar flock to every Pastor, was done only by the authority of Peter; that whatever the rest of the Apostles, even Paul in Crete, did and ordered, had force through the express, or tacit, consent of Peter and his successors, this I think more worthy of contempt than refutation, and wonder that a serious person could give utterance to it, where learning is so cultivated.

"Now for his delighting in such reasonings as these, Bishops are subject to the Pope; Bishops may be deposed and restored by the Pope, so that, however, he maintain the Canons; the Episcopal jurisdiction may be separated from the bare Orders or Character, therefore it is from the Pope; Bishops receive an unequal jurisdiction, and one not the same with that of the Pope; therefore they receive it not from Christ: as if Christ might not have tempered and distributed by different measure and manner, and in a certain order, the honour and power diffused immediately from Himself: this is not worthy even of being mentioned.

"Nor is the following of a better stamp. 'In a monarchy the supreme prince distributes their offices to others, even though princes, and confers on them jurisdiction.' For the point to be proved was, that the Ecclesiastical monarchy, set up under Christ the chief Monarch, was regulated entirely according to the form of a secular monarchy, which is most false. *This, I say*, was the point to be proved by Scripture and tradition: and not the form of the Christian commonwealth to be shaped out of one's own imagination, and by unsubstantial reasonings.

"But far the most absurd is what he presently states, that 'jurisdiction is from him who confers the title:' also that it is derived from the Apostles and their successors, who made the distribution into dioceses or parishes, founded Churches, established Pastors, assigned a people. For to whom is it not plain, that countries were divided and persons appointed by the Apostles and Apostolic men: but that jurisdiction was conferred by Christ Himself? But if we make a play of words, and contend that what is by the instrumentality of men is not immediately from Christ, then it follows that the Papal jurisdiction is not from Christ. For the Roman Pontiff is elected by men, is ordained by men, as much as the rest. But who assigned to him the Roman Diocese, of which he is the proper Bishop? From whom received he this Episcopal jurisdiction? Was it from Peter, and from predecessors already taken to heaven? or, I suppose, from himself as Pope, but not from Christ? Away with the dreams of madness: let these groundless reasonings vanish."—*Ibid.* pp. 428—431.

On this point we must leave Mr. Allies to settle the question

with Bossuet, whom he quotes in his pamphlet as vouching for his own view of S. Peter.

2. We ought to be obliged to Mr. Allies for narrowing the question to this point. As he puts it now, it is not whether the Pope was a great and universally recognised authority in the Church of the first centuries; not whether his power was a general and undefined one of superintendence, appeal, and interference: but whether it was a power with this very definite attribute, that all other power in the Church was derived from him, and held of him. This is, according to Mr. Allies, the one distinctive and characteristic attribute which constitutes the Roman Primacy; which made S. Peter the head of the other Apostles; which descended in its fulness and for ever to S. Peter's successors at Rome; about which the early Church never had a misunderstanding or doubt. This, and not anything short or wide of this, is, as he says, what Scripture proves, and antiquity, without a shadow of suspicion, witnesses to—that 'the ordinary jurisdiction of Bishops descends immediately from the Pope;' that 'the Pope has full and entire that power which Christ left on earth for the good of the Church.' 'What is it,' he says, 'which makes a kingdom one? The derivation of all jurisdiction from its sovereign. Or an army one? The concentration of all authority in its general.' The question, therefore, is, not whether antiquity believed the Pope to be first, in some few or many of the hundred ways in which he might have been first; but first in this particular and exclusive sense, and for this particular reason. Did S. Athanasius, S. Cyril, S. Chrysostom, S. Augustine own and believe, as Cardinal Bellarmine did, that they had no authority but what they had received and held of their Roman brother? Unless Mr. Allies' proofs come up to this, they prove nothing; pre-eminence proves nothing, deference proves nothing, the necessity of communion proves nothing, if that for which proof be wanted is the exclusive derivation of episcopal authority from the Pope. And we venture to say, that never was conclusion more hopelessly separated from its alleged supports, than in what Mr. Allies has the boldness to offer as his proof of the belief of the Church on the Pope's Supremacy.

And now to bring these remarks to a close, which have already occupied us too long. There is no reason for noticing Mr. Allies' pamphlet, but one. His argument is not new. Change of opinion is nothing new or singular. We should not have noticed the pamphlet to complain of it. We have no quarrel with him for assailing with whatever force he can command, and whatever bitterness he may deem becoming, the theoretical anomalies and practical evils by which, as we are fully aware,

the English Church in common with every other part of Christendom is disfigured and afflicted. From such as Mr. Allies, we are far from expecting justice for them, much less indulgence. He has touched some of them not without reason; touched them with the uneasy irritation, which goes about to find a vent and is afraid of not being sufficiently felt, rather than with the measured severity of a Christian reformer; but they belong to him of right, they are his game. Life would lose its zest to him, if there were no abuses; and though he has not helped us much to mend them, we may yet thank him for fulfilling his function in inveighing against them. He has talents in that way; in that contrast¹ of broad religious caricature, with strong religious sentiment, which was found in its perfection in Luther and in the Puritans. Possibly, had Mr. Allies lived earlier, those stout denouncers of erroneous doctrine, and picturesque lampooners of abuses, might have found in him a coadjutor, of temper and taste not uncongenial to their own. Nor have we anything to say, good or bad, of the hatred of imposture and love of truth—the agony and writhings of spirit under doubt, which his pages represent to us; of the revolt of his feelings as a ‘free man’ against the tyranny, the ‘infamy,’ the ‘degradation’ of the system which he has left. So

¹ Speaking of the English Church, he says—‘It was a fearful vision of schism and of heresy which the poet saw:—

“A rundlet that hath lost
Its middle or side stave gapes not so wide
As one I mark’d, torn from the chin throughout
Down to the hinder passage, ’twixt the legs
Dangling his entrails hung, the midriff lay
Open to view, and wretched ventricle.”—*Dante, “Hell,” canto xxviii.*

‘Am I to believe that this hideous phantom is the teacher sent to me by Almighty God? Is this the dispenser of His Sacraments? the pillar and ground of the truth?

‘Whither, then, shall I turn, but to thee, O Glorious Roman Church, to whom God has given, in its fulness, the double gift of ruling and of teaching? Thine alone are the keys of Peter, and the sharp sword of Paul. On thee alone, with their blood, have they poured out their whole doctrine. Too late have I found thee, who shouldst have fostered my childhood, and set thy gentle and awful seal on my youth; who shouldst have brought me up in the serene regions of truth, apart from doubt, and the long agony of uncertain years. Yet before I understood thee, I could admire; before I acknowledged thy claims, I could see that undaunted spirit which would resign everything save the inheritance of Christ; that superhuman wisdom, by the gift of which, while “earthly states have had single conquerors or legislators, a Charlemagne here, a Philippe Auguste there; in Rome alone the spiritual ruler has dwelt for ages, smiting the waters of the flood again and again with the mantle of Elijah, and making himself a path through them on the dry land.” But now I see that the God of Elijah is with thee. O too long sought, and too late found, yet be it given me to pass under thy protection the short remains of this troubled life, to wander no more from the fold, but to find the Chair of the Chief Shepherd to be indeed “the shadow a Great Rock in a weary land!”’—*See of S. Peter, pp. 159, 160.*

far as this is real suffering, it is entitled to the respect and compassion due to all human pain ; preliminaries or presages of truth these things need not be, for they were as keenly felt, or at least more touchingly described, by Lamennais and Blanco White. In all this there is nothing to call for special notice on our part.

But there is something more than common in Mr. Allies' position. Certainly guilty of a mistake, equal to the difference between his two conclusions, which he has taken care shall be contradictory,—and that mistake made, not on different, but the very same evidence, and under conditions supposed equal of attention, and of candour—formerly capable, that is, on his own showing, with the same advantages which he has now, of greatly misunderstanding the clearest evidence,—he still has the courage to speak to the world on the same question with the tone of a man who had never been mistaken, except when he had been misinformed. And to explain his reversed judgment he thinks it sufficient to omit the facts which tell against it. It is not so common even in these days of change, for a gentleman who has confidently committed himself to a conclusion, based on an elaborate comparison of *both* sides of the evidence, to profess, two years after, with equal confidence, to settle the question the opposite way, by simply dropping the whole of *one* side ; and having denounced as blind or dishonest those who differed from him then, to denounce with the same force, as blind or dishonest, those who differ from him now. It is not so common for a man who has a reputation for ability, learning, and who claims one for candour, known to be in full possession of the whole case with all its bearings and hard points, to require reasonable men to listen to and accept his altered judgment, because he now chooses, without proof or explanation offered, to assert the most questionable facts, and the most extreme and questionable meanings, on his new side. Doubtless this speaks much for the strength, and it does not discredit the sincerity, of his conviction ; but it is another thing how much it speaks for those qualities of head and heart which entitle conviction to respect.

ART. III.—*Minutes of the Committee of Council on Education. Correspondence, Tabulated Statements of Grants, &c.; and Reports by Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools. 1848-49-50. Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty.*

THE question has been mooted from time to time during the last few years, whether it is desirable to have a Minister of Education in England, with the organization of a regular department, and the consequent influence of a high functionary of State. Grave reasons have been adduced on both sides; objections, ecclesiastical and constitutional, have been urged; precedents from the experience of our continental neighbours have been confidently cited, both by the advocates and the opponents of the suggested office. We trust that we shall not be deemed to act uncourtously towards the disputants, if we venture to point out the absolute inutility of their discussion. In fact, the Minister of Education already exists. Any controversy on the propriety of his office must be classed under the category of historical inquiries. Education has become the province of a department in the civil Government. If any of our readers doubts the correctness of this assertion, let him pass the range of buildings, whose imposing façade seems to obtrude on the attention of parliamentary reformers, as they wend their way to the Palace at Westminster, the existence of the Treasury and its financial abuses; let him enter the official climate of Downing-street, and he will find a doorway by no means inferior in architectural pretensions to the portals which admit the Lords of the Treasury; he will be directed to enter, if he has any business to transact with the Lords of the Committee of Council on Education. He has expected, perhaps, to walk into a dark office, filled with clerks engaged in making payments to village schools: he will find himself in a maze of corridors and staircases, amidst a formidable array of official subordinates, from whom, if he be a physiognomist, he will possibly select the man of most benevolent countenance, to assist him in prosecuting his inquiries. Should fortune favour his suit, he will, after due delays, be ushered into a capacious chamber, where the head of the department 'keeps his state' in secretarial seclusion. That he will meet with a courteous reception from that functionary, our own experience of an official interview enables us confidently to predict. But if he does not go away with the full

conviction that he has been honoured with a reception by a Secretary of State, our own impressions are wonderfully at fault. As to the Lord President of the Council and his colleagues, in whose names so many important documents run, it is perhaps unnecessary for us to observe that their share in the business of the department is of an ornamental kind. No doubt they add lustre to its operations by their dignified acquiescence. It is said, indeed, that the occasional delay of letters in a School correspondence is to be attributed to the difficulty of obtaining Lord Lansdowne's signature to the necessary documents during the period of his lordship's prolonged absence from the Council-office; but into such matters it is better not to pry too curiously; it is more decorous to be thankful that we can get the autograph of the venerable Lord President at all.

Regarding the work of the Committee of Council on Education as it may be supposed to appear hereafter to the historian of England in 1850, we proceed to ask, what effect the office is actually producing in the country at large? The official answer to the question is contained in two ponderous volumes that have issued during the past year from her Majesty's Stationery Office, containing some 1,600 pages of closely-printed Educational Reports and Statistics. With the exception of a correspondence between my Lords and the National Society, of which our readers have heard more than enough without any fresh analysis from us, the Minutes are occupied almost entirely with inspectors' reports. These documents may be fairly taken to represent the actual work accomplished by the department to which they belong: for, although a considerable amount of correspondence passes between the managers of schools and the Secretary in Downing-street, such correspondence is seldom completed without an inspector's visit to the locality concerned in the application. The ubiquitous gentlemen, who hold her Majesty's commission in this behalf, travel (we need hardly say) at the public expense, and are enabled to extend the benefits of their visitatorial functions without that consideration of the amount of railway fares, which is so apt to circumscribe the friendly visits of less fortunate educationists. And yet it appears to be the almost universal complaint, that her Majesty's inspectors cannot be prevailed upon to gratify the desires expressed by the managers of schools for the more frequent enjoyment of their society. That this is not the result of official inactivity, is painfully evident from the accounts furnished in the volumes before us. On the first reading, indeed, of the sober-looking statistics of work performed, the mind scarcely takes in the facts represented by the tables. More considerate reflection suggests a juster appreciation of the endurance required for the labours of

an inspector's life. Take, for instance, the record of one gentleman's official duties, which informs us that in 289 days, besides all his examinations, interviews, correspondence, reports, and diaries, he travelled 9,871 miles. To casual readers, who 'live at home at ease,' and look upon a winter day's journey as an intolerable misery, there is something appalling in this perpetual locomotion. Another inspector, after a minute report of his occupations in 1848, which (as he observes with conscientious exactness) was Leap Year, gives the following history, for the satisfaction of my Lords and the public, of his employments during ten months of the year 1849:—

' 1. In examination of Pupil Teachers and candidates from 126 places; viz. 329 boys, and 212 girls; in all, 541 young people	110 days.
' 2. In visiting schools for completion of Teachers' certificates, for simple inspection, and particular reports, at 71 places, where 19,959 children were examined	42 "
' 3. In preparing and revising examination papers, in attendance at examinations of District and Training Institutions, and at the Council Office	106 "
' 4. Sundays 43, private business 3 days	46 "
Total	304 days.'

Similar details might be quoted from almost all the reports before us, making it abundantly clear, that, whatever may be the amount of good effected in the country by inspection, the business of conducting it is, at all events, no sinecure to the persons officially engaged.

The truth is, that the staff of School Inspectors is inadequate to the work which it has to perform. This deficiency has been confessed—not remedied—by the recent appointment of Assistant Inspectors, at a lower stipend, with the prospect of subsequent preferment to the higher rank. It has been more fully admitted in a correspondence, not yet, we believe, published, between the Committee of Council and a Diocesan Board of Education. The Board, in pursuance of a wish entertained by the friends of education for a more complete inspection of the schools in their diocese, invited the cooperation of the Government officers in the fulfilment of that duty. By such an invitation they waived all scruples and suspicions, which the hostile attitude of the Council Office might reasonably have inspired, and frankly offered to join with the servants of the State in improving the condition of the schools of the Church. The experiment might have had important results; it might have removed very much of the unhappy jealousy now subsisting between two bodies, both engaged in the cause of education; or it might, on the other hand, have reduced to a definite state-

ment the difficulties which stand in the way of their harmonious cooperation. However, the invitation was declined; the authorities of the Council confessed the inadequacy of their staff, even for its present purposes, and the hopelessness of the attempt to undertake a general inspection of schools throughout the country. It is indeed notorious that very much is at present left undone, which the Privy Council, without any invitation, stands pledged to perform. Every school, that has been aided by Parliamentary Grants, ought properly to receive an annual visit from one of her Majesty's Inspectors. But in the majority of the districts, such schools, unless they have also apprenticed pupil-teachers, are of necessity overlooked, the attention of the inspector being directed primarily to the examination of these lads, whose number has so much increased, as to occupy his whole available time. This circumstance is prominently noticed in the Reports. Thus, for instance, speaks Mr. Watkins, her Majesty's Inspector in the north-eastern district of England:—

‘In the year 1848, considerably more than half my time was occupied in business not directly connected with the inspection of schools. Indeed, during the whole of that year only two days were devoted to simple inspection; the greater part of it was employed (as I have shown) in the examination of teachers, the remainder in that of apprentices and sub-teachers. The same may be said generally of the ten months of the present year. So that my work during the whole period of nearly two years, has been especially given to the development of your Lordships' Minutes of 1846, and not, otherwise than indirectly, to the simple inspection of schools. It seems important that this fact should be mentioned by me, and recognised by your Lordships, as it will be my duty to show you, that in consequence of the great increase during the last five years of the number of schools under inspection in my district, and the still greater increase of other works now allotted to her Majesty's Inspectors, many of these schools, which have received grants of the public money, are neither sharing in the benefits nor restrained by the moral influence of public inspection. The state of the case in my district is this: that to all those schools, the teachers of which have obtained certificates of merit, or in which pupil teachers are apprenticed, my visits have been tolerably regular, and though frequently more hurried than I could wish, sufficient in general to enable me to examine in detail, and to acquire a clear insight into, the state of discipline and progress of the children in them, as well as to form a fair opinion as to the character, conduct, and abilities of their respective teachers. But the remainder of the schools in my district seem to be without the pale of inspection; and these, many in number, are frequently the most needy in all their circumstances, and the most in want of inspection, the most desirous of its guidance, and the most dependent on its help. They are, for the most part, small schools, in out-of-the-way places, under untrained teachers with small stipends. They are generally deficient in all that renders a school efficient. They have few or no secular reading-books, few and ill-used maps, a scanty supply of black boards, slates, cards, pictures, &c. And the meagre (intellectual) food which may be obtained there by the scholars, is placed before them in such a crude, uninviting state, that there is no wonder if it be neither readily swallowed, nor easily

digested. I find on comparing the lists of schools under inspection, with those which I have been able to visit since the date of my last report, that there are, not visited, for two years and upwards—

In Yorkshire	133
In Durham	36
In Northumberland	16
Total	<hr/> 185

while many of them have not been inspected for above four years. It is obvious that these schools are only nominally under inspection—that neither on the one hand do they receive any benefit from it, nor, on the other, are your Lordships able to ascertain whether the purposes for which your grants of the public money have been made, are fulfilled, or not. It is plain that no single inspector, with the additional calls made on his time, and the constantly increasing occupation in other branches of his duty, can ever hope to visit these schools and report on them to your Lordships' Committee.'

We could amply confirm the foregoing statement from the information given us by school-managers in the country; but we prefer to let the matter stand as the reports of the Privy Council represent it. If this representation be correct, it is impossible to resist the conclusion that the Educational department of the Civil Government is not doing the work which it professes to perform. The inspection of schools was its primary object; the understanding upon which the Legislature sanctioned (so far as it did sanction) its establishment, was that the employment of the Parliamentary grants should be overlooked by its officers, and a guarantee thus afforded that educational funds should not be perverted to any purposes alien to the intention of the State. Inspection, limited to this object, and defined by the terms of the original agreement between the National Society and the Privy Council, has never been repudiated; in many instances it has been thankfully welcomed, as affording a means of obtaining unimpeachable testimony to the zeal and honesty of the Churchman's religious care for the children of the poor. In now declining to extend that inspection, still more in withdrawing it from the schools which have hitherto received it, the Privy Council is breaking the bond on which its educational functions depend. But this is not all; on the assumption made by the supporters of the Government system, an assumption the force of which we shall presently consider, inspection is in itself a great benefit, a positive advantage to the schools enjoying it, quite apart from any consideration of the financial necessity for its existence. If this be so, the neglect of the Lord President to supply a privilege, which has been ostentatiously offered, assumes a more serious aspect. He professes to take oversight of the education of the country, offers a public boon, and insists on its import-

ance, but fails to give it to the petitioners who apply for it on the faith of his promise.

Of course there is a ready answer to the complaint which we are now making. The Privy Council Office disclaims all responsibility for the deficiency of inspection, points with justifiable satisfaction to the labours of its public servants, and regrets that the House of Commons in its present temper cannot be expected to vote an adequate grant for the purposes of its work. But the allegation is insufficient, for this plain reason, that the Government has not asked for the aid, of which the want is made to justify its imperfect fulfilment of its duties. To the amount voted for educational purposes, no statesman of any party, we believe, has been found to object. It has been generally allowed, and more generally felt, that the disproportion even of the largest annual grant to its professed purpose was quite indefensible, except by the plea that no system of education could be framed which the country would cordially accept. But this plea, unanswerable as it might be when urged against all Parliamentary interference with the schools of the poor, is untenable if the principle of a grant is once practically admitted. Politicians do not say, 'We cannot invent any plan, in which we can ask the country to second our aims;' their language is, 'We have a plan of our own, but we do not wish to have too much said about it; discussions are inconvenient; give us a small allowance, and we will make what you give us suffice, rather than enter upon a troublesome debate.' This has been, in fact, the tone of ministers, while they feared to submit an honest estimate of their rightful expenditure to the guardians of the public purse. Nor can we wonder at their unwillingness to assume a firmer attitude, when we consider how entirely destitute have been our leading politicians of any practical acquaintance with the whole subject of education. Lord Lansdowne, primed by his subordinates from time to time, has mastered the outlines of the system, which he ostensibly directs. The Premier may possibly be not more ignorant of the state of elementary education than he is of its more advanced condition in our ancient Universities. But neither the Lord President nor the Premier has even now that knowledge arising out of a personal interest in the working of a system, which could enable them to stand up in their respective Houses of Parliament and claim the support of the Legislature for a large and efficient plan of popular instruction. They are content to 'get up' the answers to specific complaints, or, in some cases, to descend to the still less creditable tactics of abusing the persons who make them. Committed by the energy of their former ingenious Secretary to a measure, which would have

frightened them if they had understood its application or foreseen the extent of its adoption, they satisfy their political conscience by the baronetcy which they have conferred upon its inventor, and make the best of the legacy which he has bequeathed to their care.

No doubt there is a difficulty to be apprehended from an application to Parliament for increased funds; nor does that difficulty arise solely from the want of knowledge and zeal on the part of the Parliamentary patrons of the Shuttleworth Scheme. It has been aggravated enormously by the introduction of the controversy about the Management Clauses,—a dispute wholly foreign to the proper scope of the Minutes of 1846, and indeed, to the bearing of the entire system of the Educational Committee. The tenacity, with which ministers have adhered to their rejection of the demand made by Churchmen for unconditional liberty, must be accounted for partly by the same ignorance to which we have already referred, partly by the instinct which leads the mere politician in general to oppose all ecclesiastical claims. Whatever may have been the motives of the Government, it has no other influence but its own to blame. But for this ill-judged resistance to an equitable demand, the whole Parliamentary weight of the Church might have been thrown into the ministerial scale, on this important question. Profiting largely by the really beneficial portions of the Privy Council system, Churchmen would have gladly given their testimony to its value and efficiency, when it was attacked by the advocates of a purely voluntary, or a secular system. Application might then have been made without hesitation for such a grant as would have enabled the inspection of Parochial Schools to be carried out in full accordance with the professed theory of the State. At present, nothing is more unsatisfactory than a debate on education. While the men of Lancaster are extorting from the fears or the ignorance of Ministers a reluctant compliment to their 'secular' movement, Churchmen are pressing them with objections, which seem invariably to involve a loss of temper on the part of the respondents. Deprived of their legitimate supporters, the would-be educators of the poor are compelled to catch at every straw that seems to promise temporary help; an approving pamphlet is rewarded with the first vacant Deanery, and even a letter in a provincial journal may entitle the sympathetic writer to a stall.¹ It is no wonder that under such circum-

¹ If Mr. Hughes's 'Government Scheme of Education Explained,' is to be similarly rewarded, it will be difficult to find any preferment small enough to be proportioned to the exceedingly slender amount of novelty or of argument, which it contains. A sinecure rectory, without the income, would meet the case, if the force of the document constitutes the claim.

stances the work of Inspection is neglected, and that Ministers confess their reluctance to ask for the funds, by which alone their promises could be made good, and the existence of an educational department vindicated to the world.

It has been assumed that inspection of schools really confers on them an important boon, and that the extension of the Inspector's operations is by all means to be desired. It would follow, of course, from this assumption, that *all* schools should be *allowed* to share the privilege. The mere circumstance of *having received* aid from the public funds, could not be held to constitute the sole claim to the advantage supposed to be conferred; indeed, the very absence of any previous pecuniary gain on the part of the school, would *make it more* imperative on the State to allow, at least, *such compensation* as might be found in the sedulous *attention* of the Inspector to its wants. Every parish school must be annually visited; oftener, if the circumstances of the case, or the request of the managers, suggest a repetition of the visit. To carry out such a plan, without curtailing the duties of another kind, now performed by her Majesty's Inspectors, it is clear that the present Staff attached to the Privy Council Office must be changed into a host: the central business, with its secretaries and clerks, would be indefinitely increased; and the whole expense of the office would require a grant, in comparison of which the sums now voted by Parliament would be unworthy of mention. Before we admit the necessity of such a conclusion, it is essential to get some definite idea of the real place held by inspection in a legitimate system of national education; such a system, that is to say, as is consistent with our own condition and character, both as a nation and a Church.

Two main functions of a central department of education appear to be applicable to a free country, where the civil power does not deny the right of the parent to train his own children in the way which his conscience and his judgment may approve. Those functions are—first, the collection of information as to the actual state and prospects of education in the country, as well as in particular schools; secondly, the bestowal of such help, in money or in guidance, as the wants, intellectual or physical, of various localities may seem to require. In carrying out the former of these two designs, the Inspector would inform himself of the whole circumstances and condition of his district, its population, its facilities for instruction, the occupations of its children, their natural intelligence, and their traditional lore; he would then carefully form an estimate of the kind and amount of direct provision required for a population so situated, and compare with this estimate the actual state of educational institutions throughout the sphere of his office. His researches

would extend to all places alike. Where no instruction had been attempted to be given, he would ascertain the nature of the difficulties, and the extent of the assistance required; where schools already existed, he would test their efficiency by examination of the children, by observation of their conduct, and inquiry into the effect produced on their subsequent behaviour in life. Inspection, understood in this large sense, would furnish reports of the greatest value to the whole community; the civil magistrate would ascertain with ease the influence of ignorance on the crime which it is his office to repress; the political economist would know precisely what return had been made for every grant in aid of education, and obtain facilities for searching, if he pleased, into the causes of its occasional unproductiveness or abuse; the Christian missionary would be told where to direct his efforts for the reclamation of his Master's wandering lambs, and where to find examples of a blessed success in one of the most important branches of the pastoral care. Included under this wide sphere of duty, but as one of its least functions, would be the business, contemplated in the first appointment of Inspectors, of watching the application of a Parliamentary grant, and exposing its corrupt or foolish expenditure.

We have already shown that even this narrow function is confessedly beyond the capabilities of the Staff now attached to the Council Office. *A fortiori*, the large operations which we have indicated are wholly untouched. The reports give us no view of the state of education in the country, contain no notice of the most neglected districts, no suggestive description of the wants apparent among the untrained multitudes, on whose behalf the aid of Downing-street has never been officially invoked. We do not say this with the intention of casting blame on the compilers of the Reports; these large speculations were not entrusted to them; their appointed province extended no further than to the collection of literal facts about certain schools peculiarly situated. It is to their credit that they have travelled beyond this mere enumeration of particulars, and, generalizing the results of their inspection, have presented in some instances very useful conclusions for the study of all serious friends of education in the land; but they are, after all, only conclusions from limited data, inferences from facts about the most advanced schools, not the results of a general investigation, which the reporters had neither the time nor the authority to institute.

An exception may perhaps be found to this criticism in the Essay submitted to the Lords of the Privy Council by Mr. Fletcher, the Inspector of British and Denominational Schools. Forty pages of his Report, with an Appendix of twelve plates very carefully prepared, are devoted to an analysis of the returns

of criminal justice, with the view of showing the connexion between ignorance and crime. We refer to this Report, however, with the express object of explaining that this is *not* the kind of result which the inspection we have described would be likely to produce. Mr. Fletcher's analysis and the thirty-one conclusions, which he deduces from it, are founded on statistics obtained by him from public sources, and in no degree from his own personal observation. Any clever and painstaking student of the same returns might have presented my Lords with a similar *résumé*, though he had been in no way connected with the work of education. We must own to a certain degree of distrust in our approach to such statistical compilations. Facts are classed together under the same heading, and with the same numerical value, which yet differ so widely in their real significance, that we never know with accuracy how much ought to be deducted from the arithmetical sum before they can be adduced as testimony of practical weight. Mr. Fletcher has been very scrupulous in his endeavours to make every allowance for disturbing circumstances; considerations of race, influence of migration, difference in the various classes of crime, are all noticed in modification of tabular returns; yet we cannot lay down his Essay without the impression that we have been watching a species of intellectual thimble-rig, which by skilful management of the same materials would have produced as readily an opposite result. When we find, for instance, that the county of Monmouth, though its ignorance far exceeds that of the neighbouring shires, is yet in almost every moral characteristic superior to them, we cannot banish so remarkable an exception from our minds even at the dictation of the most accomplished statist, proving in the most lucid manner the general coincidence of ignorance and crime. To many minds, a few well-ascertained facts, recorded by persons capable of distinguishing such as are typical of a class from merely exceptional cases, are of more weight as illustrations of the actual condition of the country, than volumes of statistics unaccompanied by that reality which personal observation and intelligent description alone can confer.

The sketch which we have given of one function appertaining to an Inspector's office must, we are aware, have a somewhat formidable appearance to such of our readers as are accustomed, with a true English instinct, to reckon the cost of whatever design they undertake. We hasten to reassure them by saying that our idea by no means implies the existence of such a permanent staff as its first statement may suggest. Very much of the information which we have supposed an Inspector to furnish, would only be necessary in the infancy of an educational

system; its compilation would resemble the first survey of a new territory for future colonists, and would not need to be repeated, when the forest was cleared and the intellectual soil reclaimed by laborious and successful tillage. When education had fairly established its ground as an essential part of the social system, it would need no corps of spies to watch its continual progress. It would not rest even on the zeal or intelligence of school managers; the parents themselves of the poorest children would be as vigilant over the advancement and nurture of their little ones as the natural guardians of the heir to a peerage or a throne. For cases of neglect or decay a proper visitatorial authority would be provided, working, as it was intended to do in our ancient seminaries, not by the formal routine of a periodical inquisition, but by the exercise of a power sympathising with the objects of the institutions to be visited, and able to adapt itself to every emergency as it arose. The Inspector's office, so far as it implies a permanent system of inquiry into the condition of schools, is a bad substitute for the old appointment of a Visitor. Vast expense might be saved, if the authorities of the Privy Council would confide the oversight of the schools aided by them to the charge of Local or Diocesan Visitors, exercising a statutable power of reformation within the bounds prescribed by the trust deed, and ready to act upon any call either from the pupils of the school, or from any persons interested by a desire for the public good in the success of education. The idea that no honest application of the public money can be hoped for without the check supplied by the vigilance of Government Inspectors, is to assume at once a keenness on the part of the official, and a low standard of morality in the teacher,—both alike contrary to the ordinary experience of mankind. In a large body of Inspectors the majority must almost of necessity degenerate into the administrators of a formal routine of inquiry; in a large body of duly-appointed Teachers a vast proportion would have no need of the stimulus supplied by so uncongenial an espionage.

We have endeavoured to show that the work of Inspection, in its inquisitorial aspect, is of far wider application, but of a less permanent character, than the Lords of the Privy Council seem to suppose. We have proved that on their own showing the narrow sphere of operation which they have recognised, is wider than their performance; and we have intimated our belief that a heartier faith in their own system, accompanied by a fuller information as to its working, would have commanded Parliamentary assent. We proceed to consider the second of those functions, which we comprehended in the due fulfilment of the Inspector's duty.

It is assumed by the promoters of the Government scheme that the visit of the Inspector, besides the security it affords for the fulfilment of the conditions imposed on the receivers of public money, is most valuable to the managers and teachers of schools in the opportunity afforded them to ask advice and assistance from an experienced friend of educational progress. On this head the Inspectors' reports are naturally meagre; those gentlemen could hardly dilate on the value of their own services to the subjects of their care. The nearest approach to such a panegyric is to be found in the Report of Mr. Gibson, Inspector of Schools belonging to the Free Kirk of Scotland, in which, under a passage of somewhat broad flattery addressed to my Lords of the Council, lurks a delicate encomium of the beneficent operations of their Lordships' acting Inspectors.

'To one engaged, as I have been during the last nine years, in inspecting elementary schools, in holding familiar intercourse with the teachers, in conferring with men in every rank of life, and of every variety of view in regard to the means by which our social condition is to be improved, and our labouring poor rescued from intellectual and moral degradation, and made useful and happy members of the great framework of society, instead of being permitted to become its soured and malignant enemies, or its reckless and avenging destroyers, the operation of your Lordships' Minutes affords a very large measure of pure and elevated joy. The work which they have already performed seems to me incalculably important. They have fostered or called into existence several hundreds of schools, in which thousands of our population receive a good and useful education. They have cheered and animated many of our teachers, stirred them to exertion in self-improvement, and directed them in a course, perseverance in which will greatly benefit themselves, and enable them to benefit unspeakably more than they have hitherto done, the pupils entrusted to them. They are the means of rearing in some of our best schools many of the ablest pupils for the office of teacher; and, if carefully and judiciously administered, they will probably in a few years change the whole aspect of our elementary schools. These schools will henceforth be superintended by men, systematically trained to the discharge of their duties, and conscious of the dignity of their work, earnestly ambitious of adequately performing it, and stimulated to exertion by the countenance and cooperation of those who are fitted to appreciate their labours, and whose approbation and encouragement it is both an honour and an advantage to obtain.'

Without critically discussing the accuracy of this rather high-flown statement, we may safely allow that all these advantages may be to some extent conferred by the agency of a department of education. The timely grant of pecuniary aid to a school, whose supporters have begun to lose all heart at the repetition of the claim on their purses, may restore waning confidence, and in some cases even avert the destruction of the Institution. Still more the visit of a really skilful Inspector may be the means of imparting courage and hope to an over-worked and unsupported Schoolmaster, may open to him hopes of distinction as a stimulus to exertion, or (which is far better)

may cheer him under difficulties by the remembrance of the importance of the duty entrusted to him, and the reward promised to all that care for the little ones of Christ. With respect to the schools of the Church, it is needless to say that such a function ought not to be left for a Government Inspector to perform. Wherever there is a faithful pastor, there the schoolmaster has his natural friend and guide, the sharer of his disappointments and the director of his aims. If it be said that the Clergy do not of necessity possess an acquaintance with the details of elementary instruction, we answer that there is nothing in the conduct of a parochial school, which an earnest man, who has at heart the welfare of his flock, may not readily master; or, if it be a difficulty, there is no reason why the professional training of a Clergyman should not include such studies as may be necessary to enable him to overcome it. We might have expected, indeed, that the Chair of Pastoral Theology would ere now have been fruitful in professorial teaching on the very important subject of the management of parochial schools. If that Chair should ever be occupied by a divine who realizes the meaning of the pastoral cure, we may perchance hear it acknowledged that a practical acquaintance with the details of school-keeping is not among the least useful acquirements of a parish priest, and a careful instruction in them not the least profitable employment of a Pastoral Professor's time. So far as Church schools are concerned, there is no reason why every parish should not have its own Inspector, as competent to guide, inform, and encourage, as the gentlemen who write out these valuable reports for the perusal of my Lords at Whitehall.

It is not, of course, intended or implied that the schools of the Church are to have an exclusive, or even a primary regard from the civil power; we have long ceased to demand favour, we have learned how difficult it is to obtain justice. We do not then complain that Inspectors are appointed respectively for the schools of the Roman Catholics, of the Kirk of Scotland, of the Free Kirk, of the Wesleyans, and of the British and Foreign School Society; as rate-payers they have a right to equal participation in the advantages which the public funds provide. It must often occur in the internal discipline of those Societies, that the governing body or committee of a school may have very little practical acquaintance with the system of guiding it; a loving regard for the souls and bodies of the children to be taught will, indeed, give to the most inexperienced all the knowledge really worth having; but where education has been taken in hand for commercial purposes, out of sectarian rivalry, or in accordance with some political theory of liberalism, it is probable that the schoolmaster will be left to toil, as best he may, against

the difficulties presented by refractory scholars, ignorant parents, insufficient furniture, and an irregular income. It is in such cases that an Inspector, clothed with the authority of the State, may do incalculable service. What the master dares not offer in remonstrance to his employers, her Majesty's officer can state without fear of a repulse: he can authoritatively suggest new methods of instruction, point out the regulations which require to be altered, the apparatus which ought to be supplied, and the rewards or encouragements which master and scholars alike may need. Nor is it merely on the side of an oppressed teacher that such an Inspector might do good service against an ignorant or impracticable committee; he will be able to afford most important assistance, in many cases, to the managers of a school, against their own schoolmaster. Our readers know how extremely difficult it is to effect the removal of any Englishman from any office, whatever be the extent of his delinquency. The same objectors who have made it part of their daily business to rail at his inefficiency, will come forward to blame the unkindness of his dismissal; we have never yet known a functionary superseded without an outbreak of indignation against the harshness of the act. In schools this national prejudice in favour of vested rights has had a more than ordinarily evil effect. Managers who were naturally unwilling to deprive a neighbour of his livelihood, have felt that unwillingness strengthened by the fear of the reproaches which would be provoked from all who had the right of complaint, without the responsibility of deciding. An Inspector's report of the inefficiency of a master at once removes from the trembling committee the burden of forming a judgment, and the disagreeable reputation of enforcing it; the official shoulders do not refuse to bear the weight, and the school is saved.

The complaint which we have already made of the inadequacy of the Staff employed by the Privy Council, applies with greater force to the function of an Inspector's office which we have now indicated. In the few schools which are at present visited, the time allowed for inspection is far too limited to admit of his assuming such a character as we have allotted to him. To enter into the peculiar difficulties of the case, to give opinions on all the questions which an eager teacher may propound, to name the most approved books, to correct the time table, to discuss the methods of reward and punishment, in a word, to furnish valuable guidance on the multiplied subjects which come every day before a schoolmaster's mind, is manifestly forbidden to the wearied Inspector, whose glance at the school-clock reminds him, before he has completed even a cursory survey, that he has nearly lost the omnibus which is to convey him to the latest

train by which his home can be reached. In this, however, as in the former branch of our inquiry, we are satisfied that the object of our wish might be gained without that immense multiplication of official persons, which economy and a hatred of centralization alike forbid. Let it be known that a disposition exists to help schools substantially in their real work—that eminent instructors are ready to afford the benefit of their experience and study, and it will not be long before the attainment of their services will be sufficiently appreciated: application will be made to Government for the presence of an Inspector; a self-adjusting system will take the place of the present attempted routine, in which no small number of the official visits is superfluous or hopeless.

In what we have now written, it will appear that we have abstained from introducing those elements of unfriendliness which might naturally lead Churchmen at this moment to protest against all State interference. We have tried to look impartially at the whole question, and to sketch the course that might be pursued by a civil power really devoting itself without party feeling to forward the education of the poor. That the vaunted excellence of the Privy Council organization is capable of large amendment, we are fully convinced; but we would not the less gladly bear our testimony to the personal courtesy, the high ability, and the untiring energy, which some of the Inspectors habitually display. We cannot but think that some of those gentlemen would admit the justice of our strictures, and deplore the distrust attending the whole question of public education, which forbids a fuller development of their own office, and a larger application of its benefits to the sacred cause in which they have professedly embarked.

If the duty of simple inspection has been inadequately discharged, it must be owned that the other employments assigned to the Inspectors have been sufficiently onerous. Their great and engrossing business arises from the multiplication of pupil-teachers, whose progressive examination must be annually held, and the schools annually visited, in order that the grants may be paid according to the terms of the well-known Minutes, on which their apprenticeship is based. The masters of these schools must likewise be examined, to ascertain their ability to teach their apprentices the subjects required for the ensuing year. Besides the masters comprised in this class, there are others who seek for a Certificate of merit, which cannot be granted without examination, nor renewed without inquiry into the condition of the school. Nor is this all; the annual examination of all the training schools imposes a protracted and arduous duty on the examiners, in which all the Inspectors have

to take their appointed share. The extent of these occupations may be estimated by the returns furnished in the tables lying before us. At the time when they were completed, the total number of boys apprenticed was 2,424; of girls, 1,156: and these pupil-teachers were distributed over 1,361 schools. Of certificated teachers the total number was 681. Thirteen training schools had received aid from the public funds subsequent to careful examinations of their pupils. A special report had been made upon the Edinburgh Free Church Normal School, and similar reports, but less minute in their details, on the schools at Chelsea and Portsmouth. It is pretty clear, we think, that the fifteen Inspectors could not have had much spare time on their hands.

Of the questions proposed on these occasions, many opinions have been held, and in some instances very decided censures have been passed on the extent of their requirements. We cannot, for our own parts, adopt without limitation the criticisms that have been called forth by these documents. To set a good examination paper is by no means an easy thing,—we appeal with confidence to such of our readers as have tried to do it,—even in the narrowest subjects, with the most explicit description of the preparation which the scholars have made. But in the examinations of schoolmasters it has often happened that persons totally dissimilar in previous training and habits, of infinitely various acquirements and tastes, have been brought together with a very vague idea of the work required from them, and with a corresponding uncertainty on the part of the examiners, as to the standard of knowledge to be fixed. There was no tradition by which they could be guided. It was but yesterday that the teachers of our elementary schools were persons whose qualification for their office consisted in an utter incapacity for any other profession. Now they are members of a class which in rapidity of progress and earnestness of devotion to their work, has no parallel throughout the whole community. In examining them, it was necessary to allow scope for the exhibition of acquirements little inferior to those which command an University degree, and yet not to exclude the occasional aspirant from among the old race of village schoolmasters, who might wish to raise himself and his school to a more honourable rank. Even in the Training Colleges it could not but happen that the young men gathered from so many different places and occupations should, for a time, at least, present themselves for examination, with knowledge too ill-digested and fragmentary to allow of a strictly methodical examination; while it would be extremely difficult for the Inspectors to make due allowance for the progress of those

Institutions, and yet not to exalt prematurely the aspirations of the students for intellectual advancement unsuited to their calling in life.

Allowing, however, to these considerations their full weight, we cannot deny that the general notion of the excessive requirements made in the examinations of Schoolmasters has some foundation. The Inspectors appear to have admitted the fallacy, that superior merit could only be ascertained by more difficult questions. All experience proves that in proportion to the simplicity of the subject matter, the more marked is the difference of its treatment by the really learned and the mere sciolist. In the case of the thoughtful student, who has mastered his subject, and made his reading a part of his own mental store, not a mere accumulation of 'cram' for a particular display, it is certain that his grasp of what he has studied will give him a fulness of knowledge and a perspicuity of statement not to be mistaken in his handling of the most elementary question. On the other hand, it is undeniable that an acquaintance with the higher branches of a department of science does not necessarily include a practical familiarity with its elements. We have known men who could write plausible essays on the philosophy of history, and yet would have found great difficulty in arranging chronologically the reigns of their native princes, or in describing accurately the provisions of their country's fundamental laws. Nor is it uncommon to meet with mathematical students whose bent has led them to investigate the theory of their science in its higher branches without acquiring the habit of working accurately and quickly the problems arising out of its practical application. For the man of letters this partial learning may be defensible; but the Schoolmaster, if he does not know the elements of his work, or has not a facility of producing that elementary knowledge, has been studying in vain. We allow that a teacher must, if he is to teach well, have advanced beyond the limit assigned to his own lessons, but he should remember that the value of that advancement depends on its relation to the humbler path which he has continually to pursue.

We have looked through the Examination Papers contained in the last volumes of Minutes, and have found portions of them which we cannot justify on any possible theory of the studies of a teacher in an elementary school. A paper, for instance, given in January, 1849, on the higher branches of mathematics, including the differential and integral calculus, seems to us a simple absurdity. Surely algebra and trigonometry were enough, without requiring the future Schoolmaster to investigate the equation to a parabola, or to find the diffe-

rential co-efficient of a solid of revolution. Of course there can be no objection to the attainment of these heights by those whose mathematical genius leads them to take pleasure in the ascent; but we could wish that my Lords of the Privy Council would cease to point the way, and to tempt the unskilful climber to the barren toil. Nor can we speak with any greater satisfaction of the encouragement offered to a wide acquaintance with English literature. What would be the impression produced on the mind of a young Sunday-school Teacher, preparing himself for a Training School, by the sight of the question proposed at the Examination to which we have already referred: 'Give an account of English metre down to the year 1700, with specimens in illustration?' What a hopeless prospect to the lad whose poetical reading had been confined to the hymns sung at church or in school, with perhaps a copy of the *Paradise Lost*, procured from a travelling pedlar, out of his basket of gilt-backed duodecimos! And how edifying would be the survey which he might thus be induced to take, as soon as the opportunity presented itself, of the literature of the Caroline period, the doggerel lampoons of the Puritans, or the love-songs that amused the boon companions of Rochester and Buckingham! Still more appalling, perhaps, would be the demand for 'a brief sketch of the formation of the English language from the Norman Conquest to the Reformation,' required from the candidates at Easter in the same year. We have great doubts whether the majority of educated gentlemen, unless their studies happened to have taken an antiquarian direction, could give us much information about the English language in a more primitive stage than that which gave a clothing to the beautiful conceptions of the author of the *Faery Queen*. Any knowledge which young candidates for a National School could possess, must be limited to the stray facts to be found in a history of England about the use of Norman-French in our Parliamentary proceedings and Latin in the services of our Church. But we have not given, by any means, the most startling instances of the assumptions made by my Lords of the Privy Council as to the literary advance of the candidates for their distinctions. Will our readers believe that the following sentence occurs in the general examination of Schoolmasters, held in January, 1849: 'Name the foreign writers who exercised the greatest influence on the English literature of the eighteenth century, and trace the effects?' or again: 'What effect has the fusion of other languages in the English had upon its grammar?' Surely, if there is any department of study in which it is desirable to guide untrained minds, in which it is dangerous to let them roam unchecked wherever chance or bad taste may lead them, it is in the survey of what

is called 'literature,' the writings of all who have attained a notoriety in their own day sufficient to hand down their works to posterity with the ill-defined sanction of contemporary popularity. If the youth, whose taste has been formed by the study of Homer and Demosthenes, is often misled by the tinsel of some specious *littérateur* of modern times, is it reasonable to expect a happier result from the unformed mind of the village critic? Or, if he should be fortunate enough to prefer the really great authors of our English name, will he be able to discriminate between their beauties and their defects, or to separate their lofty spirit from the grossness or the violence of their times?

We are quite aware of the remarks to which our last paragraph exposes us. We are prepared to be told that we enslave the intellect, cramp the energies of the aspiring, and close the avenues to literary renown. We distinctly deny the allegation. We are willing to have our Schoolmasters as accomplished as human learning can make them. We do not believe that they would of necessity keep school the less successfully, if they had Newton's mathematical power, or Southey's literary knowledge. But we say that the majority cannot have such acquirements, and that it is not the function of the authority superintending their education to encourage them in the attempt. Give them a stimulus to master the subjects necessary for their own work, and they will be in possession of knowledge, which the more aspiring or the more gifted can develop, if they will, in loftier walks of learning. There is no lack of openings in this country for men of great mental power, or extraordinary acquirements, nor can we feel any regret when such men trip up the indolent possessors of hereditary influence. But to turn the education of Schoolmasters generally into an intellectual forcing-house, seems to us neither beneficial to the pupils themselves, nor agreeable to the design of the State in aiding their progress.

In respect to Schoolmistresses, a reasonable doubt may be entertained whether the system of public examination is applicable at all. We are not going to enter on the extremely delicate question of the difference in mind and character between the sexes, still less to award the meed of superiority to either. We trust that we shall have readers favourable to each side of the question, whom we would not willingly offend. But it will be allowed that a difference does exist, and that modes of instruction or systems of reward, which may be quite legitimate in the education of men, will fail totally in the management of female scholars. If we may draw a moral from the playful verses of the 'Princess,' we have the authority of the most accomplished of living poets against the idea of subjecting our

sisters and daughters to the trials of a public education. It does not draw out their peculiar merits; it is unsuited to their physical constitution. So much, indeed, appears from the Reports themselves. Of one examination of schoolmistresses the examiner says: 'The labour of so much writing, to which they were unaccustomed, seemed to fatigue them much, and 'towards the close of the week many were quite exhausted.' Another inspector was told by some of the young women who were candidates, that they had been 'so nervous as to be quite 'unable to do themselves justice; two of them also were so 'unwell that they were absent during the greater part of the 'hours allotted to one or two subjects.' Under such circumstances, what test of their real ability in their vocation would be furnished by their answers to the questions proposed? True education is never a matter of merely intellectual concern: in the hands of a woman the intellectual portion is its most insignificant influence. Her efficiency is to be judged of by the moral tone of her scholars, the quietness and gentleness of their habits, the order of the school, the affection evinced towards herself, the devotion to their work which her wishes inspire. Her province it is to cultivate those affections which are so often utterly deadened among the poor by the hard usage of childish years, and to the want of which so much domestic unhappiness is to be traced. Experimental knowledge, whether of religion or of daily life in its home details, it is her privilege to exhibit, and, as far as may be, to impart. To be learned is neither her duty nor her wisdom, if she wishes to succeed in her vocation.

It cannot, of course, be denied that our schoolmistresses, in many cases, did not reach that standard of acquirements which was absolutely necessary for their office of teaching. We could have wished that the Government, in its examinations—if those trials were needed at all—had been satisfied to bring them up to such a standard. We turn to the questions put before them, and find them supposed to possess a most enviable stock of knowledge on the most varied subjects. In history, they can give 'an account of the foundation and history of one of the Scotch or English Universities;' in ethnology they are able to trace 'the origin of the various races from which the English are descended;' in etymology, they can not only point out the 'traces of the old British to be found in our language,' but give examples also of the derivation of words from the Greek tongue. In natural history, they have at their fingers' ends 'the tribes indicated by the terms, *mollusca*, *articulata*, and *radiata*;' can describe 'the *leguminose* order of plants,' or 'the peculiarities of the ruminating or the marsupital tribes.' They can prepare the notes of a lesson on the distribution of mountain ranges, the effects of electricity, the manners of the North American Indians

or deliver an ethical lecture on conscience and the mental faculties to the little maidens who have left their samplers for loftier occupations. Not less extensive is their knowledge of music and geography, of scriptural history, and of the annals of the Church; they can write essays on school management, and yet stoop to give 'directions for cleaning a parlour,' or for 'the prevention and treatment of colds.' Our readers may, perhaps, have met with some of the young ladies who combine in encyclopædic abundance these varied attainments: about two hundred and fifty appear to have been more or less successful in their race for fame. Our own acquaintance has been among school-mistresses of a different class; and we must candidly own that the great respect which we have entertained for some of them, and the admiration which their work has inspired, would not have been increased if they could have lectured on Newton's 'Principia,' or expounded the 'Analogy' to the labourers' children who were growing up under their devoted care.

We have noticed but incidentally the condition of the Training Schools which in the metropolis and in various dioceses are rapidly multiplying. The subject is too large to enter upon at the close of this article; nor, indeed, do the Reports before us give much information respecting them beyond that which is connected with the examinations, of which we have already spoken. Far more important questions belong to the subject of their moral condition, their religious system, and their general influence on character. They are, in some important respects, copies of those old academical institutions to which many of us owe so large a portion of our own character in maturer life. They are too young at present to form the subjects of a rigorous criticism. But with most of them we are glad to believe that a more minute acquaintance would only serve to strengthen the favourable impression produced by the devotedness and zeal of the young men whom they have sent out to labour in the schools of the poor. They have in general enjoyed the cooperation and anxious attention of friends both among the clergy and laity, with whom their development has been an object of religious interest. They have frequently inspired that *esprit de corps* which is so valuable an aid to higher motives and less earthly sympathies. It will be found, as we trust, that the children of these nurseries may be imbued with a steadfastness of purpose, a solidity of principle, and a spirit of attachment to the Church under whose shelter they have been nurtured, which may prove more than a match for the political propagandism of economists, or the cold philosophy of secular intruders. To note their success, if it should please God to bless their efforts, will be hereafter our welcome duty, as it is now our hopeful privilege to watch the auspicious commencement of their work.

ART. IV.—*Rural Scenes.* By MISS COOPER. London: Bentley.
1850.

THERE is a charm in truth. We owe apology to our readers for a sentiment which they will be disposed, perhaps in the same breath, to declare a truism and to question. Yet it is certainly a fact, that it is pleasant to listen to truths simply because they are true. Not because they minister to our theories,—not because we can make something out of them,—not because they in any direct way give us knowledge or information; that is, not because they are facts,—but because we are hearing something that is true. But true things can hardly, in the sense we mean, be truths, unless uttered by the lips of sincerity and truth. They turn into truism when spoken by those who do not feel them. In some subtle way an element of falsehood insinuates itself into what would seem the most absolute verity when pronounced in a heartless or unreal way. We have heard the sentiment, 'We must all die,' so spoken that it rung false on our ears, because the man evidently did not in heart include himself in the general doom: the same words need only to be uttered by one alive to their import and personal application, to sound in our ears like a knell, to sink down into our hearts with all the freshness of a first-heard warning. It is not, however, with truths such as these that we have now to do, nor on which we have founded our reflections. It must be regarded as a merciful provision to give value to the more simple class of minds—minds not remarkable for intellectual endowments—that they can minister in a preeminent degree to the pleasure and profit of others by this one quality alone. Every one who invariably says what is true, or even what he believes to be true, however limited his range of ideas, however narrow his circle of observation, is a benefactor of his race; a strengthener, a consoler, a refuge for weary hearts and vexed spirits, a purifier of the moral atmosphere around him. In this way it ought to seem an easy matter to do good to our species; but, however, even among those who pass for very honest folks, the truth we mean is a rare quality. Men can believe in the prevailing force of great truths, but cannot trust to carrying them through by a consistent adherence to smaller ones. It needs an enthusiast in the cause of truth to believe its efficacy in all the minor details. We thunder out that truth is great, and *must* prevail, and yet seek to make it prevail by management and

policy, by a train of reservations and concealments, by exaggerated statements and special pleadings; we trust in our heart to cleverness, or bullying, or persuasion,—to anything rather than the naked power of truth. We shrink from its two-edged sword, and will not believe that in cutting both ways it will not do itself some mischief. Thoughts like these have been suggested by the unpretending volumes before us; nor are they out of place, though the truths they tell are facts of the external world, and fruits of common observation. If in the field of opinion men would but be as simply true and trustful as in the field of nature—if, as we can discern the face of the sky, we would but as faithfully acknowledge facts, and warnings, and influences equally evident to the eye of faith, and the candid mind! But with whom are these to be found?

There is something at once sobering and refreshing in a simple narrative of facts we can at once credit, in a faithful record, of whatever nature, in the present season of unscrupulous, unblushing assertion, when nothing can be taken for granted simply because it is said. No person, we believe, coming from a concourse of men whose passions have been excited, but must return to solitude and reflection with his instincts of truth so ruffled, his whole being so discomposed, as not to find the administration of some simple truths necessary to his restoration and tranquillity. How much more in the late outrageous tyranny of unproved assertion, when the land, from one end to the other, has overflowed with blind accusation and wilful misjudging and misstatement! When every man has seemed to think it a religious duty to shut his eyes to justice and fairness; to close his heart against his previous principles; when the spirit grows to the last degree perplexed in a region of shadows and falsehoods, in which everybody says things he does not mean, and means things he does not say; when discrimination is thought weakness; and candour double-dealing; and thinking for oneself, treachery; when the bigot asserts the rights of private judgment, and the liberal burns his opponents in effigy, and threatens riot and destruction, and evokes the arm of power on all who differ from him; when sacred truths are travestied to look like error, when absolutely we do not know whom to believe or whom to trust, whose eyes see clearly, whose ears report correctly; when humbled and disturbed we are ready to cry with the Psalmist, 'All men are liars,' not even able (conscious, as we are, of certain clouds of prejudice and unfairness) to exclude ourselves with a true heart from the category—then, we say, does truth become such a desideratum, we hunger so earnestly for something we may believe, some fact that, simply because it is spoken, we may rely upon, that it is positively a relief, a balm,

an alleviation, to be quite sure that on such a day, in such a locality, in the Far-West though it be, the ice first coated the lake, and—

‘Trumpeted by all the winds of heaven,
Arrived the snow.’

The white cooling shower refreshes us like some candid statement; the changes of seasons, faithfully recorded, all contain some typical consolation; we gather hopes of returning peace from the stated return of birds and flowers; the details of simple rustic life, the simple labours of the husbandman—all taste of the golden age; in spirit we sit under the forest shade, and moralize on change, and inevitable laws; and of peace, and order, and industry succeeding to the wild rule of savage man, till passion and brute force seem no longer the rulers of the world, and our fancy ventures to repose on some distant region of truth and good-will, as fair and smiling as the rich hills and plains which there, after centuries of gloom and shadow, yield their virgin produce to the patient tiller’s hand.

Under the influence of the soothing change our brows relax, our ruffled spirits smooth down, we read on, satisfied that the record of each day is a fact related in good faith, and for the object avowed. Such have been the sensations under which we have perused the work at the head of our article. The subjects may not always greatly concern us, the style is not often elevated, the observant eye has not been assisted by extended knowledge, but the view of the book has been to give a truthful record—this has been attained, and as such we welcome it; and the observations of others have in such a frame of mind more attractions than our own, however healthful and invigorating it is to watch for ourselves the changes of nature, because we are glad to rest on other people’s authority, we are pleased to confide, and to learn things in the easy, careless, comfortable way by which pleasant intercourse with our fellows instructs us.

In the present instance personal observation is out of the question, for these ‘*Rural Scenes*’ are laid in America. The object of the writer, Miss Cooper, as we believe the daughter of the Novelist, is to give a minute unvarnished record of all that would engage the attention of a naturalist and intelligent common observer in the scene and immediate neighbourhood of a rural village in the States. So little beyond daily events is given, so wanting are the volumes in prefatory remarks and explanations, that till the middle of the second volume we do not become definitively convinced of its precise locality, which proves to be to the north-west of the State of New York, within twenty miles of the river Mohawk, and forty miles from any large town, in latitude 42—50°, which seems to answer as nearly

to our own climate, though with large variations, as any part of the Union. Of the name of the village we are left in probably intentional ignorance.

The design, in some part, of the book, and the apology for its publication, are given in a note to the second volume, where the writer says :—

‘We are none of us very knowing about the birds in this country, unless it be those scientific gentlemen who have devoted their especial attention to such subjects. The same remark applies, in some measure, to our native trees and plants, to our butterflies and insects. But little attention has yet been given by our people generally to these subjects. In Europe such is not the case; many persons there, among the different classes of society, are familiar with these simple matters. Had works of this kind been as common in America as they are in England, the volume now in the reader's hands would not have been printed, and many observations found in its pages would not have been necessary. But such as it is, written by a learner only, the book is offered to those whose interest in rural subjects has been awakened, a sort of rustic primer, which may lead them, if they choose, to something higher.’—Vol. ii. p. 158.

The fact of living in scenes of great natural interest is, we know, no reason for the general mind dwelling much upon them. But America is so much the realm of the naturalist, is so dependent on his studies for its interest, is, moreover, so deprived by its newness of the associations and recollections which people every nook and corner of the old world, and supply us with images of grandeur as powerful to the imagination as their endless chains of mountains, gigantic rivers and interminable plains, with all their countless demesnes of earth and air, that we are yet struck with an emotion of surprise that this field of observation should be so little explored. We must not, however, forget that America has produced one naturalist worthy of its magnificence, and the fruit of its characteristic advantages, Audubon, the poet of his art; whom Nature herself, with little aid from man, instructed and gifted for his calling; endowing him with an admirable organization and keen susceptibility, with intense observation, intuitive perception, unwearying energy; strength of body that never failed, a vigour of mind that rose superior to every obstacle, a confidence in his own gifts which led him to slight all systems, and an accuracy of research which enabled him to do without them; a life-long enthusiasm, which never for an instant left him in doubt, but that all these gifts and capacities were heaped upon him for the one object of instructing himself, and portraying to the world the habits, forms, and feelings of the innumerable feathered race; and, withal, an eloquence so new, so energetical, so stirring, so persuasive, as to bring all the world round to his own convictions on this matter, and to enchant readers the least

naturally formed to sympathise, either with his enthusiasm or his pursuits. So that men, city-pent, whose lives and thoughts have from the first accommodated themselves to their destiny, who on their unassisted observation cannot pronounce on the name of the most familiar songster of our own fields and groves, who have never bestowed one voluntary thought on their habits or localities, will yet feel their hearts warm, their souls expand, their imagination glow, under descriptions minute, truthful, impassioned, of some scene of the Far-West, some spot of wood or shore, river, stream, or morass, wherein the bird or beast he sees fit to bring before his readers lives and moves, and loves and hates with a vividness beyond what their own blunted perceptions could discover in the reality itself. He is indeed the poet of birds, and, like all true poets, keeps through life the enthusiasm of his boyhood, indulging in a certain lofty, yet simple grandiloquence of expression, which has a grace and naturalness in the ever-young, however much we eschew it when the effect of transient heats and artificial excitement. We question if Audubon is as well known as he deserves in his own continent; Miss Cooper makes rare and passing mention of him as though scarcely familiar with his works. In her own observations on the birds of her country she does not pretend to see beyond the eye, nor affect any insight into the heart and motives of these most ethereal of created beings.

But natural observations are not the only, or the most valuable of the present work. Without any formal design of instructing us in the details of rustic American life, the incidental notices of them furnish us with what we feel to be a truer idea than we had before possessed. Strangers travelling in a new country are most struck with the differences from their own. English travellers in America seem always on the watch for Americanisms; they note down everything that represents the contrast to our own manners. Everything keen, acute, sharp-witted, curious, is recorded; every novelty of deportment, every strange form of address or salutation. In a work by an American such things pass *sub silentio*, and we come in consequence to see stronger features of resemblance between the new and the mother country than we were prepared for. Country people are industrious, and civil, and careful, and slow, and deliberate, and awkward, and ignorant, and superstitious, as with us. It is not always 'go a-head;' but 'slow and sure' seems to be the motto with some of them, as among the prudent of our own land.

This village, being removed from the immediate vicinity of railroads and canals, and having never been subject to any sudden burst of enterprise, may be supposed a very fair example of

rural life, and certainly there does breathe through Miss Cooper's simple volumes a genuine current of fresh country air. The farm-house, except for its file of newspapers hanging from the roof, might even seem a hundred years behind similar ones in our own country, in the social race. Their cottage gardens bloom with the same flowers as ours; they put Christmas evergreens in their *parish* church, and eat mince-pies with enthusiasm; their children are so far behind the age as to go without shoes and stockings in warm weather; the best mannered amongst them make bows and curtsies to their betters; when the population has a holiday they manifest a true English incapacity to make the most of it; and even in that land of plenty there is the poor-house. On the other hand, there are differences, which must as readily strike the passing eye as these agreements. Churchyards they have few or none. They bury their dead in remote enclosures, or in the corners of their own fields; a heathenish, repelling custom. The parish church, whatever that may mean, does not seem to assert itself amongst the train of dissenting meetings. There are indications of greater abundance; cows and pigs are more every-day blessings than, alas! they are with us; and the harvest of the poor, the ancient privilege with us so much prized, is there disregarded; there are no gleaners in America; the custom is unknown; 'the day of small things' does not suit their genius; the poor would not care for it. In connexion with this subject we are reminded of another difference between their corn-fields and ours; they use no *hedges*, the hills and valleys are closely intersected by wooden palings, and the poppy is unknown as a weed in America, nor ever torments the farmer or charms the poet with its scarlet glare, contrasting so beautifully with the golden ears. All points of resemblance, all memorials of the mother country, our authoress treasures up and clings to, for ladies of all nations are conservative; she counts them over, makes much of them, and is jealous of their disappearance.

It is remarkable how established an air everything seems to have assumed in a place which, fifty or sixty years ago, was all forest, and peopled by the Indians. It needs something of research to discover any trace or record of the original possessors amid the smiling corn-fields and pastures. The country is intersected by numerous roads, is full of villages and hamlets, and has already three generations of architecture between its present dwellings and the wigwam. The stream which within man's memory reflected the wild Indian, or the catamount quenching its thirst, has long had its dam and water-mills, its herds of cattle and bands of children—a civilized brook. The lake, whose winter surface was imprinted by the track of the Moose

deer, panthers, wolves, and foxes, is now an arena for the skaters' skill, the great scene of winter pleasure and business, covered with the hoof-print of flocks and herds, and scored with the traces of innumerable sleighs. Little remains of the race that is gone but the trysting stone in the stream—nor of the settlers' first labours, but here and there an original log-hut, and the giant-stumps of the forest-trees still dotted over the soil, and which prove there, as they do here, a most pertinacious encumbrance, an emblem of passive resistance to innovation. Now and then, at rare intervals, an encampment of Indians wanders to the scene of their old haunts, degraded to abject, inert vagrants. The forests recede before the axe, even the native flowers disappear before cultivation, and, like the race they used to cheer, give way to the foreign invader.

'The border of an old wood is fine ground for flowers. The soil is usually richer than common, while the sun is felt there with greater power than farther within the shady bounds. One is almost sure of finding blossoms there at the right season. In such spots we also meet a mingled society of plants, which it is interesting to note. The wild natives of the woods grow there willingly, while many strangers, brought originally from over the ocean, steal gradually onward from the tilled fields and gardens, until at last they stand side by side upon the same bank, the European weed and the wild native flower.

'These foreign intruders are a bold and hardy race, driving away the prettier natives: it is frequently remarked by elderly persons familiar with the country, that our own wild flowers are very much less common than they were forty years since. Some varieties are diminishing rapidly. Flowers are described to us by those on whom we can place implicit reliance, which we search for in vain to-day. The strange pitcher-plant is said to have been much more common, and the mocassin-flower abounded formerly even within the present limits of the village. Both are now rare, and it is considered a piece of good luck to find them. The fragrant azalia is also said to have coloured the side-hills in earlier times, on spots where they are now only found scattered here and there.'—Vol. i. p. 89.

Who does not remember that among the temptations held out to poor Ruth, and the many charms of the new unknown land, the 'plants divine and strange,' which her lover describes to her, come these same rhododendrons and azaleas:

'Flowers that with one scarlet gleam
Cover a hundred leagues, and seem
To set the hills on fire.'

Dogging the steps of civilization, like vices in the moral world, or diseases in the human frame, come man's primeval curse—thorns, and thistles, and brambles, and a train of attendant plagues to the husbandman—ensuring that, even in the fruitful virgin soil, he shall not escape his original sentence. After enumerating a host of European weeds, which have forced their way, and engage him in ceaseless war:—

'These noxious plants have come unbidden to us, with the grain and grasses of the old world, the evil with the good, as usual in this world of probation—the wheat and the tares together. The useful plants produce a tenfold blessing upon the labour of man; but the weed is also there, ever accompanying his steps, and teaching him a lesson of humility. Certain plants of this nature—the dock, nettle, thistle, &c.—are known to attach themselves especially to the path of man; in widely different soils and climates, they are still found at his door. Patient care and toil can alone keep the evil within bounds. . . . In this new country, with a fresh soil and thinner population, we have not only weeds innumerable, but we observe also that briars and brambles seem to acquire double strength in the neighbourhood of man; we meet them in the primitive forest here and there, but they line our roads and fences, and the woods are no sooner felled to make ready for cultivation than they spring up in profusion, the first natural product of the soil. But in this world of mercy, the just curse is ever graciously tempered with a blessing; many a grateful fruit, and some of our most delightful flowers grow among the thorns and briars, their fragrance and excellence reminding man of the sweets as well as the toils of his task. The sweet-brier more especially, with its simple flower and delightful fragrance, unknown in the wilderness, but moving onward by the side of the ploughman, would seem, of all others, the husbandman's blossom.'—Vol. i. p. 122.

The great original forests are a *pièce de résistance* to the boldest innovators; even to the advance-guard of civilization it is not easy to get rid of them; yet such wanton war is made upon them that the lovers of their shade tremble for the day when they too shall be a tradition.

'In these times, the hewers of wood are an unsparing race. The first colonists looked upon a tree as an enemy; and, to judge from appearances, one would think that something of the same spirit prevails among their descendants at the present hour. It is not surprising, perhaps, that a man, whose chief object in life is to make money, should turn his timber into bank-notes with all possible speed; but it is remarkable that any one at all aware of the value of wood, should act so wastefully as most men do in this part of the world. Mature trees, young saplings, and last year's seedlings, are all destroyed at one blow, by the axe or the fire; the spot where they have stood is left, perhaps for a lifetime, without any attempt at cultivation, or any endeavour to foster new wood. One would think that by this time, when the forest is fallen in all the valleys—when the hills are becoming more bare every day—when timber and fuel are rising in prices, and new uses are found for even indifferent woods,—some forethought and care in this respect would be natural in people laying claim to common sense. The rapid consumption of the large pine timber among us, should be enough to teach a lesson of prudence and economy on this subject. It has been calculated that sixty thousand acres of pine woods are cut every year in our own state alone; and at this rate, it is said, that in twenty years, or about 1870, these trees will have disappeared from our part of the country.'—Vol. i. p. 250.

The love of what is old, or of what reminds us of the past, is far from a universal instinct; it is the influence of the few over the many, which keeps any records of former times before us. In Western America, the few are very few, and the many have

their way; thus it is their instinct to cut down trees which have been the landmarks of the country, time immemorial of their short memorial time; and our authoress has to lament over lofty pines laid low in very recklessness, and ancient oaks felled where shade would be most grateful, to make way for rows of 'branchless saplings,' because it is the fashion to cut down elms and oaks, and to plant saplings before the door instead. But such exchanges are not confined to the new world; our poets too have had to lament—

'The oak that in summer was pleasant to hear,
That rustled in autumn, all wither'd and sear;
That whistled and groan'd through the winter alone;
He hath gone, and a birch in his place hath grown.'

But the impulse of clearing and sweeping away is not one of moderation. Destruction, whether of trees, or ancient piles of wood and stone, or the institutions of which these are the representatives, becomes a passion. The eye is in such subjection to the mind that it can see no beauty where habit or principle interposes to blind it; and besides, we believe that the farmer has a natural antipathy to trees, as his vocation, in its complete development, wages war against every form of the picturesque.

The present work is in the form of a diary; each day for a year, beginning with the first of March, has its record, varying indefinitely in length and fulness; and the whole embodies such observations as a lady can make whom no weather seems to confine within doors, and who has 'a heart at leisure from itself' to note all the little changes and events in the scenes of nature, the movements of the animal kingdom, or the little world of man, her village and its immediate environs can supply; and these mere matter-of-fact details interspersed with reflections of more or less value. It is a desultory sort of reading, and often lays no very firm hold on the attention; but, as we have said, made refreshing by the truth and simplicity of the plan and its accomplishment. Of the three branches of her subjects of inquiry, the last is of most universal interest. We will give the reader an abridged account of a visit to a farmhouse, removed some miles from the village. There is something in the occupations of agriculture of a most equalising character. The farmer, all the world over, has the same distinctive points. Every other habit must yield to the demands of the soil. There are no quick processes, no means of expediting the seasons, or crowding more than one spring into the year; the same patient industry is exacted by every climate, the same plenty is its reward.

'Tuesday, July 3.—We had for several weeks been planning a visit to Farmer B——'s; our good friend, his step-mother, having given us a very

warm invitation to spend the day with her; accordingly, we set off in the morning, after breakfast, and drove to the little village of B—— Green, where we arrived about noon; there the coachman stopped to water his horses, and make some inquiries about the road.

"Do you know where B——'s folks live?" he asked of a man in the yard.

"Yes, sir; B——'s folks live three miles from here."

"Which road must I take?"

"Straight a-head. Turn to the left when you come to the brick school-house; then take the right when you come to the gunsmith's shop; and any of the neighbours about will tell you which is B——'s house."

The directions proved correct. We soon reached the school-house; then came the gunsmith's shop; and a few more turnings brought us in sight of the low grey farm-house, the object of our morning's drive. Here a most simple and cordial greeting awaited us; and we passed the day most agreeably. . . .

Finding we were interested in rural matters, our good friend offered to show us whatever we wished to see; answering all our questions with the sweet old smile, peculiar to herself. She took us to the little garden; it contained potatoes, cabbages, onions, cucumbers, and beans; a row of currant bushes was the only fruit; a patch of catnip, and another of mint, grew in one corner. Our farmers, as a general rule, are proverbially indifferent about their gardens. There was no fruit in the place, besides the apple-trees of the orchard; one is surprised that cherries and pears and plums—all suited to our hilly climate in this country—should not receive more attention; they yield a desirable return for the cost and labour required to plant and look after them.

Passing the barn, we looked in there also; a load of sweet hay had just been thrown into the loft, and another was coming up the road at the moment. Mr. B—— worked his farm with a pair of horses only, keeping no oxen. Half a dozen hens and some geese were the only poultry in the yard; the eggs and feathers were carried, in the fall, to the store at B—— Green, or sometimes as far as our own village.

They kept four cows; formerly they had a much larger dairy; but our hostess had counted her threescore and ten, and being the only woman in the house, the dairy work of four cows, she said, was as much as she could well attend to. One would think so; for she also did all the cooking, baking, washing, ironing, and cleaning for the family, consisting of three persons, besides a share of the sewing, knitting, and spinning. We went into her little buttery; here the bright tin pans were standing full of rich milk; everything was thoroughly scoured, beautifully fresh and neat. A stone jar of fine yellow butter, whose flavour we knew of old, stood on one side, and several cheeses were in the press. The wood-work was all painted red.—Vol. i. p. 178.

After describing the parlour and guest-chamber in one, with its white-washed walls, polished wood-work, its bureau, with the well-worn Bible and book of Methodist divinity, its chimney-piece adorned with peacock's feathers, and brass candlesticks, and cracked china, its hearth filled with fresh sprigs of asparagus, its maple bedstead, so like an apartment for the same class in our own country; the kitchen, with a few more distinctive features, as, a stove, in addition to the wide chimney, wood-work and roof painted red, file of newspapers, tools and

implements,—needed where there is less division of labour than with us, the writer goes on.

‘A great spinning-wheel with a basket of carded wool, stood in a corner, where it had been set aside when we arrived. There was a good deal of spinning done in the family; all the yarn for stockings, for flannels, for the cloth worn by the men, for the coloured woollen dresses worn by the women, and all the thread for their coarser towelling, &c., &c., was spun in the house by our hostess or her granddaughter, or some neighbour hired for the purpose.

‘Formerly there had been six step-daughters in the family, and then, not only all the spinning, but the weaving and dyeing also, were done at home; they must have been notable women, those six step-daughters; we heard some great accounts of days’ spinning and weaving done by them. The presses and cupboards of the house were still full to overflowing, with blankets, white and coloured flannels, coloured twilled coverlets for bedding, besides sheets, table-cloths, and patched bed-quilts, all their own work. In fact, almost all the clothing of the family, for both men and women, and everything in the shape of bedding and towelling used by the household, was home-made.

‘Very few dry goods were purchased by them; hats and shoes, some light material for caps and collars, a little ribbon, and a printed calico now and then, seemed to be all they bought. Nor was this considered at all remarkable, such is the common way of living in many farmers’ families. It has been calculated, that a young woman who knows how to spin and weave, can dress herself with ease and comfort as regards everything necessary, for twelve dollars a-year, including the cost of the raw materials; the actual allowance for clothing, made by the authorities of this country to farmers’ daughters, while the property remained undivided, has been fifteen dollars, and the estimate is said to have included everything necessary for comfort, both winter and summer clothing.

‘The wives and daughters of our farmers are very often notable, frugal women; perhaps one may say that they are usually so, until they go from home. With the young girls about our villages the case is very different; these are often wildly extravagant about their dress, and just as restless in following the fashions as the richest fine lady in the land; they often spend all they earn in finery.’—Vol. i. p. 183.

We have been thus minute in our extracts, and in recording the labours of this notable family, because we think our readers will be struck, as we have been, with the consolatory reflection, that after all, our own English farmers are not so very ill off, and in spite of taxes and the repeal of Corn Laws and all the hardships to which they think themselves exposed, would hardly be wise to exchange places with these agriculturists of the New World, though it usually flows with milk and honey. For labourers this cannot be said; they have, unquestionably, more of the good things of this life in the State of New York than we can flatter ourselves they possess in any English county; but with a higher class it is different. What had this most industrious and ingenious family in return for unremitting labour, but abundance of simple fare and enough of home-made clothing? In the sweat of their brow they eat bread. Can it be

said that our farmers with the same amount of labour cannot reap an equal reward; and would not their wives and daughters find it a most unwelcome and overwhelming addition to their duties to have spinning and weaving for a household, super-added? It does not say that Farmer B—— was rich, nor in the way to accumulate a fortune, there is no impression given of his rising in the world. Ambition, indeed, never seems to us natural to the farmer's sphere. The labours of the merchant and tradesman are irksome and full of privation, he needs to be cheered by hope of an easy and more luxurious future; the toil of the farmer, on the contrary, brings its own reward; he lives in the fairest and most cheerful scenes of nature, he has health and vigorous appetite, and sound sleep and spirits refreshed by pure air and exercise, and passes his life, too, with a sense of plenty and abundance in all necessary things and simple luxuries, such as even the more wealthy inhabitant of towns can never enjoy, and the tradesman of a lower class is an utter stranger to. So he saves his money, and dreams of gardens and orchards, and cows and sheep of his own, in prospect—the reward, in a far-off uncertain old age, of economy and restraint in youth and middle life. The farmer has all those things in possession, and at the season of life when he can most enjoy them, for which the other saves his money. But passing from such generalities which have scarcely a place here, our next picture of country life is the Village 'Store,' which must answer in its character and the variety of its wares to our ordinary village shop of the better class.

'Some people like shopping in a large town, where all sorts of pretty novelties are spread out on the counters to tempt purchasers; but there is much more real interest connected with such matters in a large country store, whatever fine ladies tossing about laces and gauzes at Beck's or Stewart's may fancy. The country people come into the village not to *shop*, but to *trade*; their purchases are all a matter of positive importance to them, they are all made with due forethought and deliberation. Most Saturdays of the year one meets farm-waggons, or lumber-sleighs, according to the season, coming into the village filled with family parties—and, it may be, a friend or two besides—two or three seats crowded with grown people, and often several merry-faced little ones sitting in the straw. They generally make a day of it, the men having, perhaps, some business to look after, the women some friends to hunt up, besides purchases to be made, and their own produce to be disposed of, for they commonly bring with them something of this kind—eggs or butter, maple sugar or molasses, feathers, yarn, or homespun cloths and flannels.'

'At an early hour on pleasant Saturdays, summer or winter, the principal street shows many such customers, being lined with their wagons or sleighs; in fact, it is a sort of market-day. It is pleasing to see these family parties making their purchases. . . . It sometimes happens that a husband or father has been either charged with the purchase of a gown, or a shawl, for some of his womankind, or else having made a particularly good sale

himself, determines to carry a present home with him, and it is really amusing to look on while he makes his selection—such close examination as he bestows on a shilling print is seldom given to a velvet or a satin; he rubs it together, he passes his hand over it with profound deliberation; he holds it off at a distance to take a view of the effect; he lays it down on the counter; he squints through it at the light; he asks if it will wash—if it will wear well—if it's the fashion? One trembles lest, requiring so much perfection, the present may after all not be made, and frequently one is obliged to leave the shop in a state of painful uncertainty as to the result, always hoping, however, that the wife or daughter at home may not be disappointed. But male and female, old and young, they are generally a long time making up their minds.

'A while since we found a farmer's wife, a stranger to us, looking at a piece of pink ribbon; we had several errands to attend to, left the shop, and returned there again nearly half an hour later, and still found our friend in a state of hesitation; a stream of persuasive words from the clerk showing the ribbon, seemed to have been quite thrown away. But at length, just as we were leaving the shop for the second time, we saw the ribbon cut, and heard the clerk observe,—“Six months hence, ma'am, you'll come into town expressly to thank me for having sold you three yards of that ribbon!”’—Vol. ii. p. 239.

All this old-world prudence and deliberation, hardly prepares us for some facts of education, which our authoress brings out and comments upon. The two principles of 'impulse' and 'restraint,' which should make up the spirit of education are, she says, not equally cultivated. There is no lack of intellectual activity in their system, but restraint, that is the moral element, all that is included in discipline and self-denial, secures a far less degree of attention. The old seem to have abandoned the task of education to the young, and the young are not the natural possessors of authority—they may teach but can hardly *educate*. They substitute dictionaries and books of science for primers and first steps, (or, as Miss Cooper expresses it, for horn books, a piece of traditional antiquity which she seems to suppose in common use in England,) and thus by hard words and great books make for themselves a certain weight and importance. Boys and girls can impart names and things which they have themselves recently acquired, and possibly may teach them with a certain freshness: they can act on the memory and the intellect, but they cannot guide or control a *mind*. These higher influences are the fruits of thought, and time, and experience, the power of the acknowledged superior over the inferior, of the master over the disciple. Dames' schools, for which Miss Cooper has some yearnings, are with us getting rarer in all neighbourhoods, but everywhere some old woman of experience and practical wisdom, diffuses a certain influence, and imparts a salutary gravity and sobriety of character to the humbler walks of the scholastic profession, which in America seems to be wanting.

'An elderly person acting as master or mistress of a common school, is an unheard of circumstance throughout the country; it may be doubted if such an individual could be found from S. Croix to Colorado. It is even rare to meet one who has decidedly reached the years of middle life; while nothing is more common than to see very young persons in this post of authority. In most situations a young countenance is a pleasant sight; but, perhaps, there is scarcely another position in which it appears to so little advantage, as sole ruler in the school-house. Young people make excellent assistants, very good subordinates in a large establishment, but it is to be regretted that our common schools should so often be under their government, subject only to a supervision, which is frequently quite nominal.

'They may know as much of books as their elders, but it is impossible they should know as much of themselves and of the children, where other points are equal; they cannot have the same experience, the same practical wisdom. Hitherto, amongst us, teaching in the public schools has not been looked upon as a vocation for life; it has been almost always taken up as a *job* for a year or two, or even for a single season; the aim and ambition of those who resort to it too often lies beyond the school-house walls. The young man of eighteen or twenty means to go into business, or to buy a farm, or to acquire a profession; he means anything, in short, but to remain a diligent, faithful, persevering schoolmaster for any length of time.

'The young girl of seventeen and eighteen intends, perhaps, to learn a trade next year, or to go into a factory, or to procure an out-fit for her wedding; never, indeed, does the possibility of teaching after she shall have reached the years of caps and grey hairs, occur to her even in a nightmare.'—Vol. ii. p. 100.

The turn-out of the village school, whatever novelties may have been going on within the walls, is a pleasant rural scene, and, except for the want of shoes and stockings, those necessities for which our thrifty villagers sacrifice so large a share of their small means, is English enough in all its features.

'The flock that came tripping out of the Red Brook school-house this afternoon was composed of boys and girls, varying in age and sizes from the little chubby thing, half boy, half baby, to the elder sister, just beginning to put on the first airs of womanhood. Different codes of manners are found to prevail in different school-houses about the country: sometimes when the children are at play before the door, or trudging on their way to a farm-house, the little girls will curtsy, and the boys bow to the passing stranger, showing that they have been taught to make their manners; but—alas that it should be so—there are other unruly flocks where the boys, ay, and even the girls, too, have been known to unite in hooting and making faces at the traveller, a disgrace to themselves and their instructors. But the children at the Red Brook behaved very properly, albeit they were not so polished as to bow and curtsy. They told their names, showed their books, and pointed out the different roads home in a civil, pretty way. Indeed, those instances of unmannerly conduct alluded to above, did not occur in the same neighbourhood, but were observed at some little distance from this valley.

'The appearance of most of the little people was creditable; they looked cleanly and simple. Many of the children were barefooted, as usual in warm weather,—almost all the boys, and a number of the girls. In winter they are all provided with shoes and stockings. Here and there among the girls there was some show of tawdry finery: ribbons that were no longer

clean, glass jewels, and copper rings; and one of the older girls had a silk hat which looked both hot and heavy beside her companions' nice sun bonnets; it was trimmed inside and out with shabby artificial flowers. But then, as an offset to these, there were several among the little people whose clothes, well washed and ironed, showed a patch here and there. Now there is nothing in the world which carries a more respectable look with it, than a clean coat or frock which has been nicely patched; when united with cleanliness, the patch tells of more than one virtue in the wearer: it shows prudence, simplicity, and good sense and industry; it shows that he or she is not ashamed of honest poverty, and does not seek to parade under false colours.—Vol. ii. p. 102.

To conclude our notices of rustic manners, Miss Cooper, herself a florist, speaks feelingly of a national breach of honesty—shall we call it?—or good manners, which unquestionably has much to do with the absence of discipline in education, and shows in village morals that disregard for others' rights which is said to characterise the nation at large, and of which those authors have to complain, who, in the thankless spoil that is made of the fruit of their intellectual labour, may see a close affinity to this more tangible form of aggression, in which the village rustics assume the privilege to indulge.

'There is, unhappily, a very serious objection to cultivating fruit in our village gardens; fruit stealing is a very common crime in this part of the world; and the standard of principle on such subjects is as low as it well can be in our rural communities. Property of this kind is almost without protection among us; there are laws on the subject, but these are never enforced, and of course people are not willing to throw away money, and time, and thought, to raise fruit for those who might easily raise it for themselves, if they would take the pains to do so. There can be no doubt that this state of things is a serious obstacle to the cultivation of choice fruit in our villages; horticulture would be in a much higher condition here if it were not for this evil. But the impunity with which boys, and men, too, are allowed to commit thefts of this kind, is really a painful picture, for it must inevitably lead to increase a spirit of dishonesty throughout the community.

'It is the same case with flowers. Many people seem to consider them as public property, though cultivated at private expense. It was but the other day that we saw a little girl, one of the village Sunday-scholars, moreover, put her hand within the railing of a garden, and break off several very fine plants, whose growth the owner had been watching with care and interest for many weeks, and which had just opened to reward his pains.

'Another instance of the same kind, but still more flagrant in degree, was observed a short time since: the offender was a full-grown man, dressed in broad-cloth to boot, and evidently a stranger: he passed before a pretty yard, gay with flowers, and, unchecked by a single scruple of good manners, or good morals, proceeded to make up a handsome bouquet, without so much as saying, by your leave, to the owner. Having selected the flowers most to his fancy, he arranged them tastefully, and then walked off with a free and jaunty air, and an expression of satisfaction and self-complacency truly ridiculous, under the circumstances. He had made up his nosegay with so much pains, eyed it so tenderly as he carried it before him, and moved along with such a very mincing and dainty manner, that he was

probably on the way to present himself and his trophy to his sweetheart; and we can only hope that he met with just such a reception as was deserved by a man who had been committing a petty larceny.

'As if to make the chapter complete, the very same afternoon, the village being full of strangers, we saw several young girls, elegantly flounced, put their hands through the railing of another garden facing the street, and help themselves in the same easy manner to their neighbour's prettiest flowers. What would they have thought if some one had stepped up with a pair of scissors, and cut half a yard from the ribbon on their hats, merely because it was pretty, and one had a fancy for it? Neither the little girl, nor the strangers in broad-cloth and flowers, seem to have learned at common-school, or at Sunday-school, or at home, that respect for the pleasures of others is simple good manners, regard for the rights of others, common honesty.'—Vol. i. p. 147.

In the midst of this stir of European life transported to so remote a region, this energy of the Saxon race, prevailing and conquering, and asserting itself lord and master; this life and bustle, these details of homely industry, of common intelligible influences, there is something strange and melancholy in the few notices of the original tribes we find here, and in the degraded part they act in the modern scene. It is certainly no matter of regret that the Indians have ceased to scalp and tomahawk, either each other or their invaders; but every creature of prey excites a peculiar sentiment of pity in captivity and degradation; and there is certainly something pitiful in these descendants of the *Braves*, with the boastful, murderous titles, being seen herded together in encampments by the populous road-sides, dressed in cast-off European garments—ragged coats, pantaloons, and beavers—and still decorated with the savage, senseless ornaments, which once added a fantastic terror to their aspect, but now render their misery grotesque. The expression of the men is described as heavy, sensual, spiritless; they have simply suffered by the neighbourhood of civilization: the women, always subdued and gentle, have benefited more,—their condition could hardly have been made worse by any change. Some Oneida (pronounced with Italian vowels) women, who visited our authoress, are described as soft and engaging in voice and manner, and glad to be employed in little works of industry and ingenuity. One exception to the hopeless barbarism of the men occurs, of a singular nature. A patriarchal party came to the village, the leader of whom, of pure Indian blood, was a Methodist preacher, 'privileged to write "Reverend" before his name,'—the Rev. Mr. Kunkerpott. The two denominations seem to have struggled for pre-eminence in his person; neither got the ascendancy—he was at once Indian patriarch and Methodist preacher; only in justice to John Wesley, or rather to those truths his emissaries were the means of conveying, it should be mentioned that the mouth, where savage expression

is most strongly marked, was here distinguished by a kindly expression.

Audubon, in a fine description of a passage in a skiff down the Ohio, mentions an incident which still further connects to the fancy these apparently uncongenial, not to say irreconcilable, characters :—

‘Several of these happy days,’ he says, ‘passed, and we neared our home, when one evening, not far from Pigeon’s Creek (a small stream which runs into the Ohio, from the state of Indiana), a loud and strange noise was heard, so like the yells of Indian warfare, that we pulled at our oars, and made for the opposite side, as fast and as quietly as possible. The sounds increased, we imagined we heard cries of “murder;” and, as we knew that some depredations had been committed in the country, by dissatisfied parties of aborigines, we felt for awhile extremely uncomfortable. Ere long, however, our minds became more calmed; and we plainly discovered that the singular uproar was produced by an enthusiastic set of Methodists, who had wandered thus far out of the common way, for the purpose of holding one of their annual camp-meetings, under the shade of a beech forest.’

When nature’s tribes retreat before the white man, they form more graceful encampments by brook and wayside; and preserve their original characteristics unimpaired under banishment and oppression: witness the lingering groups of native flowers.

‘But there are softer touches, also, telling the same story of recent cultivation. It frequently happens, that walking about our farms, among rich fields, smooth and well worked, one comes to a low bank, or some little nook; a strip of land never yet cultivated, though surrounded on all sides by inferior crops of eastern grains and grasses; one always knows such places by the pretty native plants growing there. It was but the other day we paused to observe a spot of this kind, in a fine meadow, near the village, neat and smooth, as though worked from the days of Adam. A path, made by the workmen and cattle, crosses the field, and one treads at every step upon plantain, that regular path-weed of the Old World. Following this track, we came to a little mound, which is very grassy now, though doubtless at one time, the bed of a considerable spring; the banks are several feet high, and it is filled with native plants; on one side stands a thorn-tree, whose morning shadow falls upon grasses and clover brought from beyond the seas; while in afternoon, it lies on gyromias and moose-flowers, sarsaparillas and cahoshes, which bloomed here for ages when the eye of the red man alone beheld them. Even within the limits of the village, spots may still be found on the banks of the river which are yet unbroken by the plough, where the trailing arbutus, and squirrel-cups, and May-wings, tell us so every spring; in old regions these children of the forest would long since have vanished from all the meadows and villages, for the plough would have passed a thousand times over every rood of such ground.’—Vol. i. p. 169.

There is something delightful, it must be confessed, in the descriptions of abundance with which all classes seem blessed in this New World. To those who are familiar with the daily and hourly privations of our agricultural poor; privations which in

many a fair rural English haunt oppress the heart and cloud the eye of those whose lot it is to dwell among them,—there is an extraordinary sense of pleasure and relief in the general plenty of homely comforts which seems to reign in that fruitful region. There is something arcadian to the fancy—not, we suspect, to the eye—in this absence of care for the mere necessities of life. So much are certain simple luxuries there considered necessities, that the poor (for there are poor in all lands) do not scruple to beg for them; and they are granted as readily as the claim for bread is with us. The women are free from all servile unfeminine labour, and may employ their energies and skill to make home comfortable; an exemption not yet attained in our villages, though we are in this respect far in advance of our continental neighbours. Even a party of female haymakers is an unusual sight, and has to be accounted for as a frolic; possibly their greater summer heat rendering the toil more laborious than with us, where we own we should be sorry to see the practice discontinued. Many drawbacks, present and prospective, there must be to this genial pleasant scene; but of these, the present work, from its nature, and possibly from the temper of its writer, gives few indications. It has to do with the external aspect of things; yet there are tokens here and there, which, together with the very excess of cheerfulness in the picture, give rise to misgivings for the continuance of such prosperity.

But it is not in the New World only that the pleasures or cares of life deaden the heart to more weighty considerations. It is not, for example, in America alone that Christmas amongst the poor has come to be regarded as a secular holiday; a time, not of religious observance, but of mere social enjoyment; though the influence of the Church with us yet weighs with the Denominations so far as to induce them, in most cases, to some recognition of the sacred character of the season, which is not the case generally in that part of the United States Miss Cooper describes. Even with us, the feasting has too often outlived the remembrance of the inestimable blessings of Christmastide.¹

One national festival, Thanksgiving-day, the 23d November, is noticed by our authoress, as universally observed with meetings of a religious character, with ringing of bells, 'good people, in their Sunday attire, going to different places of worship, and shops partially closed;' yet here the dinner seems to occupy the chief share of the public mind, though our author's reflections run in a higher tone:—

¹ Only the other day an intelligent-looking town-child was asked, 'Why do we keep Christmas?'—the form of inquiry being repeated and varied to suit her understanding; but the only answer given, with a doubting puzzled air, as if hardly satisfied with it, and yet ignorant of a better one, was, 'Roast beef.'

'This is a great day for gatherings of kith and kin, throughout the country; and many a table stands at this moment loaded with good things, for family guests and old family friends to make merry, and partake of the good cheer together. Few households where something especially nice is not provided for Thanksgiving dinner; for even the very poor, if known to be in want, generally receive something good from larders better filled than their own.

'It was one of the good deeds of the old Puritans, this revival of a thanksgiving festival; it is true they are suspected of favouring the custom all the more from their opposition to Christmas; but we ought not to quarrel with any one Thanksgiving-day, much less with those who have been the means of adding another pleasant, pious festival to our calendar; so we will, if you please, place the pumpkin-pie at the head of the table to-day.

'Surely no people have greater cause than ourselves for public thanksgivings of the nature that we this day celebrate. We have literally, from generation to generation, "eaten our bread without scarceness." Famine to us has been an unknown evil. . . . Year after year, from the early history of the country, the land has yielded her increase in cheerful abundance; fields have been filled with the finest of wheat, and maize, and rice, and sugar; the orchards and gardens, ay, the very woods and wastes, have yielded all their harvest of grateful fruits; the herds have fed in peace, within a thousand quiet valleys; the flocks have whitened ten thousand green and swelling hills; like the ancient people of God, we may say, that fountains of milk and honey have flowed in upon us; the humming of the cheerful bee is heard through the long summer day, about every path; and at eventide, the patient kine, yielding their nourishing treasure, stand lowing at every door. General scarcity in anything needful has been unknown among us; now and then the failure of some particular crop has been foretold by the fearful; but even this partial evil has been averted, and the prognostic has passed away, leaving no trace, like the grey cloud overshadowing but for an instant the yellow harvest field, and followed by the genial glow of the full summer sunshine. In this highland valley we often hear fears expressed for this or that portion of the produce being cut off by the frosts belonging to our climate; now we are concerned for the maize, now for our stock of fruits; and yet how seldom has the dreaded evil befallen us! What good thing belonging to the climate has ever wholly failed; when have we wanted for maize, when have we suffered for lack of fruit? Every summer, currants have dried on the bushes, apples have lain rotting on the grass, strawberries have filled the meadows, raspberries and blackberries have grown in every thicket; while the richer fruits of warmer climates, oranges and peaches and water-melons, have been selling for coppers in our streets.'—Vol. ii. p. 140.

Miss Cooper is not without some share of her countrymen's gift of description, a gift which they all possess with much the same characteristics. With them it is the eye, rather than the fancy, which paints. They see things as they are, not with a view to their hidden workings and meanings. A virgin soil, with few associations, very naturally tends to this; and there is a connexion, perhaps, between a new country and a new, independent mode of viewing its features. The new scene has at least assisted them to throw off the chain of habit, through which successive poetic generations have inherited a train of ideas and associations, which being founded in a deep truth imply no servile imitation, and which yet possibly lead to one-sidedness and par-

tiality. Our authoress comments, in her notices of the glories of the autumn woods, on the small praise this season has won from the poets of the Old World, at least till very recent times; and this is generally true, and rather a remarkable fact. That the season which, perhaps, to the eye presents the most glorious beauty, should be either overlooked by our elder poets, or only characterised by its least attractive attributes; that they should pass it by, or only taunt it for the mischief that it does, and call it hard names—'chilling autumn,' 'pensive autumn,' 'pale autumn,' 'melancholy wight,'

'Sallow autumn, filling her lap with leaves,'

—is certainly a thing to excite surprise. It can be from no want of observation; our old poets loved the woods, and could be eloquent enough on their aspect when spring first awoke them to beauty; but it would seem that the eye could never be allowed its independent judgment, fancy always stood by to admonish it of the unreality of all this fair appearance, till rainbow tints 'took a sober colouring;' and it found no heart to admire decay, robe itself in what hues it might. As a modern poet, keenly susceptible to the influences of fancy, and shivering in anticipation, even under the sun's warm glow, has sung—

'The autumn skies are flush'd with gold,
And fair and bright the rivers run;
These are but streams of winter cold,
• And painted mists that quench the sun.

'In secret boughs no sweet birds sing,
In secret boughs no bird can shroud;
These are but leaves that take to wing,
And wintry winds that pipe so loud.'

The present cannot console him for what he has lost, nor for the dreary prospect before him; he rejects it as some fair deception. With the poet of America it is different; doubtless their season is far more glorious than ours. There nature does all she can to hide the intention and the end of the grand short-lived pageant she represents. The hues of decay surpass in brilliancy summer's richest flowers—

'The sweet south-west wind at play
Flies rustling where the painted leaves are strewn.'

The sun

'Pours out on the fair earth his quiet smile,
The sweetest of the year.'

Where once was solemn gloom, it lets in through the forest shades unwonted rays;

'The sunny coloured foliage, in the breeze,
Twinkles like beams of light.'

Everything to the eye is more bright, more gay, more full of joy, than in the season of hope; and foreboding is lulled to sleep, careless of the future, in the luxury of the present hour. We cannot quarrel with this: it is time, and well becomes the old age of the world, that autumn should have its champions. We share the unalloyed pleasure; we thank the poet for his vivid beautiful pictures; he furnishes us with antidotes, when we are oppressed, through old associations, with the sadness of the time. Every creature of God is good, every season excellent; but still there will ever come back to us, thoughts of our first love; and we feel that on this earth hope gives a keener joy than anything we can attain to by fruition. One breath of the violet, one twitter of joyful anticipation, uttered amid the leafless branches, is enough to bring us back to our allegiance, and we own

‘The sweet spring-tide,
Worth all the changeful year beside.’

In America, however, even more than in our country, it needs a large share of this hopeful loyalty to do honour to the spring. With them, even more than with us, it is a season changeful, cold, bleak, and miry—a blustering contest between ice, wind, snow, and sun—and without some of our most intimate and delightful associations. There the snowdrop will not bloom till April, and the violet is scentless; yet doubtless they have their own alleviations to these privations.

‘March 31st.—One hears a great deal about the sudden outburst of spring in America, but in this part of the country (lat. 42—50°) the earlier stages of the season are assuredly very slow, and for many weeks its progress is gradual. It is only later in the day, when the buds are all full, and the flowers ready to open, that we see the sudden gush of life and joyousness, it is indeed at that moment almost magical in its beautiful effects. But this later period is a brief one, we have scarcely time to enjoy the sudden affluence of spring, ere she leaves us to make way for summer, and people exclaim at the shortness of the season in America. Meanwhile spring is with us in March, when we are yet sitting by the fire, and few heed her steps; now she betrays her presence in the sky, now in the waters, with the returning birds, upon some single tree, in a solitary plant, and each milder touch gives pleasure to those who are content to await the natural order of things.’—Vol i. p. 17.

The following is a May scene:—

‘Flowers are unfolding on all sides, in the fields, along the roadside, by the fences, and in the silent forest; one cannot go far in any path without finding some fresh blossoms. This is a delightful moment everywhere, but in the woods the awakening of spring must ever be especially fine. The chill sleep of winter, in a cold climate, is most striking within the forest, and we behold life and beauty awakening there in every object; the varied foliage clothing in tender wreaths every naked branch, the pale mosses reviving, a thousand young plants arising above the blighted herbage of

last year in cheerful succession, and ten thousand sweet flowers standing in modest beauty where a while since all was dull and lifeless.'—Vol. i. p. 79.

Bryant has a noble passage on the same forest scenery, which our readers will thank us for appending to the prose description :

Thou art here. Thou fill'st
The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds
That run along the summit of these trees
In music;—Thou art in the cooler breath
That, from the inmost darkness of the place,
Comes, scarcely felt; the barky trunks, the ground,
The fresh, moist ground, are all instinct with Thee.
Here is continual worship; nature here,
In the tranquillity that Thou dost love,
Enjoys Thy presence. Noiseless around,
From perch to perch, the solitary bird
Passes; and yon clear spring, that, midst its herbs,
Wells softly forth, and visits the strong roots
Of half the mighty forest, tells no tale
Of all the good it does. Thou hast not left
Thyself without a witness in these shades
Of thy perfections. Grandeur, strength, and grace,
Are here to speak of Thee. This mighty oak
By whose immovable stem I stand, and seem
Almost annihilated,—not a prince,
In all that proud old world beyond the deep,
E'er wore his crown as loftily as he
Wears the green coronal of leaves with which
Thy hand has graced him. Nestled at his root
Is beauty, such as blooms not in the glare
Of the broad sun. That delicate forest flower,
With scented breath, and look so like a smile,
Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mould,
An emanation of the indwelling Life,
A visible token of the upholding Love,
That are the soul of this wide universe.'

Such is its spring aspect. It is thus our authoress dwells on the forest's autumn change; very wonderful and beautiful it must be, and fit that it cause rejoicing among those whose lot it is to witness it.

'Oct. 11.—These are the heralds which announce the approach of a brilliant pageant; the moment chosen by autumn to keep the grand harvest home of America is at hand. In a few days comes another and a sharper frost, and the whole face of the country is changed; we enjoy with wonder and delight a natural spectacle, great and beautiful beyond the reach of any human means. . . . We behold the green woods becoming one mass of rich and varied colouring; it would seem as though Autumn, in honour of this high holiday, had collected all the past glories of the year, adding them to her own; she borrows the gay colours that have been lying, during the summer months, among the flowers, in the fruits, upon the plumage of the birds, on the wings of the butterfly, and working them together in broad and glowing masses, she throws them over the forest to grace her triumph; like

some great festival of an Italian city, where the people bring rich tapestries and hang them in their streets; where they unlock chests of heir-looms, and bring to light brilliant draperies, which they suspend from windows and balconies to gleam in the sunshine.

'The hanging woods of a mountainous country are especially beautiful at this season; the trees throwing out their branches, one above another, in bright variety of colouring and outline, every individual of the gay throng having a fancy of his own to humour. The oak loves a deep rich red, or a warm scarlet, though some of this family are partial to yellow. The chestnuts are all one shadeless mass of gold colour, from the highest to the lowest branch; the bass-wood or linden is orange; the aspen, with its silvery stem and branches, flutters in a lighter shade, like the wrought-gold of the jeweller; the samach, with its long pinnated leaf, is a brilliant scarlet; the pepperidge is almost purple; and some of the ashes approach the same shade during certain seasons. . . . As for the maples, they always rank first in the show, there is no other tree which contributes singly so much to the beauty of the season, for it unites more of brilliancy, with more of variety, than any of its companions, with us it is also more common than any other tree; here you have a soft maple vivid scarlet, from the highest to the lowest leaf; there is another, a sugar maple, a pure sheet of gold. This is dark crimson like the oak, that is vermilion; another is parti-coloured pink and yellow, green, red; yonder is one of a deep purplish hue; this is still green, that is mottled in patches, another is shaded, still another blends all these colours in its own branches in capricious confusion; the different limbs, the separate twigs, the single leaves, varying from each other in distinct colours and shaded tints.

'And in every direction a repetition of this magnificent picture meets the eye: in the woods that skirt the dimpled meadows, in the thickets and copses of the fields, in the bushes which fringe the brook, in the trees which line the streets and road-sides, in those of the lawns and gardens—brilliant and vivid in the nearest groves, gradually ripening in tone upon the further woods and successive knolls, until, in the distant background, the hills are coloured by a mingled confusion of tints, which defy the eye to seize them.'—Vol. ii. p. 73.

All this glory is American—a truly national splendour; it is somewhat remarkable that imported trees retain their European characteristics and are not tempted to rivalry or emulation by their gay companions. They vindicate the truthfulness of the poets of their native land, and keep their 'sober livery,' and 'russet hue.' They wither without brilliancy, and are 'pale' and 'sad' in their last decline. The pageant, like all bright things, is short-lived. Yet winter comes on by slow degrees; even up to Christmas there are soft warm days, so certainly to be depended on as to have a name, the Indian summer; till suddenly the ice sets in, and cold, rigid and stern, establishes his reign. The following is a pleasant, sober November scene, more English in its features, and in the reflections that it engenders, than our previous extracts:—

'Having reached the brow of a hill, we turned to enjoy the view; the grey meadows of the valley lay at our feet, and cattle were feeding in many of them. At this season the flocks and herds become a more distinct fea-

ture of the landscape than during the leafy luxuriance of summer; the thickets and groves no longer conceal them, and they turn from the sheltered spots, to seek the sunshine of the open fields, where their forms rise in full and warm relief upon the fading herbage. The trees have nearly lost their leaves, now scattered in russet showers about their roots, while the branches are drawn in shadowy lines by the autumn sun upon the bleached grass and withering foliage with which it is strewn. The woods are not absolutely bare, however; there are yet patches in the forest where the warm colouring of October has darkened into a reddish brown, and here and there a tree still throws a fuller shadow than belongs to winter. The waters of the river were gleaming through the bare thickets on its banks, and the pretty pool on the neat farm looked like a clear dark agate dropped amid the grey fields. A column of smoke rising slowly from the opposite hill, told of a wood that had fallen, of trees that had seen their last summer. The dun stubble of the old grain fields, and the darker soil of the newly ploughed lands, varied the grave November tints; while here and there in their midst lay a lawn of young wheat, sending up its green blades, soft and fresh, as though there were no winter in the year, growing more clear and life-like as all else becomes more dreary, a ray of hope on the pale brow of resignation."—Vol. ii. p. 112.

A considerable share of the present work is devoted to the Birds of the locality, to the appearance and disappearance, at stated times, of the birds of passage, and the habits of the more constant residents. America must be considered the kingdom of birds, the scene of their reign and preeminence. Leaving to the Old World undisturbed possession of the empire of the beasts, whose court is held in the desert and the jungle, to it belongs the display, in greatest majesty, beauty, and variety, of the infinite countless feather races; and to it the haunts—by stream and shore, in prairie, forest, and morass—wide and vast enough for their needs. All that float on air or ocean, from the thin keen air of the desolate shores of Labrador, to the heats of Florida and Mexico, all find here their most congenial home; here is the scene the best fitted for observing the wonders of Almighty power, in their marvellous capacities and instincts, and in the inexhaustible supply of nourishment for these thriftless pensioners on His bounty. But we cannot enter on the subject of the birds of America, without recurring to the descriptions given of them by their own peculiar historian and biographer, Audubon, of whom we have already made mention. Our authoress only sees them as they flit before her, as they visit her home and cross her path. The naturalist spent his life in attending on them in their haunts; in patient watches, day and night, to acquaint himself, not alone with their habits, but with their feelings; labours made light by the love with which he discovered indications of instincts almost human in their tenderness and forethought. Because, therefore, his descriptions are more minute and full of interest than those of any ordinary observer can be, we will extract from his work in our notices of some of the

more peculiar inmates of this vast region, not confining ourselves to the localities to which these rural scenes have been limited, but indulging in the privilege of change of scene our subjects so freely enjoy. The eagle is found throughout the Union, and merits, by its universal presence, to be the national ensign; 'Not unfrequently is it to be seen hovering over our own little lake,' says Miss Cooper; Audubon perches his tyrant on the wide shores of the Mississippi, where his propensities have grander scope. 'Kind reader,' to use his own endearing form of address, if in years past you have read this description, yet we think you will not be displeased once again to have brought before you the scene of terrible, irresponsible power. After some proud patriotic aspirations, he thus proceeds:—

'The great strength, daring, and cool courage of the white-headed eagle, joined to his unequalled power of flight, render him highly conspicuous among his brethren. To these qualities, did he add a generous disposition towards others, he might be looked up to as a model of nobility. The ferocious, overbearing, and tyrannical temper, which is ever and anon displaying itself in its actions, is, nevertheless, best adapted to his state, and was wisely given him by the Creator, to enable him to perform the office assigned to him.

'To give you, kind reader, some idea of the nature of this bird, permit me to place you on the Mississippi, on which you may float gently along, while approaching winter brings millions of water-fowl, on whistling wings, from the countries of the north, to seek a milder climate in which to sojourn for a season. The eagle is seen perched in an erect attitude, on the highest summit of the tallest tree, by the margin of the broad stream. His glistening but stern eye looks over the vast expanse. He listens attentively to every sound that comes to his quick ear from afar, glancing now and then on the earth beneath, lest even the slight tread of the fawn may pass unheard. His mate is perched on the opposite side, and, should all be tranquil and silent, warns him by a cry to continue patient. At this well-known call, the male partly opens his broad wings, inclines his body a little downwards, and answers to her voice in tones not unlike the laugh of a maniac. The next moment he resumes his erect attitude, and again all around is silent. Ducks of many species—the teal, the wigeon, the mallard, and others, are seen passing with great rapidity, and following the course of the current; but the eagle heeds them not; they are at that time beneath his attention. The next moment, however, the wild trumpet-like sound of a yet distant but approaching swan is heard. A shriek from the female eagle comes across the stream—for, kind reader, she is fully as alert as her mate. The latter suddenly shakes the whole of his body, and, with a few touches of his bill, aided by the action of his cuticular muscles, arranges his plumage in an instant. The snow-white bird is now in sight; her long neck is stretched forward, her eye is on the watch, vigilant as that of her enemy; her large wings seem with difficulty to support the weight of her body, although they flap incessantly. So irksome do her exertions seem, that her very legs are spread beneath her tail, to aid her in her flight. She approaches, however. The eagle has marked her for his prey. As the swan is passing the dreaded pair, starts from his perch, in full preparation for the chase, the male bird, with an awful scream, that to the swan's ear brings more terror than the report of the large duck-gun.

'Now is the moment to witness the display of the eagle's powers. He

glides through the air like a falling star, and, like a flash of lightning, comes upon the timorous quarry, which now, in agony and despair, seeks by various manœuvres to elude the grasp of his cruel talons. It mounts, doubles, and willingly would plunge into the stream, were it not prevented by the eagle, which, long possessed of the knowledge that, by such a stratagem, the swan might escape him, forces it to remain in the air, by attempting to strike it with his talons from beneath. The hope of escape is soon given up by the swan. It has become much weakened, and its strength fails at the sight of the courage and swiftness of its antagonist. Its last gasp is about to escape, when the ferocious eagle strikes with his talons the under-side of its wing, and with unresisted power forces the bird to fall in a slanting direction upon the nearest shore.

‘It is then, reader, that you may see the cruel spirit of this dreaded enemy of the feathered race, whilst, exulting over his prey, he for the first time breathes at ease. He presses down his powerful feet, and drives his sharp claws deeper than ever into the heart of the dying swan. He shrieks with delight, as he feels the last convulsions of his prey, which has now sunk under his unceasing efforts to render death as painfully felt as it can possibly be. The female has watched every movement of her mate; and if she did not assist him in capturing the swan, it was not from want of will, but merely that she felt full assurance that the power and courage of her lord were quite sufficient for the deed. She now sails to the spot where he eagerly awaits her, and, when she has arrived, they together turn the breast of the luckless swan upwards, and gorge themselves with gore.’

This is individual power: we wish we could find space for the account in full of another feature of the feathered race, affording example of their astounding numbers and the boundless spaces over which they range. The passenger pigeon still abounds in large flocks, and Miss Cooper makes more than one mention of them; but the interminable flocks seen by Audubon, who visited the locality many years past, must now have disappeared from the scene where he then beheld them, owing to the gradual clearing away of the forests which at once furnish their food and resting places. We can only liken their multitudes to the flock of quails which fell amongst the tents of Israel, to satisfy at once, the desire and appetite of a whole nation. These pigeons have astounding powers of flight; pigeons have been killed at New York with their crops full of rice, which they must have gathered in the fields of Georgia and Carolina; a velocity such as would enable one of these birds, if so inclined, to visit Europe in less than three days. Their migrations are effected, not for change of climate, but solely in search of food; and their power of vision is so strong, that at this swift rate, and high in the air, they can distinguish the nature of the ground beneath them, so as never to lower their flight or alight on barren ground. We must pass over calculations of numbers, and other interesting particulars, for want of space, and confine ourselves to one or two passages.

‘Whilst waiting for dinner at Young’s Inn, at the confluence of Salt River with the Ohio, I saw, at my leisure, immense legions still going by,

with a front reaching far beyond the Ohio on the west, and the beech-wood forests directly on the east of me. Not a single bird alighted; for not a nut or acorn was that year to be seen in the neighbourhood. They consequently flew so high, that different trials to reach them with a capital rifle proved ineffectual; nor did the reports disturb them in the least. I cannot describe to you the extreme beauty of their aerial evolutions, when a hawk chanced to press upon the rear of a flock. At once, like a torrent, and with a noise like thunder, they rushed into a compact mass, pressing upon each other towards the centre. In these almost solid masses, they darted forward in undulating and angular lines, descended and swept over the earth with inconceivable velocity, mounted perpendicularly so as to resemble a vast column, and when high, were seen wheeling and twisting within their continued lines, which then resembled the coils of a gigantic serpent.'

It was to some spectacle like this that we can trace the mysterious enraptured evolutions and comminglings which Dante attributes to the glorified spirits of the spheres, after certain hymns or acts of adoration.

'E come augelli surti di riviera,
Quasi congratulando a lor pasture
Fanno di sè ör tonda or lunga schiera;
Sì dentro a' lumi sante creature
Volitando cantavano, e faciensi
Or D. or I. or L. in sue figure.' (Sic.)

We will carry our readers now to the dormitory, on quite as large a scale as the rest of their appointments.

'Let us now, kind reader, inspect their place of nightly rendezvous. One of those curious roosting-places, on the banks of the Green River, in Kentucky, I frequently visited. It was, as is always the case, in the portion of the forest where the trees were of great magnitude, and where there was little underwood. I rode through it upwards of forty miles, and by crossing it in different parts found its average breadth to be rather more than three miles. My first view of it was almost a fortnight subsequent to the period when they had first made choice of it, and I arrived there nearly two hours before sunset. Few pigeons were then to be seen, but a great number of persons, with horses and waggons, guns and ammunition, had already established encampments on the borders. Two farmers from the vicinity of Russelsville, distant more than a hundred miles, had driven upwards of three hundred hogs to be fattened on the pigeons that were to be slaughtered. Here and there the people employed in plucking and salting what had already been procured, were seen sitting in the midst of large piles of these birds. Many trees, two feet in diameter, I observed, were broken off at no great distance from the ground; and the branches of many of the largest and tallest had given way, as if the forest had been swept by a tornado. Everything proved to me that the number of birds resorting to this part of the forest must be immense, beyond conception. As the period of their arrival approached, their foes anxiously prepared to receive them. Some were furnished with iron pots containing sulphur, others with torches of pine-knots, many with poles, and the rest with guns. The sun was lost to our view, yet not a pigeon had arrived. Everything was ready, and all eyes were gazing in the clear sky, which appeared in glimpses amidst the tall trees. Suddenly there burst forth a general cry, "Here they come!"

The noise which they made, though yet distant, reminded me of a hard gale at sea passing through the rigging of a close-reefed vessel. As the birds arrived and passed over me, I felt a current of air that surprised me. Thousands were soon knocked down by the pole-men. The birds continued to pour in. The fires were lighted, and a magnificent, as well as wonderful and almost terrifying sight presented itself. The pigeons arrived by thousands, alighted everywhere, one above another, until solid masses as large as hogsheads were formed on the branches all round. Here and there the perches gave way under the weight with a crash, and, falling to the ground, destroyed hundreds of the birds beneath, forcing down the dense groups with which every stick was loaded. It was a scene of uproar and confusion. I found it quite useless to speak, or even to shout to those persons who were nearest to me. Even the reports of the guns were seldom heard, and I was made aware of the firing only by seeing the shooters reloading.

'No one dared venture within the line of devastation. The hogs had been penned up in due time, the picking up of the dead and wounded being left for the next morning's employment. The pigeons were constantly coming, and it was past midnight before I perceived a decrease in the numbers of those that arrived. The uproar continued the whole night; and as I was anxious to know to what distance the sound reached, I sent off a man, accustomed to perambulate the forest, who, returning two hours afterwards, informed me he had heard it distinctly when three miles distant from the spot. Towards the approach of day the noise in some measure subsided. Long before objects were distinguishable, the pigeons began to move off, in a direction quite different from that in which they arrived the day before, and at sunrise all that were able to fly had disappeared.'

Birds are suggestive of the highest ideas of beauty. Not only their lovely forms, their exquisite hues, the grace of their flight, and the meaning and intelligence of their movements, are all full of beauty, but these are suggestive of something higher than what we see. These qualities all mingle with our most un-earthly hopes and aspirations, nor can we suppose the human frame perfect, or form a conception of heavenly ministrants, without investing them with the peculiar attributes of these tenants of air, not only as gifting them with new powers of motion, but as falling in with our visions of pure etherial freedom. Of all this beauty Audubon is most keenly susceptible, his painter's hand portrays it with poetical truth, his pen describes it with almost luxurious pleasure, and yet, at the end, laments the inadequacy of words to convey the admiration with which it inspires him; while the fair, or vast, or solemn scenes of nature, the haunts of these spirits of the woods or shores, impress him with a simple child-like love and veneration, which it is his gift to impart in a measure to his readers, together with some realization of the outward features of the landscape. His graceful portrait of the Humming Bird is a miniature, and so contrasts with the bolder style of the preceding descriptions; we give it as an example of tenderness and delicacy of touch :—

'Where is the person who, on seeing this lovely little creature moving on humming winglets through the air, suspended as if by magic in it, flitting from one flower to another, with motions as graceful as they are bright and airy, pursuing its course over our extensive continent, and yielding new delights wherever it is seen ;—where is the person, I ask of you, kind reader, who on observing this glittering fragment of the rainbow, would not pause, admire, and instantly turn his mind with reverence towards the Almighty Creator, the wonders of whose hand we at every step discover? . . . No sooner has the returning sun again introduced the vernal season, and caused millions of plants to expand their leaves and blossoms to his genial beams, than the little humming-bird is seen advancing on fairy wings, carefully visiting every opening flower's cup. . . . Poised in the air, it is observed peeping cautiously, and with sparkling eye, into their innermost recesses, whilst the ethereal motions of its pinions, so rapid and so light, appear to fan and cool the flower without injuring its fragile texture, and produce a delightful murmuring sound, well adapted for lulling the insects to repose. Then is the moment for the humming-bird to secure them. . . . The prairies, the fields, the orchards and gardens, nay, the deepest shades of the forests, are all visited in their turn, and everywhere the little bird meets with pleasure and with food. Its gorgeous throat, in beauty and brilliancy, baffles all competition. Now it glows with a fiery hue, and again it is changed to the deepest velvety black. The upper parts of its delicate body are of resplendent changing green ; and it throws itself through the air with a swiftness and a vivacity scarcely conceivable. It moves from one flower to another like a gleam of light, upwards, downwards, to the right, to the left.'

This little bird seems to have that charm and fascination which is part of the birthright of the beautiful, and which in the human possessor is too often attributed to consciousness and design. It is the gift of those who are always acceptable, and always please, and have known no blight or chill to throw them back into themselves. The following picture of airy grace is a pretty typical representation of such a manner :—

'I wish it were in my power at this moment, to impart to you, kind reader, the pleasures which I have felt whilst watching the movements, and viewing the manifestation of feelings displayed by a single pair of these most favourite little creatures, when engaged in the demonstration of their love for each other ; how the male swells his plumage and throat, and, dancing on the wing, whirls around the delicate female ; how quickly he dives towards a flower, and returns with a loaded bill, which he offers to her to whom alone he feels desirous to be united ; how full of ecstasy he seems to be when his caresses are kindly received ; how his little wings fan her, as they fan the flowers, and he transfers to her bill the insect and the honey which he has procured with a view to please her ; how these attentions are received with apparent satisfaction ; how, soon after, the blissful compact is sealed ; how then the courage and care of the male are redoubled, how he even dares to give chase to the tyrant flycatcher, hurries the blue-bird and the martin to their boxes, and how, on sounding pinions, he joyously returns to his lovely mate. Reader, all these proofs of the sincerity, fidelity, and courage, with which the male assures his mate of the care he will take of her while sitting in her nest, may be seen, and have been seen, but cannot be portrayed or described.'

This light-hearted, good-humoured courage belongs very much

to the same class of character to which we have likened this lovely little creature, and has much the same effect on those towards whom it is shown, who, except in the case of some slower, duller spirit, receive its displays with an admiring indulgence.

'No bird,' we are told, 'seems to resist their attacks; but they are sometimes chased by the larger kinds of humble-bees, of which they seldom take the least notice, as their superiority of flight is sufficient to enable them to leave these slow-moving insects far behind, in the short space of a minute.'—*Audubon*, vol. ii. p. 248.

Nor is the ear of this ardent lover of Nature less susceptible of pleasure than the eye. He is awake to every sound, familiar with every note and cry, and alive to every impression, joyous or sad, they are calculated to awaken. Witness his tender address to the Wood-thrush, whose clear hopeful tones have often saved him from despondency, recalling him in the midst of mental doubt, and bodily discomfort, to fresh hopes and a strengthened confidence in his vocation. Or this tribute to the songster of America, the Mocking Bird, to whose strain he gives a preeminence over our nightingale, whom he likens to an untaught maiden, yet wanting that finish which Nature with careful lessons has imparted to the other. We know not this finished performer, and own to feeling a national jealousy at the injurious comparison. His description begins with a glowing picture of its favourite home, as different in colour and brilliancy from the haunts of our modest warbler, as the character of their songs can possibly be. The scene is in Louisiana. 'It is where the great Magnolia shoots up its majestic trunk, 'crowned with evergreen leaves, and decorated with a thousand 'beautiful flowers, that perfume the air around.'

'It is there you should listen to the love-song of the Mocking Bird, as I this moment do. See how he flies round his mate, with motions as light as those of the butterfly! His tail is widely expanded, he mounts in the air to a small distance, describes a circle, and again alighting, approaches his beloved one, his eyes gleaming with delight, for she has already promised to be his, and his only. His beautiful wings are gently raised, he bows to his love, and again bouncing upwards opens his bill, and pours forth his melody, full of exultation at the conquest he has made.

'They are not the soft sounds of the flute, or of the hautboy that I hear, but the sweeter notes of Nature's own music. The mellowness of the song, the varied modulations and gradations, the extent of its compass, the great brilliancy of execution, are unrivalled. There is probably no bird in the world that possesses all the musical qualifications of this king of song, who has derived all from Nature's self,—yes, reader, all! . . . When these scenes, visible only to the ardent lover of Nature, are over, he dances through the air, full of animation and delight, and as if to convince his lovely mate that to enrich her hopes he has much more love in store, he that moment begins anew, and imitates all the notes which Nature has imparted to the other songsters of the grove.'

Every indication of parental affection is fondly noticed and dwelt upon by our author. The watchfulness of the female bird, her patience, her courage, her skill, her resources in eluding the designs of her enemies, are all tenderly enumerated, and have been the subjects with him of long and happy study. The pleasures of a collector never made him cruel, he repents every experiment, from the ineffectual attempt to suffocate the Eagle,—when the noble bird's bold unshrinking eye abashed him, till he could scarce look his prisoner in the face,—to his experiments on the powers of abstinence of the Guillemots, whose condition haunted him for days till he could release them. The hen-bird, it must be confessed, in most cases deserves *all* the praise for parental care; he is frequently extremely severe on the conduct of the male parent towards its defenceless offspring. Here is the mother Cormorant and her young, seen in the most endearing relation towards each other :—

‘Look at the birds before you, and mark the affectionate glance of the mother as she stands beside her beloved younglings. I wish you could have witnessed the actions of such groups as I did, while in Labrador. Methinks I still see the high rolling billows of the S. Lawrence, breaking in foaming masses against the huge cliffs, on the shelves of which the Cormorant places its nest. I lie flat on the edge of the precipice some hundred feet above the turbulent waters; and now crawling along with all care, I find myself only a few yards above the spot on which the parent bird and her young are fondling each other, quite unconscious of my being near. How delighted I am to witness their affectionate gratulations, hear their lisping notes, mark the tremulous motions of their expanded throats, and the curious vacillations of their heads and necks! The kind mother gently caresses each alternately with her bill; the little ones draw nearer to her, and, as if anxious to evince their gratitude, rub their heads against hers. How pleasing all this is to me! But at this moment the mother accidentally looks upwards; her keen eye has met mine.’

A scene of terror and confusion ensues, for which we have not space, in which the mother bird enacts a part to divert his attention from her young. Take again the Mallard, in whom the same maternal instincts are most powerful. The young ones are just hatched.

‘What beautiful creatures! see how with their little bills they dry their downy apparel. How in a long line one after another, they follow their glad mother to the water, on arriving at which they take to swimming and diving, as if elated with joy for having been introduced into existence. The male is far away on some other pond. The unnatural barbarian cares nothing about his progeny, nor has a thought arisen in his mind respecting the lonely condition of his mate, the greatness of her cares, or the sadness she may experience under the idea that she has been utterly forsaken by him who once called her only his truly beloved. No, reader; not a thought of this kind has he wasted on her whom he has left alone in charge of a set of eggs, and now of a whole flock of innocent ducklings, to secure which from danger, and see them all grow up apace, she manifests the greatest care and anxiety. . . . Once I found a female leading her young

through the woods, and no doubt conducting them towards the Ohio. When I first saw her, she had already observed me, and had squatted flat among the grass with her brood around her. As I moved onwards, she ruffled her feathers, and hissed at me in the manner of a goose, while the little ones scampered off in all directions. I had an excellent dog, well instructed to catch young birds without injuring them, and I ordered him to seek for them. On this, the mother took to wing and flew through the woods as if about to fall down at every yard or so. She passed and re-passed over the dog, as if watching the success of his search; and as one after another the ducklings were brought to me, and struggled in my bird-bag, the distressed parent came to the ground near me, rolled and tumbled about, and so affected me by her despair, that I ordered my dog to lie down, while, with a pleasure that can be felt only by those who are parents themselves, I restored to her the innocent brood, and walked off. As I turned round to observe her, I really thought I could perceive gratitude expressed in her eye; and a happier moment I never felt while rambling in search of knowledge through the woods.'—*Audubon*, vol. iii. p. 168.

Nor is it only in this one portion of the animal kingdom that his observation is so acute, his sympathy so wakeful. While on the subject of maternal instinct, we are tempted to quote another passage, both in admiration of the instance itself, and in evidence of his powers of discernment; the subject being the little sun-fish, a species of Perch, common throughout America. The feelings of fishes are so little subject to our penetration, that any exemplification of them is valuable. Having described with tender appreciation the beauty of this little fish, and a certain purity for which it is remarkable—a need of sun, and clear waters, and gravelly bottoms; having painted the brightness of its changing hues, and the firmness, grace, and precision of its movements, endowing it with all the good qualities of which a fish is capable, and particularizing the form of the area and embankment it constructs in the sand for its eggs; he goes on to say:—

'Instead of abandoning its spawn as others of the family are wont to do, this little fish keeps guard over it with all the care of a sitting bird. You observe it poised over its bed, watching the objects around. Should the rotten leaf of a tree, a piece of wood, or any other substance happen to be rolled over the borders of the bed, the sun-fish carefully removes it, holding the obnoxious matter in its mouth, and dropping it over the margin. Having many times witnessed this act of prudence and cleanliness in the little sunny, and observing that at this period it will not seize any kind of bait, I took it into my head one fair afternoon to make a few experiments, for the purpose of judging how far its instinct or reason might induce it to act, when disturbed or harassed. Provided with a fine fishing-line, and such insects as I knew were relished by this fish, I reached a sand-bar covered by about one foot of water, where I had previously seen many deposits. Approaching the nearest to the shore with great care, I baited my hook with a living ground worm, the greater part of which was at liberty to writhe as it pleased, and throwing the line up the stream, managed it so that at last it passed over the border of the nest, when I allowed it to remain on the bottom. The fish I perceived had marked

me, and as the worm intruded on its premises, he swam to the further side, there poised himself for a few moments, then approached the worm and carried it in its mouth over the side next to me; with a care and gentleness so very commendable as to afford me much surprise: I repeated the experiment six or seven times, and always with the same result. Then changing the bait, I employed a young grasshopper which I floated into the egg-bed. The insect was removed as the worm had been, and two attempts to hook the fish proved unsuccessful. I now threw my line with the hook bare, and managed as before. The sunny appeared quite alarmed. It swam to one side, then to another in rapid succession, and seemed to entertain a fear that the removal of the suspicious object might prove extremely dangerous to it. Yet it gradually approached the hook, took it deliberately up, and the next instant dropped it over the edge of the bed!

'Reader, if you are one who, like me, have studied Nature with a desire to improve your mental faculties, and contemplate the wonderful phenomena that present themselves to view at every step we take in her wide domain, you would have been struck, had you witnessed the actions of this little fish, as I was, with admiration of the Being who gave such instincts to so humble an object. I gazed with amazement on the little creature, and wondered that Nature had endowed it with such feelings and power. The inexpressible desire of acquiring knowledge prompted me to continue the experiment; but with whatever dexterity I could in those days hook a fish, all my efforts proved abortive, not with this individual only, but with many others, which I subjected to the same trials.'

Nor are these biographies less rich in lighter touches. Traits of character and humour abound in them. Birds have their odd, shrewd, ludicrous, or petulant ways, the same as any of our human acquaintance; and all find due notice here. Witness the pompous parading of the wild turkey, and their profound ceremoniousness in all their relations towards each other; the fiery pugnacity of the finch tribe; the gluttony of the great gull, and many others; the sly experience of the crow. We will confine ourselves to a short sketch of the humours of the Barred Owl—'the Sancho Panza of the woods;' clearly a very different personage from the popular notion of him, either as the bird of Minerva, or the type of the most stupid of our acquaintance:—

'How often, when snugly settled under the boughs of my temporary encampment, and preparing to roast a venison steak, or the body of a squirrel, on a wooden spit, have I been saluted with the exulting bursts of this nightly disturber of the peace that, had it not been for him, would have prevailed around me, as well as in my lonely retreat! How often have I seen this nocturnal marauder alight within a few yards of me, exposing his whole body to the glow of my fire, and eye me in such a curious manner that, had it been reasonable to do so, I would gladly have invited him to walk in and join me in my repast, that I might have enjoyed the pleasure of forming a better acquaintance with him. The liveliness of his motions, joined to their oddness, have often made me think that his society would be at least as agreeable as that of many of the buffoons we meet with in the world. . . . Should the weather be lowering and indicative of the approach of rain, their cries are so multiplied during the day, and especially in the evening, and they respond to each other in tones so strange, that

one might imagine some extraordinary fête about to take place among them. On approaching one of them, its gesticulations are seen to be of a very extraordinary nature. The position of the bird, which is usually erect, is immediately changed; it lowers its head and inclines its body, to watch the motions of the person beneath; throws forward the lateral feathers of its head, which thus has the appearance of being surrounded by a broad ruff; looks towards him, as if half blind, and moves its head to and fro in so extraordinary a manner as almost to induce a person to fancy that part dislocated from the body. It follows all the motions of the intruder with its eyes; and, should it suspect any treacherous intentions, flies off to a short distance, alighting with its back to the person, and immediately turning about with a single jump, to recommence its scrutiny. In this manner the Barred Owl may be followed to a considerable distance, if not shot at, for to halloo after it does not seem to frighten it much. But if shot at and missed, it removes to a considerable distance; after which its *whah-whah-whah*, is uttered with considerable pomposity.

But it is time we came to an end of our extracts, for the length of which we owe an apology to our readers. Were it not for the consideration already advanced of the soothing charm which may be found in times of excitement in the faithful portraiture of natural objects and scenes, we should not have ventured on extracts from a work which ought to be well known, and probably is to many of our readers; others, however, not making natural history a study, may have passed it over as a catalogue of dry details. It is not only a record of birds, but of a state of things rapidly passing away. Many of the scenes he most eloquently describes are now cleared and cultivated; they have lost their beauty and become useful in the common sense of the term; the flower is changing into fruit—forest scenes have passed into ‘rural scenes,’ their interminable monotonous depths have let in sunshine and variety, every year cultivation makes fresh inroads on the shadows, till their influence on the imagination is changing its character, no longer a fact, but an antiquity. When will scenes such as the following be a tradition, and their describer a chronicler of the past? The morass holds its grasp firmer than the forest, but cultivation and progress may overcome in the end. It recalls the ‘gloomy horrors’ of our old poets, and might haunt the fancy of childhood like the tales of ghosts and goblins of our own infancy. Every land has, doubtless, compensation for what seem its deficiencies, the imagination is seldom without appropriate food; if America has no dim past, no line of herokings, no architectural glories of times gone by—it has its awful shades and sublime terrors, its secret haunts, the wild beast’s lair, and the eagle’s eirie. When the light of common day shall have banished these to the night of history, then, if time shall last, will it have human records and human strifes to dignify thought and being in their room.

'I wish, kind reader,' says Audubon, 'it were in my power to present to your mind's eye the favourite resort of the Ivory-billed Woodpecker. Would that I could describe the extent of those deep morasses, overshadowed by millions of gigantic dark cypresses, spreading their sturdy moss-covered branches, as if to admonish intruding man to pause and reflect on the many difficulties he must encounter, should he persist in venturing further into their almost inaccessible recesses, extending for miles before him, where he should be interrupted by huge projecting branches, here and there the massy trunk of a fallen and decaying tree, and thousands of creeping and twining plants of numberless species! Would that I could represent to you the dangerous nature of the ground, its oozing, spongy, and miry disposition, although covered by a beautiful though treacherous carpeting, composed of the richest mosses, flags, and water-lilies, no sooner receiving the pressure of the foot, than it yields and endangers the very life of the adventurer, whilst here and there as he approaches an opening, that proves merely a lake of black muddy water, his ear is assailed by the dismal croaking of innumerable frogs, the hissing of serpents, or the bellowing of alligators! Would that I could give you an idea of the sultry, pestiferous atmosphere that nearly suffocates the intruder during the meridian heat of our dog-days, in those gloomy and horrible swamps! But the attempt to picture these scenes would be vain. Nothing short of ocular demonstration can impress any adequate idea of them.'

But we have wandered far from the humbler interests that promised to engage us. Nothing can form a greater contrast to the busy stir of rural life than the solitudes, so dear to the naturalist, which precede them. To him it is not possible but that the settler's homely cares shall not sometimes appear a desecration of those scenes his thoughts have lived in. He cannot fail to have moments of that sentiment inherent in poetical natures, 'the former times were better than these,' as he looks back on the dense and lofty forests, 'once every where spread along the hills,' now fallen before the axe—the awful silences now broken by the din of hammers and machinery—the track of the elk, the deer, and the buffalo, now exchanged for the traffic of man—the broad stream once rippled only by his solitary skiff or the Indian's canoe, now turbid with a hundred steamers. When he sees the rush of civilization, the adventurer from Europe, bent on money and progress, clearing for himself a *bustling* home amid the flowery stillness of the wilderness, we can well excuse his modest doubt in face of the world's judgment, 'Whether these changes are for the better or

for the worse, I shall not pretend to say.' That they may be indefinitely for the better, we at least may feel sure, who bear in our minds the sacred words of preference of man over every inferior creature. Only let our neighbours in their earthly abundance be mindful of the true riches, in their worldly freedom not slight the happy restraints of Christ's fold, and every soul added to their population, every new element and resource increasing their prosperity shall be welcomed by us with unmingled unenvying gratulation, and all the genial sympathies of kindred and brotherhood.

- ART. V.—1. *The Ecclesiologist*. London: Masters. 1842—1850.
- 2.—*Revival of Ecclesiastical Architecture*. By A. W. PUGIN, ESQ. London: Dolman. 1843.
- 3.—*Prayer-Book of the Oratory of S. Philip Neri in London*. London: Burns & Lambert. 1850.
- 4.—*Hymn-Book of the Oratory of S. Philip Neri in London*. London: Burns & Lambert. 1850.
- 5.—*The School of S. Philip Neri. From the Italian. Edited by the Rev. F. W. FABER*. London: Burns & Lambert. 1850.

THE confession of inability to handle adequately a subject has become a conventionalism about as threadbare for the exordium of an article as the invocation of Clio to lead off a schoolboy's copy of Hexameters. Still, we so sincerely feel our present inability, that we are desirous of incurring all the ridicule inseparable from commencing with it. The questions which we have designated in our heading by two words of very modern mintage, touch upon subjects the most mysterious and exalted which can concern incarnate man—the visible worship of his God in the Catholic Church. To treat it with any completeness, we must first define with something which ought to be a technical generalization, the theory of worship in the Universal Church, which we venture to term Ecclesiology—a word which has been brought into circulation in other quarters, and is generally understood in a restricted sense. Having done this, we shall find ourselves in a position to deal with that more local, but most interesting, question which has led us to enter upon the subject at all,—the consideration, that is, of certain corruptions of this theory, which have had their rise in Churches in communion with the Roman See. We shall discover that these have impregnated more and more the ritual system of that communion till at length they had become its virtual, but not recognised rule, and that they have, within a very few years, finding themselves unexpectedly confronted by a systematic revival of the older and truer view, both in the Anglican and the Roman communions, striven to maintain their ground by an antagonistic systematizing, chiefly amongst the congregation recently imported into England of Oratorians, whose identification with their superior, Dr. Newman, has led to the noticeable result of his theory of development being directed to explore corruptions in ritual as well as in doctrinal matters. Hence, having no better name for the movement, we have designated it

Oratorianism, a word under which it has already got current in conversation and even in print.

We have long been anxious to discuss this subject, but those stirring events which have, since our last number appeared, been passing about us, have rendered us if possible more so, feeling as we do how very desirable it is, in these times of feverish and unhealthy strife, to turn oneself, if one can, from the last most unhappy results of disunion to a somewhat calm investigation of any causes which have led to it, so as, if it be granted to us, to contribute something towards their future remedy, and to lay up something which may serve as an indication, however vague, of any one of the reasons which have conducted to the rending of the vest of Christ, and so help to that adjustment of differences, free, generous, and forgiving, which will and must take place, if ever the eyes of the pilgrims of the earth are to be blessed with the realization of that fair vision which cheers them in their weary wanderings through the valley of the shadow of death—the vision of the true Church of the Future, when Ephraim shall not envy Judah—the Catholic Church at one again, purified, and undivided.

It may be thought that such a train of thought is beyond the scope of our subject, and rather suited to commence a formal treatise on doctrine. This, however, we can in no way admit; ritualism has that connexion with doctrine that one almost necessarily follows the other, just as the body and the mind affect each other; and in the ritual shortcomings of all branches of the Universal Church, we can easily trace the correlatives of other shortcomings of a more spiritual kind, inseparable, we might almost say, from the condition of disunion.

Christian worship is derived from that of the old faith. The Jewish worship was, as all sects allow, of two kinds—the more solemn rite of sacrifice, and the auxiliary offering of prayer and praise, and reading of Holy Scripture. The former, confined at first to the Tabernacle, and then to the Temple; the latter, common to the Temple and to the Synagogue: the former a thing which perished at the destruction of the Temple; the latter a thing which continues to our own day: the former, the act alone of high-priest, priests, and levites; the latter, a pious work in which the reader and the choir, composed of children of every tribe, are called on to take the lead. That Christian worship strictly follows this analogy is not a matter of such concurrent acceptance, and yet that it does so, is only another way of expressing the great truth that it is a sacramental system; the external symbol, in short, of the great quarrel between Catholic and Sectarian. ‘*Opus Dei quod singulis diebus, horis propriis ac distinctis, in Ecclesiis et Oratoriis*

' nostris celebratur, duplex est ; Missa et Officium divinum,' is the majestic—majestic, from its truth and simplicity,—commencement of the *Rituale Cisterciense*. As the Jewish Church had its bloody offerings, so the Christian Church has the unbloody sacrifice of the holy Eucharist ; as the songs of Miriam, and David, and Habakkuk were sung in the assemblies of Israel after the flesh, so do they resound with deeper import in the united worship of the true people of God.

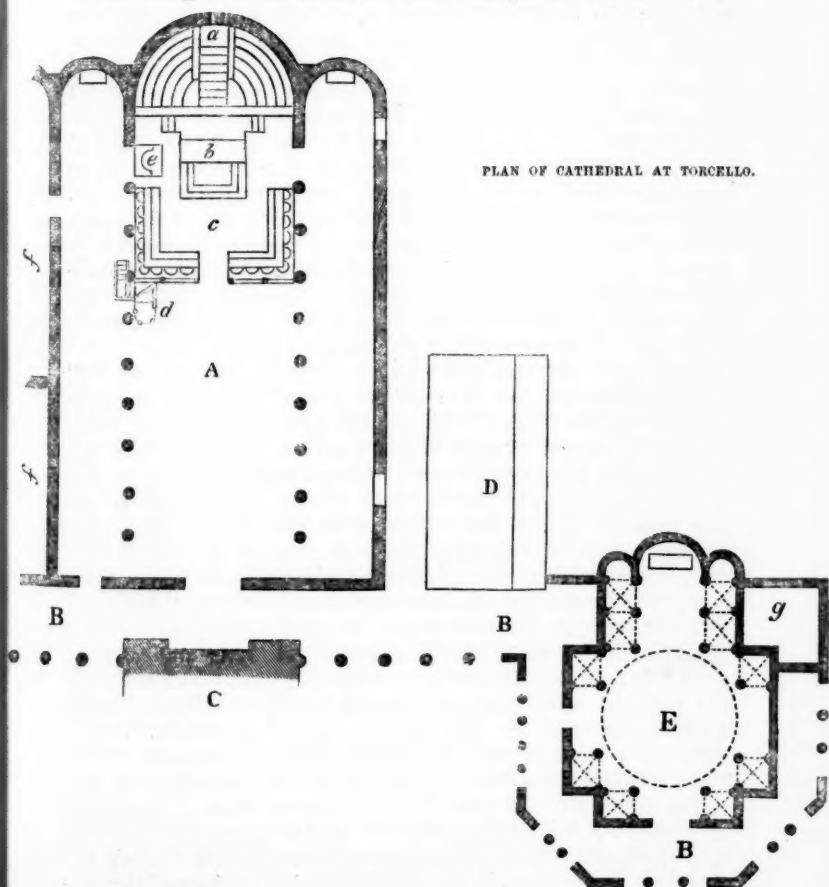
But our object is not now to establish the general truth of Catholic worship against the Protestant counterfeit, which Lord Ashley and his friends at Freemasons' Tavern would fain substitute for it—but to point out the various distortions to which it has been subjected in the Church itself, which have so recently culminated in England, though not in the Church of England, through the Oratorian system.

Few of our readers, we trust, need be told how, both in the primitive and mediæval Church, the double nature of the worship, and the triple nature of the congregation—those in holy orders, namely—those either not *in* Holy Orders, or performing the essential work of such at the time, but ministering about sacred things—and those who were simply laity, simply the bulk of the congregation—were at once symbolized by the construction of the building, double at the same time, and triple in its arrangement ; having for the third class the nave, for the first and second that bipartite unity, which was sometimes (in later times that is) considered as one member of the whole edifice under the name of chancel or choir, and sometimes more properly considered as forming two divisions ; the holiest, or Eucharistic division being termed the Bema, or Exedra, or Apsis, or Altare, in earlier days, in later times the Presbytery or Sanctuary ; or in a few churches (as now at Westminster Abbey), the Sacrarium : the less sacred passing under the appellation, in primitive times, of the Chorus Cantorum, afterwards of the Chancel (properly speaking) in parish churches, chorus, or choir being retained in collegiate or monastic ones. Such, broadly speaking, is the universal type of all Catholicly arranged churches ; of San Clemente at Rome, and, before the infidel trod it under foot, of the Church of The Eternal Wisdom at Constantinople, and of the model cathedral of Sarum in England. Two differences existed between primitive and later times, and we will honestly say, we think that in these matters the changes proved development towards a more perfect realization of the principle of Ecclesiology, both in the Eastern and the Western Church. In earlier Churches, those in Holy Orders sat in the Bema, behind the high altar, both during the 'Missa' and the 'Officium Divinum,' the 'Cantores' during the one, as during the other, occupying the 'Chorus.'

Subsequently, all being equally Cantores during the 'Officium Divinum,' the custom obtained of all those in Holy Orders occupying during the lower worship the lower place, and of those only advancing to the Holiest of Holies, at the Missa or Liturgy (to give both the Western and the Eastern term), who should be themselves actively engaged in the particular celebration; their brethren of the same rank, as before, remaining below in the cantoral place, the stalls of the chancel. The other change arising from this, was that while in the older Churches, when the nature of the rite permitted it, the Bema was placed at the west end, and the celebrating priest looked *eastward*, facing the people, on that side of the altar furthest from them, (the altar, we need not say, being detached from the wall,) and immediately beneath the Bema; in the later Churches, the Church being turned eastwards, and the altar pushed back, the priest stood at its west side, facing eastward, and with his back to the people. It will be seen that under all these various situations, in east and west, the Priest stood at the broad side of the altar and facing eastward, the position restored to the English Church by the Martyr Laud, when he replaced the 'Lord's Table' altar-wise, *κτῆμα ἐς ἀεὶ* we trust to our communion. As a portion of this change, we may observe that the usual position of the Bishop's throne was shifted from the central point of the Apse or Bema, to a side place in the choir. Some Cathedral Churches, however, retained till the last century (Canterbury for instance), or still retain this old tradition, and conspicuously amongst them S. Peter's, Rome. Modern bad taste to us, has, however, stuck a subsidiary altar immediately beneath the throne, (which throne is employed, of course, in the enthronization of the Pope.) In consequence of this, Protestants, and not merely Protestants, but Anglo-Catholics, ignorant of ritual lore, have had the unfortunate temerity to apply to this the awful prophecy in the 2d Epistle to the Thessalonians, that Antichrist shall sit in the Temple of God, showing himself that he is God, with a very strange forgetfulness that those who seek Antichrist in their own opponents, might find his type elsewhere in that prophecy of Daniel, which announces that he (as fore-shadowed by Antiochus Epiphanes) shall take away the daily sacrifice. We are grieved to see that a respected divine among ourselves, in his recently published lecture, 'Is the Church of Rome the Babylon of the Book of the Revelation?' should have contributed to give currency to this notion.

But to return from this digression—an illustration is worth all description. Southern Europe still possesses a Cathedral, small and neglected, but perhaps the most interesting in the world ritually (apart from historical association), in the desolate Island

of Torcello, near Venice, once a bustling commercial seaport town. This mouldering church contains both the Bema of the primitive, and the choir of the mediæval church, the former of venerable antiquity, the latter not later than, it is supposed, the eleventh century. Of this church we are, through the kindness of the publisher of Mr. Webb's *Continental Ecclesiology*, enabled to present the ground plan. Those concentric seats imitated from the Roman theatre (for the primitive Church was not afraid of being called histrionic,) are the Exedræ, the old seats of the clergy. The stalls below, precisely like those to be found in our old parish churches, are their later place—*a* is the ancient



PLAN OF CATHEDRAL AT TORCELLO.

bishop's throne, *e* the more modern one : *b* the present altar, but Mr. Webb conceives that the ancient high altar stood nearer the Apse. With this plan before their eyes, our readers will at one glance realize the two general types of the Ecclesia of the Western Church. From the earliest days some division existed between the people and the altar, called in Greek *κρίκλιδες*, and in Latin *Cancelli*, which was apparently at first a partition running round the Chorus Cantorum, which in the earlier churches projected like a peninsula into the body of the nave, instead of being, as in most cases later architects more skilfully contrived, determined by the main architectural features of the building; the chief semi-exceptions being, strange to say, the noblest buildings, Cathedrals and Monastic Churches, where the choir often ran west of the transepts, though always bounded by the side arcades. Latterly, when the lateral boundaries of the chancel became entirely or in great part constructional, either in the shape of its side walls, or, if it had aisles, of the arcade, the western barrier became of more importance, and was in the western church permanently established between the nave and chancel, or choir, under the appellation of rood-screen, while the eastern church as pertinaciously allotted to it (there termed *iconostasis*) the function of separating the sanctuary from the choir, leaving the separation between the latter and the nave very slight. A western rood-screen of a very early date is indicated in the plan of Torcello Cathedral.

Such, generally speaking with some variations which we shall mention hereafter, was the type of a Christian Church throughout the visible fold, till about the year of our Lord 1500, when the sins of pontiffs like Alexander VI. and Julius II. had reduced Christian Rome to a condition as odious as that of the Pagan city, in the times of its deepest corruption. At this unhappy epoch the venerable Basilica of St. Peter's was re-built; and in the new fabric we behold the high altar standing naked and unguarded in the midst of a vast hall, without any of the traditionary fittings of a church—without sanctuary or choir, without throne near it, or rood screen; such was a gigantic victory of antitraditionary eclecticism: and starting from this date, we perceive a growing forgetfulness of the same old rules of the Universal Church in the reformed English communion, and we also see the precedent of St. Peter's followed with more or less of completeness throughout the Roman communion, both in the building of new churches, and the mutilating of old ones, down to our own time. Just so in England, we behold the churches of the three last centuries displaying, with the bright gleams of Laud's and Cosin's restorations, every conceivable and increasing variety of the tra-

ditions bequeathed to us, by the yet undivided Church, and by our own Church of the middle ages, which the compilers of the Prayer Book had intended should, when not expressly contradicted, be its interpreter. In our own times we have beheld a return to ancient tradition, both amongst ourselves, and amongst the Roman Catholics, and still more lately we have seen amongst the latter that aggressive attempt to systematize and uphold the deviations of modern days, which we are endeavouring to handle in the present article. Such is the spectacle presented by the Western Church. The aspect of the East continues changeless and serene in its old rules and ancestral observances.

One principal cause of the troubles which beset the Western Church, at and since the commencement of the sixteenth century, is very simple, and not to say homely in its statement, although the results into which it has ramified, are most complex. They greatly centre in one fact, that the mediæval Church faltered and delayed too long in its recognition of the expansion of the popular mind, and that, consequently, when it did begin to remodel itself, it did not know where to begin or what to do, and in its attempts to do something, only shifted instead of remedying confusion.

We have lately been writing, as our readers might complain, almost exclusively architecturally, but churches are but halls after all, if not regarded in connexion with the service celebrated in them. In the primitive Church the 'Opus Dei' was as later two-fold, and it was collective and congregational, as well as vernacular. In the mediæval Church it continued to be two-fold, but it ceased to be vernacular, and, except in churches which were collegiate (to use the most general word), the *Officium Divinum* ceased to be necessarily collective, and nowhere, we feel we may speak generally, was it congregational. Then came the days of the Reformation, and the Roman Church, with a most deplorable deficiency of courage, would neither make the *Opus Dei* in either branch vernacular, nor the *Officium Divinum* at all congregational; the congregational attendance at (not participation in the office of) the *Missa*, the chief remnant of collective worship, being encouraged by the building of Churches consisting of altar alone, and nave, and therefore unsuited to the Divine Office. The English Reformers went to work root and branch, too much so, it might be said, in many particulars, but in principle, in a clear-sighted and decisive manner, by rendering (while retaining strongly the distinction between them—more strongly, we might say, in their popular features, from the nudity to which they reduced it,) both the '*Missa*,' called *Mass* in the first Prayer Book of Edward VI.,

and Divine Office at once vernacular, collective, and congregational. In the Roman Communion things could not stop as they were—popular devotion craved for vernacular food. The result has been a singular system of compromise. On the one hand, the Mass and the observances growing from it, 'Benediction' in particular, which we shall more fully treat hereafter, have almost exclusively occupied the churches, Vespers alone as an authoritative service at the various divisions of the Divine Office struggling for a recognition, which, as we shall presently see is at this moment a subject of attack. On the other hand, an irregular bundle of vernacular forms of worship, litanies, methodistical hymns, and modern prayers, &c., have accumulated, and are encouraged by authority as the playthings so to speak, of the laity, who, it is assumed, cannot compass anything better, while the old and venerable *Officium Divinum*, the breviary services, are remanded to the mere private use of the clergy, to be recited apart or together, as the thing may be most convenient, and with a licence of anticipation which will have made to-day's matins the early afternoon work of yesterday, this evening's vespers the early work of the commencing day. To the laity, we repeat, the breviary (with the sole exception of vespers,) irrespective of its not being in the vernacular language, is not perhaps a sealed book, but a book which is about as currently in practical use among them as the Homilies are amongst ourselves.

This state of things Oratorianism dares not only to vindicate but to formalize, accompanying the audacious feat with a bold confession of the most anti-primitive tenets of modern Romanism, set forth according to the 'theory of development,' which they conceive, and truly so, to be symbolized by their actual ritualism. This latter consideration it is which gives the Oratorian movement its great and fearful importance; without it, it would be merely an untenable and grotesque caprice, or a desperate attempt to justify abuses, similar to that which the 'high and dry' put out against the ecclesiological revival; but as it stands, it is a well pondered system, pregnant of future and increasing peril to the Universal Church.

Though, as we have shown, the first complete manifestation of the new theory of worship was reserved for St. Peter's, that is to say, for the era of the second rending of the Unity of the Church, yet the seeds of it had been sown much earlier in the days when the primitive glided into the mediæval epoch, or, in other words, about the time of the first schism between East and West. We have above stated two or three points in which we think that mediæval ritualism exceeded in truthfulness and beauty that of the early Church, and we conceive that it

did so also in other particulars. But while we do not fear to make this acknowledgment, we must at the same time say, that we think it all along carried with it the seeds of self-dissolution, a body of corruption bound to its body of life and beauty, which ultimately stifled it. Such seems in other things, higher and more important than ritualism, to be the destined condition of the divided Church; glorious and most holy in many things, because she is the Spouse of Christ; weak, fallible, and corrupt in others, because she has not kept her first estate, standing upon feet where iron and clay commingle. With respect particularly to Catholic ritualism, the forms into which it has practically shaped itself in the three branches respectively of the Christian Church, strike us as singularly emblematic of their character in all other things. The ritualism of the Roman Church is an awful struggle of gigantic right and gigantic wrong, in appalling proportions, and inexplicable intermingling. That of the Eastern Church, a stern tradition of an old good thing, not impaired, but not improved; while that of the Church of England is a wonderful instance of a keen, intellectual exhibition of pure and true first principles, hitherto little understood and little coerced into practice by those whose property they were.

As we have indicated, the worship of the Christian Church, until the fall of the Roman Empire, was twofold, and also congregational. The universal confusion which followed that dissolution of the empire was profitable to the spread of the faith, in so far as it brought Romans and barbarians face to face, and so enabled the missionaries of the former nation to penetrate into hitherto inaccessible regions. The foundation, about the same epoch, of the Benedictine Order, gave centrality and shape to missionary exertions. Evangelizers went forth, Benedictine monks in little knots, and brought thousands upon thousands to the laver of regeneration, and fed them with the Bread of Life. S. Benedict when he founded this Order had not thought much of missionary work for his brethren; he established a society of men who were to toil in the fear of God, and to worship in the fear of God, and the latter duty he divided into assisting at the Holy Eucharist, and singing, according to the way he drew out, the divine office. His first monks were Italians, and Latin was still the language of Italy. Accordingly, they used their vernacular language in this twofold worship. This custom was self-evident, and simply necessary as long as the Order was confined to Italy. Then came the missionary era of Benedictinism; the simple monks who perilled their lives to win souls, were men who valued obedience much, and venerated the memory of their Father Benedict,

and had to deal in their converts with men rough and little educated—children in intellect, though men in years and passions, and sprung from races very susceptible of feelings of awe. The almost inevitable concurrence of these circumstances, the counsel alike of simplicity and of diplomacy, was to use in Saxon England, and Teutonic Germany, that same Latin language in the worship of God to which the missionaries had been acclimated in their southern home, to train their spiritual children, children doubly, in a worship where the eye and the ear, and the moral part of man had more to do than the intelligence. It is useless now to speculate how the whole current of the world's history would have been changed, had there been vouchsafed to the Church some second Benedict, some new Gregory the Great, to grapple with the changed condition of the universal fold now spreading northward; but it is useless to run into speculations which can only make the head throb and the eyes fill with tears. A similar process, though in a less complete form, went on in the East; while in southern Europe, in Italy and France and Spain, successive corruptions and admixtures of barbarous words estranged the vernacular further and further from the Latin tongue. The revolution in not many ages was complete. Monks, canons, and nuns in their choirs sang, day by day that Latin divine office, which, save on great days, the Laity, with the exception of some few learned and pious folk, never dreamed of attending, and on Sundays and festivals the parish priest gathered round him to Mass, and Mass alone, his obedient flock. The architectural result of this immutability of language was (as far as it went) the compensating advantage, for it produced that constructive distinction between the nave and the chancel to which our mediæval churches owe so much of their beauty, and which has so extensively ramified into all the accessories, (such as screens, &c.,) of their internal arrangement, and which finally approves itself in its parochial type to be so well adapted to the ritual of this our Church of England in the nineteenth century.

As in the bulk our old parochial churches reproduce themselves in England, so, on the other hand, the cathedrals of that epoch refuse to be literally imitated, from the exclusively claustral nature of their arrangements, with close screens, and enormously elongated choirs, utterly unsuited, except by the vulgar practice so universal in England, of crowding the laity into them for vernacular and united worship.¹ But this great size of

¹ A practice not confined to England: it is a matter of course to find laymen, and even women, in the choir-stalls of Antwerp and Cologne, at the Sunday High Mass.

these churches was not exclusively the result of the disuse of vernacular worship, but also of the growth of another principle, which we have purposely reserved till now to consider in the whole, as being more than anything else the germ of Oratorianism, that of multiplying altars in the same church, a usage peculiar to the Western Church, and not universal there; as according to the Milanese rite, till S. Charles Borromeo, in the days when ritualism declined, altered his cathedral, there could be but one altar in one church. When precisely the practice sprang up in the Western Church we will not inquire. It is sufficient to say that its growth had an obvious, though not necessary connexion, with that exaggerated, and more than primitive, respect for relics which characterised the divided Church.

The extent to which in comparatively early times this custom prevailed, may be comprehended by the fact that in the curious plan of S. Gall's Abbey Church, as existing or proposed to be built in the ninth century, fifteen altars are marked; we may, by the way, observe that this plan likewise contains the peculiarity, especially characteristic of German churches, of having two choirs, one at the east and the other at the west end, which Professor Willis shows to have existed in the Saxon Cathedral of Canterbury, and is still found in the Dome of Mentz, till the first French Revolution the Primatial Church of all Germany.

This system had a direct tendency to foster Oratorianism, to use the word by anticipation. The Eastern Church, as we have said, only allowed one altar in one church, preferring to build their churches small; and agglomerated them, so as in some instances in Russia, (in the so called Cathedral of Moscow,) to make a house of churches piled up next to and above each other, consequently nothing like Oratorianism has prevailed in the east. The typical idea of a church, as carried out in the eastern practice, and the Anglican (mostly, we grieve to say, in theory) is simple and grand. The one altar of God standing in the sanctuary, the choir, and the nave, in the one church. Subsidiary altars may (we do not wish to pass a sweeping condemnation on them) be so arranged as not to interfere with the pre-eminence of the principal one; where there is a large number of communicants even utilitarian views might not disallow them. But it is a more difficult problem to combine this subordination with paying to each of these subsidiary altars—each, be it remembered, as much an altar as the principal one—the honour due to so holy a thing. It was almost impossible to fence each altar off by a sufficient screen, and give it a sufficient sanctuary; as for giving it a choir of its own, this was plainly out of the question, except in the case of the altar of the Lady Chapel, which, however, must be considered in the light not of a subsidiary altar of the

same church, but of the principal altar of a subsidiary church. Here then, in the very palmiest days of mediæval conventual ritualism, we have Oratorianism in the bud very early indeed. The altars at S. Gall are scattered about in a way to delight Mr. Faber, but there was one altar above others which formed the type of the high altar of a modern Roman Catholic Church. We have seen that the laity could not and would not take part in the divine office of the conventual churches, but it did not follow that they were not very anxious to worship there, nor that the monks did not piously endeavour to meet their wishes. The only worship at which the laity much cared to attend was the Mass, and accordingly their devotions were met by setting up, just outside the rood-screen and at the east end of the nave, a species of subsidiary high altar, devoted especially to popular use; such existed at Canterbury cathedral for instance, and at S. Alban's abbey, there dedicated in honour of S. Cuthbert, and in Durham cathedral called the Jesus Altar. This altar was in all cases the people's *Ultima Thule*, the one great sacred centre and completion of their prospect; the nave was for them to gather in, the altar bounding it, the point towards which to worship. The mysterious choir beyond, and the high altar which they had heard crowned that, were to them as much a thing they cared not for as though they existed not at all—as the countries beyond the Channel to the rude Dorsetshire peasant. This nave, then, and 'this people's high altar,' were in point of fact the neo-Roman Church, the cathedral of S. Peter's, with its unprotected high altar; the Jesuit's typical Church all over the world, the ideal of the young English Oratorians. So appropriate is the term 'people's high altar,' a designation thrown off *currente calamo*, (as we happen to know,) in an editorial footnote in the *Ecclesiologist*, with reference to S. Cuthbert's altar at S. Alban's, that Monsignore Eyre, in his *Life of S. Cuthbert*, uses this appellation, with a reference to that journal, in a way which shows that he (a modern Roman Catholic ecclesiastic) took it to be an ancient and recognised term.

We have shown how, even in mediæval northern Europe, where the Ecclesiological theory reached its highest (too high) development, the coming Oratorianism indicated its certain access. But the highest development of the latter first manifested itself in Italy. Here the mediæval system of Church arrangement never took so determinate a form as in the North. Varieties, such as the choir *behind* the high altar, and the latter immediately fronting the people, of course at once bridged over the great difference between the two systems. The altar, which the people could well nigh touch, was the high altar of all, and not merely a secondary one provided for their behalf; while in

churches like S. Miniato, at Florence, an arrangement nearly identical with that at Durham and S. Alban's was carried out. In Spain, again, the fifteenth century saw the establishment of that strange arrangement, which put the choir in the eastern portion of the nave, and the sanctuary in the eastern part of the church, leaving the western for the people, who were thus placed east of the choir, and in immediate contact with the altar.¹

So swept by the Middle Ages, and then the revival of Paganism, as well as of literature, came; printing was invented, and men got at once critical and sceptical. The ritualism of those Middle Ages was clearly foredoomed to a crisis. Had the Roman Church boldly taken reform into her own hands, and not waited till Luther and his followers compelled her to a half-reformation, as in other things so in ritualism the Christian world might now have been far otherwise; but in ritualism, as in those other things, she, with a pertinacity not always so much of principle as of prejudice, missed the flood of the tide. She met the popular craving for united and popular worship by building churches in the shape of halls, with an obtrusive altar in the middle, and by docking, under Quignonius' hands, the poetry and the significance of the Breviary, while retaining the Latin, to suit an imaginative populace, who would have sympathized with the poetry and were righteously demanding the vernacular.

England made short work of all, and on her own account produced her vernacular services, founded on her old '*Officium Divinum*,' and her own vernacular Communion Office; but unfortunately in so doing she did not fence her own work with safeguards sufficient to ensure its being handed down in its true Catholic import.

The establishment of the order of the Jesuits completed the downfall in the Roman communion of the ritual tradition, while the ridiculous preference for pseudo-classical architecture over that which was the natural growth of Christian times and Christian requirements, led very naturally to a contempt for those ritual arrangements which had been for so long inseparably connected with the architectural forms which clothed them.

¹ Still even in Spain the old tradition survives in a meagre and attenuated form. The choir and its occupants are brought into a faint ritual connexion with the high altar by a curious isthmus of separation from the people. For, while the eastern limb is screened off for the sanctuary, and the most eastern bays of the nave are screened, or rather walled, off for the ritual choir north, south, west, and east, a narrow passage, traversing the cross from east to west, separated by low northern and southern screens, connects the sanctuary with the choir and isolates the people alike from both. We mention this because the recent arrangements of Westminster Abbey have been defended by misunderstood or misrepresented Spanish authority. In the true Spanish arrangement, as in Seville Cathedral, it will be found impossible to do what is done in Westminster, to walk straight across the church from transept to transept.

Such, generally speaking, was the state of things till late in the half century just concluded. Gothic architecture had from various causes regained its popularity in England, before the revival of Church principles was developed. The combination of the two produced amongst us that ritualistic movement, which invented and appropriated the name Ecclesiology, and has made itself so extensively felt even in otherwise uncongenial quarters. Contemporaneously there was coming into notice, in the Roman communion, a young man, so early converted from a merely nominal Anglicanism to the Roman faith, which his father held, as really to be all but an indigenous Romanist, Mr. Welby Pugin, of course, we mean. Brought up to the professional study of Gothic architecture, full of talent, original and independent almost to a fault, he very soon realized for himself the system of mediæval ritualism, and he very soon forced it upon his co-religionists almost whether they would or not; imitators soon crowded about him, and we fancy have found themselves engaged upon much that should have been his. In the meanwhile a similar movement was going on in France; a school of mediæval ritual architects sprang up, among whom stand out preeminent the names of M. M. Viollet le Duc, and Lassus; and some of the many freaks of the late king of Bavaria, and the vanity of the present king of Prussia, helped to give the movement a life in Germany, though more artificial and sickly, than the life in England or France.

Any bystander would have imagined, that although Rome stands coldly and sullenly immoveable, yet that within the English and Roman Communion, a reform, clothed in the shape of ecclesiological development, was in progress, a reform which it might be hoped would extend to something beyond externals. All at once a new antagonist came ready armed into the field from the quarter least expected.

Of all the individuals whose faith in the Church of England has unhappily proved less strong than the sight of her fallen condition—by common consent the most famous and the greatest—the only great one, we might say, as contrasted with merely clever or merely learned,—is John Henry Newman, once the chief, by a singular destiny, of those who led on the Catholic revival in the English Church, and now the keenest foe of that revival. His character we will not endeavour to paint; no one of his contemporaries can safely do so. On some future day, we doubt not, it will be drawn, when all his life shall have been unfolded, and that career which, for multiplicity of events, seems already to have reached a Nestor's term, and in number of years is not more than half a century, shall have attained its yet undecypherable conclusion. But still some

strong points show themselves attaching, in all its mutations, to that wonderful man's character, which may be summed up in the formulary of a keen intellect and a struggling mind, if not sceptical itself, yet hardily delighting to grasp with scepticism, and to give it its due—with intense desire of self-control, sometimes prevailing, sometimes worsted,—and always glad to compromise by a daring paradox, careless how many might fall in attempting the dizzy heights on which he alone sought to find security. Soon after his change of religion he went to Rome, when of course there was at once a question of turning his great talents to the practical service of the Roman Communion in England. This, it was decided, should be accomplished by entrusting to him the mission of establishing in our island a branch of the Congregation of the Oratory. This congregation was one of the many fruits of the enterprising sixteenth century—the very modernization of a religious order, which it strictly is not, its members only living together so long as it pleased them to do so—and its work being practical—preaching, and so on—an institution, in fact, eminently fitted for the nineteenth century and for Mr. Newman, and affording in all those features of its system, which are not exclusively Roman Catholic, a most valuable model for those Colleges of English Priests which are absolutely needful if we ever mean to refute in practice Cardinal Wiseman's bitter taunt about *his* portion of Westminster, and show that 'Her Majesty's Clergy' are the Clergy of the lambs of Christ. The founder, we forgot to say, of this congregation, was the famous S. Philip Neri, who lived and died in Rome during the sixteenth century.

Accordingly Mr. Newman returned to England, as Father Superior of an English branch of the Congregation of the Oratory. When he came home he found his troop recruited from an independent quarter, and by another person, who has sought and secured attention, though a far inferior and differently-minded man—Mr. Frederick Faber. As Mr. Newman was all logic, so Mr. Faber was all imagination; brilliant, versatile, unstable, yet able to lead others along with him in his changes through a peculiar attractiveness of manner. Hero-worship was always a chief characteristic of his disposition. While avowedly firm in his allegiance to the Church of England, his hero was Archbishop Laud. His Anglicanism began to totter, and Archbishop Laud at once and for ever gave way, first to 'the man of the middle ages,' (*i.e.* S. Gregory VII.) of his book of travels, and then to a Saxon saint, to whom, true to his north country extraction, Mr. Faber devoted himself wholly and solely, and with a kind of jovial recklessness of consequences, S. Wilfrid. While in the height of the Wilfridian delirium, soon after the publica-

tion of his life of that saint, Mr. Faber changed his communion, and in so doing carried with him certain of his old parishioners whom he had organised into a sort of confraternity for collective devotion. Once a Roman Catholic, he developed this confraternity into a species of congregation, and lodged them with himself in a house at Birmingham. This body, which was placed under the protection of S. Wilfrid (to which, instead of William, their founder changed his second name at his second confirmation) was soon recruited by men of Mr. Faber's class of life. Lord Shrewsbury allotted to it a country-house in a beautiful valley of Staffordshire, and one of Mr. Faber's companions, at his own cost, built it a very pretty church from Mr. Pugin's designs.

The formation of Mr. Faber's congregation at Coton Hall, and Mr. Newman's establishing 'the Oratory' in England, were proximately contemporaneous, and in no long time a junction between the two bodies was effected. As one consequence of the change, Mr. Faber's idol, who had retrograded from the seventeenth through the eleventh to the seventh century, bounded off again to the sixteenth. The Saxon monk became the Italian gentleman in the form of S. Philip Neri, whose merits as the 'representative Saint of modern times,' he has recently descanted upon in three lectures, with such an *entêtement*, that even the journals which are disposed to go with him have been compelled to remind him that there were such people in modern times as S. Ignatius, S. Charles Borromeo, and S. Theresa, while Dr. Doyle of S. George's, fairly laughs to scorn him and 'his childlike turned-down collar,' in a letter to the Tablet.

Our readers will probably here inquire of us, what possible connexion with the corruption of Ecclesiology can be established by the fact that Mr. Newman and Mr. Faber recently joined the congregation of the Oratory. They will remark that, of course, the churches built under the system of S. Philip Neri, erected at a time when all churches were reared in defiance of precedent, partook of the general corruption. They will observe that even the Jesuits, heretofore specially identified with Italian ritualism, have in their new church in Farm Street Mews in London gone far back towards the mediæval tradition, and that PP. Martin and Cahier of that order, are two of the most distinguished Ecclesiologists living. Our only reply to these interpellations would be that they were perfectly and absolutely true, and self-evidently so, we should have thought, to any dispassionate thinker. But Mr. Faber never has thought, and never will be able to think, like any one else. Eccentricity has always thwarted his superficial talents, and his deviations from common routine, are as a rule intolerant of opposition. Mr. Newman,

likewise, loves a paradox. True, his paradoxes, when he acts upon his own inspirations, are of a more royal dimension than those of his sparkling colleague; but the two when brought together act and re-act upon each other. In the present instance Mr. Newman and Mr. Faber had a common bond of sympathy in a lingering love for Italian architecture, which was singular among two men of their school and time. This came out in a passage in Mr. Faber's '*Foreign Churches and Foreign People*,' published in 1841, where he refuses to decide the superior merits of Pointed or Italian architecture, till he has beheld S. Peter's. Mr. Newman's share in building Littlemore Church, prevented his being suspected of a similar prepossession; but we have heard it upon very good authority, that he acknowledged to a friend, that although carried away by the mediæval current to build that church in Pointed architecture, since he entered Trinity College, Oxford, as an undergraduate, and worshipped in its Italian chapel, his feelings were with that style. A curious illustration this of the dominant principle which he afterwards enounced: the building of Littlemore, after the old Anglican type, was but another expression of the well-known avowal, that he recognised and defended the Church of England, not so much on his own individual convictions, as rather ministerially exhibiting its received principles. He made a somewhat open confession of his real personal sentiments, in that strange book, '*Loss and Gain*,' where, after instituting a comparison between the two styles, he characteristically turns the scale in favour of Italian, by comparing the cupola, its type, to the vault of Heaven.

But with Mr. Newman there was a deeper and a stronger motive at work, to lead him to embrace dogmatically at once the corruptions of worship and ritual during the last three centuries, and with them the popular craving for vernacular worship as something to be gratified in a subjective way. He had committed himself to the Theory of Development, as the rule of the Church's doctrine and practice, and the view which had led him to close with the truth of Romanism. This theory as laid down, and still more as acted upon, by its expositor, was one of a restless activity, and necessarily embraced all things. There could hardly be a development of doctrine without its being accompanied by a development of ritual and of worship. As, moreover, the doctrine of development embalmed and justified all the deviations from Catholic antiquity, which the Roman portion of the divided Church had attracted and assimilated, so also the external development was called upon to fulfil a similar function.

From these concurrences arose the system which we have

termed Oratorianism. The liking which Mr. Newman and Mr. Faber both felt for Italian architecture and Italian ritualism above any thing which was English, partly born in them, and partly a violent and artificial recoil from a condition of artificial Anglicanism, in feelings as well as theology, through which both had passed, led them to idealise the Churches of the last three centuries built in Rome, and to denounce Mr. Pugin's revivals as simple pedantries, while their favourite style is, wonderful to say, propped up on the plea of Roman infallibility, because it happens to be the fashionable style in the Papal City. This would have been a comparatively unimportant thing if it had stopped there; they would probably have found few to agree with them; but upon this they hinged their doctrine of development, and drew the inference that the Ecclesiological symbolized an imperfect, theirs an advanced, state of Christian doctrine. The old churches and the new views would not work together: it was felt that one must give way. The Ecclesiological system prescribed screens, and chancels, and reverence for the altar; theirs rejected all these traditions of the old Fathers and customs of the Universal Church, as barbarous and cumbersome expedients of undeveloped doctrine, when faith was too rife, love too cold. The enlightened nineteenth century had need of other things. These other things were the symbolizing in the worship of the Church of two doctrines, both advanced by the Church of Rome, to the verge of materialising; both ostentatiously paraded by the Oratorians in a more advanced and more material form than ever; both of them, as dealt with by that body, destructive of reverence; both of them assumed by the teachers of the new schools as the points which, irrespective of tradition and the whole *corpus* of Catholic doctrine, the worship of God was intended to exhibit. These two doctrines, 1. That of the Real Presence, *irrespective of the Sacrifice which makes it*, (a development of the idea of Transubstantiation as distinct from the Catholic verity of that awful presence;) a doctrine out of which has grown already the exorbitant importance given to the rite of 'the Benediction of (or rather by) the Blessed Sacrament;' a rite, the essence of which is the blessing of the flock by bringing forward the Hostia to an increased proximity with them. 2. The doctrine of the prerogatives of S. Mary, irrespective of Him owing to whom she holds them (which is in the course of being formalized in the form of the Immaculate Conception); a doctrine which has had, even in the hands of Mr. Newman, the fearful result of the 'deification' (we must use this word) of him *who was supposed to be her husband*, and who along with her and with *her* Divine Son, *his* charge, in a recent sermon (Discourses addressed to Mixed Congregations, 1849,) has been put forward as the *second* member of an all-

powerful *Triad* (we were near using another noun). 'It will be 'blessed indeed if Jesus, Joseph, and Mary are there [at the 'deathbed] waiting to shield you from his assaults, and to receive 'your soul. If they are there, all are there; Angels are there, 'saints are there, heaven is there, heaven is begun in you, and the 'devil has no part in you.' When we contemplate the really materialistic, really lowering tendency of these views, we stand aghast. That the second of them, which gives S. Joseph priority over her whom all generations shall call Blessed, might very easily be corrupted into the Socinian idea of the Holy Family (so true it is that extremes meet), is a thing so obvious and so alarming that we will merely indicate it. We have as little hesitation in saying that the equality to Mass which (we speak from a close survey of the tone of the new school's productions) we find given to 'Benediction,' (a rite, it must be observed, which custom has connected with the evening,) of which the astutely-concocted attacks on Vespers, contained in the article on Popular Services in the Rambler for October last, was a part, must inevitably tend, first, to a merely material view of the most mysterious of all mysteries, then to very irreverent dealing with it, and finally to a 'philosophy of the Real Presence'—pardon us, a *development* of the doctrine, which with a little more manipulation will result in absolute Pantheism.

We can now fill up the blank we have hitherto left, and show how it is that modern Italian Church architecture is the legitimate instrument for Oratorian ritualism. The explanation, incredible as it may seem, is this:—the Real Presence being regarded, as we have said, in a most materialising manner, and apart from the Eucharistic Sacrifice, it is assumed that everything which prevents proximity of presence and of sight to it on the part of the congregation is wrong. Chancels keep them at a distance from the altar, therefore they are to be cut off. Screens hide the tabernacle, therefore they are to be cast down! The system, to be consistent, should forbid consecrating at the west side, and denounce tabernacles. Perhaps it may do so yet! We feel confident that this simple statement is enough to show how unfortunate is the outcry brought against many of the most active and earnest of the English Clergy, even by so-called High Churchmen—an outcry which *has* sufficed to leave one of the most zealous of them in fearful doubt as to the tenure of his cure—that they Romanize, when they restore mediæval ritual. Mediæval ritual is *anti-Roman*, as Rome *now* is; and this Rome knows full well. Were there less jealousy, less passion, and larger-hearted views abroad, men would feel that in the simultaneous revival, in the Anglican and Anglo-Roman bodies (not to mention France) of old traditionary

rites, long forgotten on both sides, is to be found an earnest, it may at least be permitted to hope, of restored communion upon primitive and universal principles, lost among the errors and contentions of modern times. True Christian, ancient, ecclesiology, and modern Romanism, are not compatibilities. Encourage the former, and you aid the reformation of the Western Church. Put it down, and in your shortsightedness you throw open wide the doors to Oratorianism.

We feel that we are speaking somewhat at a disadvantage, having had to compose for ourselves a summæ of what has never been so completely systematized by its professors, and being therefore liable to a charge of misrepresentation or invention. We speak, however, from a study of their writings, and—we believe there is no breach of confidence in saying so—from a conversation with a neophyte of the Oratory, whom we accidentally fell in with while visiting for curiosity's sake (not for any services) their church of St. Wilfrid, Coton Hall. This young convert actually poh-pooed the reverence which might induce the laity (acting there as such should have done in a church of our own communion) to shrink from going near the altar. While telling us that there were at communion-time rails, he took care to explain that this was solely for utilitarian objects, and not from reverential feelings. As a practical proof too of how their system worked, an altar had been set against the south wall of the south aisle (the church by Mr. Pugin being in its design mainly correct), without the slightest barrier between it and the congregation, who from the smallness of the structure are thereby brought into a most disagreeable nearness to it. Orientation, we should add, is exploded by the Oratorians. We were, we own, fairly staggered by what we heard, prepared as we were, should we ever fall in with a disciple of the Oratorians, for much that would shock those ideas which we had been taught were the necessary development of Catholic worship.

The theory of Oratorian popular services we shall not at present handle. Its drift is very manifest, on the one hand, to propagate a species of popular devotion, and on the other, to render them merely for the people, and different from anything like the notion of the old '*Officium Divinum*.'

It is, we unhesitatingly own, the consideration of these fearful tendencies, and not any æsthetic or antiquarian feelings for mediæval churches and their fittings, which makes us look upon the Oratorian system with such apprehension. Whatever faults may be found with the Eastern Church it certainly does not Oratorianize. *Sacrifice* is the prominent idea of the Oriental worship, and we have never heard of S. Joseph being placed before the *Panagia*. As in its doctrine so in its worship, it

rejects the new notion of irreverence indicating love. Witness its Iconostasis, witness its veil. It seems to us, by fact and inference, almost irrefragable that the Ecclesiological system is in fact far more cognate with modern Constantinople than with modern Rome;—with the system which does not, than with the one which does, level screens and curtail chancels.¹ And yet how little do these thoughts—thoughts founded on fact and not on theory—seem to have occurred to those who rejoice at the Church being deprived of Mr. Bennett's activity and successful zeal because he had, in his new church, carried out the things which the converts repudiate, and because he had defended them by an appeal to the Undivided Church. How many the downfall, if consummated, of S. Barnabas may not entice to the Oratory, it is not for us to conjecture.

In drawing this picture of Oratorianism, we have, for the sake of completeness, forestalled chronology. The first intimation of the new light which had broken upon the converts was not in any publication especially put out by a member of that congregation, but in a journal—then weekly, now monthly—the '*Rambler*;' edited very notoriously by an '*Esquire*,' who while an Anglican Priest, had generously built a Church upon Ecclesiological principles, which, we must do him the credit to say, he very handsomely abandoned to the Church of England on his secession, when some chicanery might have enabled him to keep it. This attack followed upon what had seemed the triumph of the Ecclesiological principle in the Anglo-Roman body, the opening of S. George's, Lambeth, in an article on that Church, in the *Rambler* for July 8, 1848. The battle was at first directed against screens alone, of which the writer pronounced, 'our aversion to screens, both theologically and architecturally, being very strong;' the theological aversion being the view which we have drawn out above. The challenge so daringly thrown down was quickly taken up; and, for some time, the *Rambler* became the channel of a very fierce controversy, which continued till its change to a monthly issue put a stop to it. On the other side, two of the chief defenders of screens, Mr. T. W. Marshall and Mr. Pugin, chose the *Tablet* as their organ. The latter, in a letter, written with all his characteristic dash and talent, printed in the *Tablet* for September 2, 1848, pointed out, in a sentence italicised by himself, the true meaning of an attack which was ostensibly against screens alone; the writer in the *Rambler* professing to be an admirer of Pointed architecture. '*The screens once gone, the*

¹ Mouravieff, in his history of the Russian Church, mentions the restoration of screens as a result of the restoration of the uniates to Eastern communions.

'chancels will follow, aisles, chapels, apse, all, and the cathedral 'sinks into an assembly-room.' The Rambler, in its arguments, appealed to considerations of the days we live in, as conclusive against appeals to tradition, and made much of the impossibility of the rite of Benediction being celebrated where there was a screen; an argument answered by the home-thrust contained in the fact that in a church, where the Feast of Corpus Christi, that annual solemnity of which Benediction is the constant repetition, had been just established, a church no less than the cathedral of Vienne in France, and notorious for a beautiful screen and loft, the loft was made use of in the ceremonial. The Rambler also dropped some strange theories as to the undesirableness of the sign of our salvation being found in the Church contemporaneously with the reserved Hostia, an idea which we fully expect to see developed in the Oratorian system.

In 1849, the conflict had extended over the whole field of architecture, ritualism, and Church music, (with a singular exception in favour of mediæval vestments, for *practical* reasons,) in cleverly written, but utterly misty papers, in the Rambler, of which the result was, a confession of Oratorianism, with a prudent reserve of loopholes, and the promise that that journal would put out a series of plans and designs for development in churches suited to the towns of the nineteenth century. The first was to appear at the commencement of 1850. Accordingly, we opened that Rambler with curiosity, and laid it down with astonishment. This church of the future was a horribly ugly Romanesque, one by Mr. Hadfield, without a single merit of a Pointed one, and everything, (a *high* screen alone excepted,) aisles, chancel, stalls, &c., which Oratorians found to object to in mediæval structures. Mr. Pugin did not fail to be down upon the abortion in a stinging pamphlet, further remarkable for some candid and well-expressed admissions of failure on his own part, in some early churches, which had, we believe, quite the effect of putting right some previous misapprehensions relative to him. The second model church was hardly less curious, being a Middle Pointed one, by Mr. Wardell, ecclesiological in all but screen and stalls, both of which, in the accompanying letter-press, the architect advocated as necessary to complete the structure. But of the third we must say, 'none but itself can be its parallel.' Its parent is Mr. C. Parker, who proclaimed his bantling Romanesque, and gave us an affair combining more features of bad Italian and bad Louis XV. than we could have well thought congregable in one little building, with (the objects of the series of the churches being to produce an utilitarian series) a large open loggia affixed to the struc-

ture. With this the series abruptly concluded, a step in the wisdom of which we should think all classes and all denominations would agree.

Before recurring to the Oratory itself, we must, by way of parenthesis, record, that the screen controversy gave rise to rather an amusing episode, in a discussion which arose on the propriety of a custom prevalent among some of the Ecclesiological side, of filling their chancels with laymen dressed up as 'dummy' priests. Here we need not say we think the movement party got a very fair advantage of their opponents, one of whom, Dr. Doyle, of S. George's, had the courage to defend it, in a letter, in which he pleaded for it on score of the consolation it afforded to (married) converts who had given up their own chancels in 'Protestant' Churches. Mr. Pugin promised, in consequence of this controversy, to publish a work on screens, which, we trust, will ere long appear.

In the meanwhile, the Oratorians themselves were not idle, but, literally fulfilling Mr. Pugin's saying, of the cathedral being turned into an assembly-room, opened (under Mr. Faber's especial charge, Dr. Newman presiding over the parent house at Birmingham) the late Lowther Rooms, in King William-street, Strand, as their church, or 'Oratory,' at the end of 1848. This change of appropriation galled Mr. Pugin very much, but we think not very fairly. Granted that the association of a church with a late dancing-room is not pleasant, yet nobody can deny that it is a change very much for the better, and that in these times any room which is large enough is a treasure, when a temporary church is on foot. We know, in London, of a similar appropriation having been made for the temporary worship of a very earnest Anglican congregation.

The Oratory was at first meanly furnished, and meanness in Divine worship was for some time a point insisted upon by that party: latterly, as in the Rambler's pattern churches, it seems to have slipped out of notice. It is curious that since its opening, the Oratory has been decorated in a more seemly way, at the cost of a noble lord. When the Oratorians, if the report which we have heard be true, build their church, which is to cost £35,000, in London, we shall, we fancy, be told that one of their prime tenets is the duty of carrying out *their* system of ritual, with a magnificence which will put to shame that of S. George's. Indeed, we think we see in Mr. Faber's Lectures on S. Philip Neri, the germ of this change, in the passage where he dilates on the way in which the arts have always gathered round the congregation of the Oratory.

We have now brought down our sketch, fragmentary and imperfect as we feel it to be, of Ecclesiological progress from the

primitive basilica to the mediæval cathedral, thence to the paganizing structures of modern Italy, and down to that revival of ancient forms, in which both the Anglican and Anglo-Roman communions, each acting upon independent principles, have of late been so active. We have pointed out the men and the causes which led to the dogmatic resumption of the traditions of the sixteenth century, in opposition to this revival, which seemed to promise to be something more than an architectural one. We have sketched the fearful doctrinal perversion, which seemed to be enkernelled in this dogmatic opposition, and we have found it making to itself a habitation in London, as it has also done in Birmingham. We have a very wide field before us still, to give specimens of the worship which it has developed, to try them by the touchstone of the Universal Church, to test at the same time the theory and the practice of Anglican worship, and finally, to adventure some rules of ritualism, which might likewise be assumed as primary principles for the worship of universal undivided Christendom—when the teaching of the Oratory and the Proprietary Chapel shall both be things which exist, if at all, out of the pale of the One Catholic Church.

But these matters are so extensive, and we have already run on to so great a length, that we must postpone it till another number. Our remaining subjects will be found charged with weighty topics of thought to those who believe in the Catholic Church, as a living, energizing thing, set up for the salvation of souls, and not merely an antiquarian record, or a convenient theme upon which to build sermons, speeches, pamphlets, and, on emergencies real or supposed, addresses to the Crown. As we write this we do not forget that Advent-tide has come on, that fearful time, which shows that we have advanced a stage further towards that

‘One supreme divine event
To which creation moves.’

A new Church year has commenced, and if the signs all around us do not play falser than falseness, it will be a year pregnant with momentous consequences, pregnant, we must in fear add, with probing woes to the Christian Church. The time has come when the foundations of all things must be examined. In the meanwhile it is Advent, and the Church will soon commence her invocations, full of sorrow, full of hope, invocations in which the calendar of the English Church permits us to join,—*O Clavis David, et sceptrum domûs Israel, qui aperis et nemo claudit, claudis et nemo aperit, veni et educ vinctum de domo carceris, sedentem in tenebris et umbrâ mortis.*

ART. VI. *Sermons on some of the Subjects of the Day, preached at Trinity Church, Marylebone. By GILBERT ELLIOT, D.D., Dean of Bristol.* London: James Darling. 1850.

THESE sermons would, in the ordinary course of things, have deserved no particular notice in our pages. For as their errors and misrepresentations are (unfortunately) by no means unique or novel, so are they not here propounded with any such vigour or eloquence as to make them especially worth criticism. But on the other hand, Dr. Elliot is unusually audacious in the expression of his peculiar opinions; and these opinions, so far from disqualifying him for high preferment, so far from being—as, we cannot but think, to a person of consistent principle or scrupulous conscience, they ought to be—a bar in his own mind to the acceptance of a post of hierarchical dignity, have been invested with undue importance in the present critical posture of affairs, as being the utterances of one chosen by the present distributor of crown patronage to succeed the late unhappy holder of the Deanery of Bristol. Thus the readers of newspapers have lately been told that Dr. Elliot, in all the dignity of Dean, at public meetings called in Bristol to protest against the papal aggression, ‘electrified’ his audiences, as well he might, by repudiating his own priesthood and everybody else’s, and by stultifying his own position—so far as that can be done by the negation of the only idea of a Church which can justify one man in becoming a *prelate* over another. And some pamphleteer, we have observed, trimming his sails to the popular gale, has made one of the worst of Dr. Elliot’s Bristol sentences the motto of his lucubration.

So that it may not be wholly without profit to give our readers some idea of the distinguishing principles of Dr. Elliot’s theology, as enunciated in the present volume of sermons. In so doing it will not be necessary to cull out—as might, however, easily be done—vague and loose and doubtful expressions about such sacred doctrines as those connected with the Holy Trinity, and the Incarnation: such as, even if pardonable in discourses hastily written for the pulpit, ought never to have appeared in print without careful correction. Nor need we trouble ourselves to point out the glaring contradictions which meet the eye of an attentive reader in nearly every page. It will be quite sufficient to exhibit as much as possible in his own words the main and fundamental error of Dr. Elliot’s scheme of divinity. Most of the sentences we shall quote speak for themselves, and require neither comment nor refutation. Accord-

ingly, we do not purpose to show at any length how irreconcilable his opinions are with—not merely the spirit, but—the letter, of the authoritative formularies of the Church of England. Our task shall be confined to bringing together various passages, and developing from them Dr. Elliot's belief as to the nature of the Church, and then showing how necessarily there follow from this other most erroneous conclusions as to the Christian ministry and Catholic doctrine.

It will scarcely be necessary to point out, once for all, that Dr. Elliot appears wholly to ignore the existence of the Church of England before the Reformation. It would seem to be an essential part of his theory that a fresh beginning was made at that epoch, and that nothing was inherited by the later from the earlier Church, except what was actually and expressly adopted in the Articles. Probably he never thought deeply enough to find out how many vital truths would be indefensible on this hypothesis against an infidel enemy, or indeed, as we shall see, perhaps he is careless as to any external safeguard of truth, boasting, as he will be found to do, in the assertion, that any individual has it in his power independently to discover for himself 'what is truth.'

I. But now, first, we must endeavour to determine what, according to Dr. Elliot, the Church *is*. It would really seem, so far as these sermons go, that it has never even entered into his mind to imagine that that article in the Creed, 'The Holy Catholic Church,' has any ascertainable meaning; or that any notion as to its meaning might be gathered from the Ordinal. The nineteenth Article is assumed as a sufficient definition of the Church: but in point of fact, some important qualifications even in that meagre statement are in practical application eliminated. Dr. Elliot's theory may, we think, be fairly stated to be this:—that the Church is nothing more than an expression of the national will, as to the external form of religion, ascertained and defined by the ordinary legislature. This view, and its necessary consequences, shall be pointed out in his own language.

The first passage we shall quote contrasts the truth denied with the erroneous view propounded:—

'Attempt is being made' [he says in a Prefatory Address dedicated to his late parishioners] 'to persuade you that God has appointed a visible Church, with a prescribed polity, power and authority, and that this Church ought to be received of men because of this appointment of God; and that the Church which the people of England have established, is that Church; and that the people of England did establish that Church, because they believed it to be the one which God had appointed. But this is not so. The community of England does not recognise in the details of any existing Church whatever, specific institution or ordinance of God. It denies that any Church of peculiar polity or power is authorized by God to demand its establishment

or recognition. And when the community of England framed its Church, it both asserted its own right to do so, and denied the claim of any visible form of Church as being divinely instituted.'—*Prefatory Address*, p. xxiii.

This view was expressed just before in other words:—

'... who knew that the people of England were the Church of England; who in their national assemblies would only allow legislation for that Church' [*sic*:—he means, would allow no legislation for that Church save in the national assemblies]—'who acknowledged no authority either of office or of doctrine but what the people, in their assemblies, conferred or sanctioned.'—*Prefat. Address*, p. xxii.

Again, still more offensively,—although, *in truth*, the qualification introduced makes the assertion nugatory—the same opinion is expressed in Sermon I.:—

'... a Church, which so far as it is the Church of England, because established by the English nation, is created by the law, upheld by the law, paid by the law, and may be changed by the law, just as any other institution of the land.'—P. 11.

Again:—

'The hearts of this people of England were stirred to consider whether the tenets and practices which Luther and the band that had gathered round him condemned, were or were not compatible with God's truth and their own salvation. For some years there was hesitation and change in giving definite expression to the national decision. But in the reign of Elizabeth, the nation, through its ordinary channel, the legislature of the realm, gave a constitution, a ritual, and a law, to the visible Church of Christ in this kingdom.'—P. 104.

Now we really wonder whether Dr. Elliot in his heart believes the above to be a true history of the Reformation: and whether he thinks that the existence and doings of Convocation in those days are a pure myth. In another sermon, however, to do Dr. Elliot justice, Convocation is mentioned as a co-ordinate authority—not with the 'people,' but—with the Crown.

'I could accumulate' [he says, p. 145] 'passage on passage out of the early formularies, books sanctioned and ratified *both by Convocation and the Crown*, which would show that the Church of England never admitted, nor dreamt of any other priesthood than that of Christ,' &c.

Again, at p. 114:—

'This people of England... vindicated to themselves and to every Christian people the right within their own realm to frame a Church of such outward form and of such discipline as might to each appear expedient.'

And, a little further on, in a passage in which there is but the most minute ingredient of truth:—

'Can they be its true children,' [viz. of the Church of England] 'its faithful ministers, who, with Rome, vindicate Orders through apostolic succession, as of the *essence* of a Church; who couple with such Orders *undoubted* possession of truth, and *sole efficacy* of the Sacraments; who know of no salvation, as by covenant, where Orders derived from the Apostles

through Episcopacy do not exist; who would confine to the Clergy an authority and power, derived from sacramental grace, to discern what is true in matters of faith, and to decide what shall be right in matters of polity; who deny to a Christian people the power and the liberty to frame for themselves such ecclesiastical institutions as may appear suitable to themselves; who ostentatiously claim the title of a true Church of Christ for that Church, which seems to mingle the idolatrous worship of a mortal—albeit the mother of the Lord—with the worship of God in Christ, while they presumptuously, if not impiously, deny that title to the evangelical Churches planted throughout the world, whose doctrine is no less pure than our own, and whose form of polity is possibly not less apostolical.”—P. 116.

Once more, at p. 125, Dr. Elliot again enunciates the position that the Church *is* the State. ‘Be it yours,’ he says, ‘to perpetuate as the greatest glory amid much that is glorious connected with our England, that as a nation it is a Church of Christ.’

At the end of the Sermons he has added an ‘Address on Confirmation,’ dated 1850, in which appears the same teaching. ‘The people of England felt themselves compelled to quit all communion with the Church of Rome. . . . But when the people of England had to form themselves into a separate Church, and had to consider what their public services and their ceremonies should be, they said in their Articles “that Confirmation was not a sacrament of the Gospel,” but had “grown of a corrupt following of the Apostles.”’ (P. 256.) Upon which misstatement we must make one brief remark: that the very heading of the Thirty-nine Articles by itself refutes Dr. Elliot: wherein they are expressly said to be ‘Articles agreed upon by the Archbishops and Bishops of both provinces, and the whole clergy, in the Convocation holden in 1562.’

We have left to this place the most formal expression of this theory as to the nature of the Church, because it leads on at once to some of the necessary consequences of such a view.

‘At the Reformation it was given to this realm to feel that God’s Church ought not to be something standing apart in a Christian land, and amid a Christian people, from their ordinary law and life,—that there ought not to be one polity called the State, and another polity called the Church; and that the polity of the State might be independent of the action and control of God’s Word and will,—but that a Christian people should know and feel themselves above all to be a Church of God, bound to know and to obey his will. And this nation, understanding and feeling this, became, as a nation in its corporate capacity, a congregation of faithful men, a visible, manifest Church of God, determining as a people to bring themselves under acknowledged subjection to God, with a national faith, a national worship, and a national conscience. As a nation, through its ordinary channels of legislation, it gave to itself laws as a Church. It recognised no claim whatever on the part of any supposed commission, deriving its authority from the apostles, either to give a law to the people, or to assume the ministry among them. It never listened, if the clergy ever made it, to any claim to what the apostles themselves disclaimed, “the dominion over

their faith," or to be "lords over God's heritage." Its ritual it prescribed, its code of doctrines and of discipline it ratified, such form of ministry as it thought most expedient it appointed, the duties of the ministry it determined, the sustentation of the clergy it provided for, all by its ordinary channels of legislation as a nation; and while it permits of no change except through the ordinary legislature, it commits to its ordinary courts interpretation, where its formularies have occasioned doubt or difficulty; and attributes to the sovereign the title, under Christ, of supreme head of this national Church, because the sovereign is the executive of the will of the three estates of the realm.'—P. 123.

II. In the last quoted passage more particularly, but also in many of the preceding citations, Dr. Elliot distinctly denies that Episcopal Ordination is of the essence of a Church. The Preface of the Ordinal states: 'It is evident unto all men diligently reading the Holy Scripture and Ancient Authors, that from the Apostles' time there have been these Orders of Ministers in Christ's Church; Bishops, Priests, and Deacons . . . And therefore, to the intent that these Orders may be continued . . . no man shall be accounted or taken to be a lawful Bishop, Priest, or Deacon in the Church of England,' or suffered to execute any of the said functions, except he be called, tried, examined and admitted thereunto, according to the form hereafter following, or hath had formerly *Episcopal* Consecration, or Ordination.' All this Dr. Elliot's theory repudiates. The 'Ministers in Christ's Church' are, in his scheme, not persons who had received the indelible character of Holy Order, but merely, as a matter of propriety and convenience—not of necessity, 'an authorized and accredited ministry.' (P. 6.) This notion is insisted upon over and over again in Sermon I. He there labours to prove that *if* the clergy of this day may be called (as the Apostles were,) ministers of Christ, or stewards of the mysteries of God, 'it must be under very different commission . . . from that . . . under which the Apostles acted.' (P. 3.) Yet, in Article XXVI. it is expressly said that those who minister the word and sacraments, 'do not the same in their own name, but in Christ's, and do minister by His commission and authority.' And Dr. Elliot continues, 'It is not because they have been ordained by those who are said to possess their power of ordination in direct line from the Apostles that I claim such deference . . . nor is it because I hold them to be a sole authorized ministry, inasmuch as they have been ordained by Episcopal ordination, that I claim such deference. On the contrary, I hold with what I think can be little doubted to be the sense of the nineteenth and of the twenty-third Articles, and with what

¹ Among the many unauthorized alterations in modern Prayer Books is the substitution, in this place, as in others, of 'The United Church of England and Ireland' for 'The Church of England.'

'was undoubtedly the opinion of those who framed those Articles, 'that he is a lawful minister who has been called by any congregation of faithful men.' (P. 5.) Here, as elsewhere, (see p. 109,) Dr. Elliot quotes the twenty-third Article as if its words were 'by the congregation,' instead of 'in the congregation'—although the phrase 'IN the congregation' is repeated twice in the body of the Article, besides once in its heading.

It is only fair to say that in the continuation of this sermon, (p. 10,) Dr. Elliot, with inexplicable inconsistency, appears vaguely and indistinctly to claim the grace of the Holy Ghost as given with the imposition of hands: but in Sermon V. (p. 106, et seq.) he is even more explicit than in the last quoted passage in denying the grace of Order.

'Now I earnestly beseech your attention to what I am about to state. If any peculiar grace, or authority, or power be delegated by God to any body of men by imposition of hands successively from the Apostles, or by any imposition of hands at all, or by any other form prescribed by God; if God has promised, has attached any such peculiar, specific grace, authority or power to any prescribed form whatever, then is such imposition of hands, or any other such prescribed form clearly a sacrament. Such peculiar grace attached by promise to any form prescribed by God fulfils every condition of a sacrament, as a sacrament is universally defined throughout the body of Christian believers. Consequently the Church of Rome, believing that there is such peculiar grace attached by promise to an outward form prescribed by God, very consistently places Orders among the Sacraments. And if the Church of England believed that God has ordained any visible sign or ceremony or' [?] 'for' 'conferring Orders, attaching any peculiar grace to that sign or ceremony, then also it could not have helped receiving Orders as a sacrament. Now mark the very decisive and peremptory answer of the Church in the twenty-fifth Article, in words so few as though it did not think the matter admitted of question. It denies that "Orders are a sacrament;" and denies it on the specific ground, "that they have not any visible sign or ceremony ordained of God." Thus, in contradiction to Rome, it clearly repudiates it as a fiction altogether, that God has prescribed some positive action through which Orders may be conveyed, or that he has annexed peculiar grace or authority to imposition of hands, successively from the Apostles, or to any other arbitrary form of ordination whatever. Do not allow yourselves to suppose that there is the slightest room for doubt or question, whatever, as to what the doctrine of the Church of England is in this matter. There is no more uncertainty possible as to its clear repudiation of all authority and of any essential and sacramental grace, as dependent on some form of ordination prescribed by God, than, &c.—Pp. 106, 107.

Now, the more the above passage is considered, the more mischievous it will appear. For who can doubt that it would convey (perhaps was meant to convey) to ordinary readers the impression that the Church of England denied any grace as accompanying Holy Orders? And yet the careful insertion, in every case, of the qualifying words 'prescribed by God,' artfully reduces the whole passage to an argument against

Orders being a sacrament in that high and paramount sense in which Baptism and the Lord's Supper are sacraments; which no one would deny—not even, we imagine, a Roman Catholic, who is not called upon to believe that Orders were ‘ordained by Christ himself,’ in distinction from their being ordained by the Apostles under the guidance of the Holy Ghost. The argument, so guarded, is *nihil ad rem*, for proving that the Church of England does not regard Orders as a ‘*sacramental*,’ or even as a ‘sacrament,’ in the sense in which holy matrimony is so called in the Homilies.

But having thus laid it down, as proved by the twenty-fifth Article, that the Church of England ‘denies that any peculiar form of ordination is necessary to any due ministry in the Church,’ Dr. Elliot makes meaningless that important qualification in the definition of the Church, in Art. XIX., which requires that ‘the sacraments be DULY administered according to Christ’s ordinance, in all those things that of necessity are requisite to the same.’ By the same process the full meaning of Art. XXIII. is evacuated, and it is pretended that ‘it answers very plainly to’ [that is to say, it refutes] ‘the Roman assumption of a divine commission being accorded to its Orders.’ (P. 109.)

The words of this Article are:—‘It is not lawful for any man to take upon him the office of preaching, or ministering the sacraments in the congregation, before he be *lawfully called and sent* to execute the same; and those we ought to judge *lawfully* called and sent, which be chosen and called to this work by men who have public authority given unto them *in the congregation* to call and send ministers into the Lord’s vineyard.’ Upon this Dr. Elliot thus comments:—

‘Those words ought to be to you as words of gold. They cut up root and branch the claim of any body of men, because of some authority vested in them otherwise than *by* the congregation, (!) to be peculiarly the servants and representatives of God, and the only channels of salvation. Our Church does not conceive that there can be a visible Church, which shall not set apart a ministry; nor may any doubt that God’s blessing shall be richly given to those whom “a congregation of faithful men” shall, with prayer, send into the Lord’s vineyard. But as in the twenty-fifth Article our Church denies that God has imposed any peculiar form of ordination as necessary to the validity of Orders, so here, in perfect consistency with that language, it speaks of “public authority,” and not “divine authority,” as designating who should send ministers into the Lord’s vineyard; and thus it asserts for every national or particular Church the full and perfect right to give unto itself such laws as shall constitute and regulate its own ministry.’—P. 109. (Cf. also pp. 114, 115.)

It is needless to say more than that this view of Art. XXIII. (not to mention the quiet substitution of ‘*by* the congrega-

tion,' for 'in the congregation')¹ is directly opposed to the Preface of the Ordinal, which most expressly states the necessity of 'episcopal consecration or ordination.' Dr. Elliot, however, implies this view of Orders throughout his volume. Thus, as one example, (p. 190,) he asks incidentally, 'Where in the Bible is to be found the doctrine of no efficacy of sacraments, except as they be made sacraments by the consecration, or by the administration of any one set of men, peculiarly commissioned thereto?'

III. This view of ordination is, of course, accompanied by a complete denial of a *priesthood*; but this denial is almost invariably pointed against the notion that the Catholic idea of a priest and a sacrifice in the Holy Eucharist involves a disparagement of that one 'full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice, oblation, and satisfaction for the sins of the whole world.' Whether this is done out of ignorance or out of malice, it is hard to say; but it makes it difficult to select for censure passages which, theologically considered, are fighting enemies of straw—opinions which nobody maintains—although they convey to ordinary readers the most erroneous and unworthy views as to the Christian priesthood. The following extract is perhaps the least guarded one on the subject. 'Not one line of all the teaching of our Church, whether in her formularies or liturgy, comes near to countenance the notion of a sacrificing, or interceding, or atoning priesthood, or any priesthood whatever, save that alone of Jesus Christ.' (P. 141.) As a consequence he says elsewhere, 'Our service rejects an altar—both name and thing.' (P. 230.) (See also p. 14.)

This view, further carried out, leads Dr. Elliot to make a statement as to the power of the keys, directly contrary to the words conferring that power in the Ordinal. His language is meant to be a *reductio ad absurdum*.

'If necessity of mortal priesthood to these ends be acknowledged, there follow, as inevitable consequences, that men, and therefore sinners, can retain the sins of other men; that men, and therefore sinners, can forgive the sins of other men; that men, and therefore sinners, can withhold or grant the grace of God; that men, and therefore sinners, share with Jesus Christ his priesthood and all it involves.'—P. 140.

Immediately upon this follows a long argument against the *word* priest. 'However the unfortunate use of the word priest, in our rubrics,' (Dr. Elliot does not tell his hearers that this

¹ It is worthy of observation that in the Latin Articles, the word here translated 'congregation' is *ecclesia*, not *cætus*. In Art. XIX. it is said '*ecclesia Christi visibilis est cætus fidelium*,' &c. But *cætus*, here properly used as explanatory of part of the idea conveyed by the word *ecclesia*, is not again used in the Latin. It is in Art. XXIII. in *ecclesia*, three times, and in Art. XXIV. once, where the English has 'in the congregation.'

word was deliberately substituted in several instances, at the last revision of the Prayer Book, for the more vague term minister,) 'may just afford ambiguity enough to serve those 'who wish to deceive the unguarded and unreflecting, no impression can thence be derived, by any reasonable person, that our 'Church does on that account teach the existence and the 'necessity of a priesthood.' (P. 144.) Dr. Elliot would hardly have been so positive in denying that any word but *πρεσβύτερος* is the correlative of the word priest in the rubrics, had he remembered that the heading of the thirty-second Article is, in the Latin, *De conjugio sacerdotum*. In the course of this discussion, by the way, we find this further plain contradiction of the preface of the Ordinal,—'I do not know that Scriptures make any distinction of Orders.' (P. 142.)

IV. *Such* a Church, and *such* a ministry, cannot conceivably have any authority. Hence Dr. Elliot, against the twentieth Article, 'Of the authority of the Church,' can speak thus, in censure of his theological opponents: 'Others claim for men, 'either pope, or council, or church, even for this our Church of 'England, which so clearly repudiates it, a power to give authoritative interpretation of that book (the Bible).' (P. 189.) And in the course of a very shocking sermon, (No. X.) in which he distinctly teaches that *any* individual whatever may by private prayer obtain the leading of the Spirit into certain truth on any point, he says, 'Unquestionably this doctrine of 'the Spirit being given to lead unto all truth, and that it shall 'so lead when sought and relied on, and obeyed, tends to an 'independence of man's teaching and man's authority, *as though* 'any man, or any sect of men, had recognised power to define what is 'truth' (*sic*). (P. 246.)

Any 'authority' of the Church is also expressly denied, it will be remembered, in the passages quoted above, about the popular origin and constitution of the Church.

Again, the following passage—one of several—is quite inconsistent with real allegiance to a Church that has ever so little dogmatic teaching.

'To endeavour to have a simple faith; to refuse to mingle in controversies, or to become a partisan; to be incurious as to what the thousand speculations may mean, which men call "theology;" to care little about a dogma or creed, when God gives you his word, and the Spirit to interpret it; . . . though all this be the teaching and the guiding of the Spirit, it suits not the contentiousness and pride of the world; . . . and I believe it to be this temper, this reliance on the Holy Spirit to guide into all truth, which those who are yet but too much the children of darkness, call "latitudinarian."—P. 249.

The Catechism also naturally comes under his ridicule. He talks of 'drilling its words into the memories of children,' and

continues, 'I cannot but consider that the endeavour is almost 'as absurd as hopeless, to make these young children such 'adepts in the peculiar doctrines of the Church of England, as 'that they shall be able very clearly to distinguish them from 'other doctrines, or able, with any great force, to maintain 'them against opposite doctrines.' (P. 53.)

V. The 'Address on Confirmation,' before referred to, is not only entirely opposed to the spirit of the Prayer Book, as well as the very letter of the office, but it contains besides a summary of most of the peculiar errors of Dr. Elliot. One marvellous passage must be quoted:—

'So then you see, as I said before, that confirmation does not mean that something is to be confirmed in you, but that you are out of your own mouth, will and heart, to renew the promise and vow made for you at your baptism. . . . Some persons there are who seem to think the grace which was given you in baptism needs to be confirmed, that is, made sure to you, and strengthened by this rite; but this is not so. . . . But nothing man can do, either of any power of his own or of any authority of office, can either give you greater measure of that gift, or take away any portion of it. And you will see that the order of Confirmation says nothing whatever of confirming baptism, but only of you confirming the promises and vows then made for you. Accordingly, if persons were baptized, as many are, without godfathers and godmothers standing for them, and then joined our Church, they could not use our service of Confirmation, because they of course could not renew the vows and promises which had never been made for them.'—P. 260.

We have now pointed out, in order and connexion, the principal errors of Dr. Elliot's theology. Our readers will have seen for themselves the inconsistency of such teaching with the true doctrine of the Church of England. We confess that when we take into consideration the gravity of the evil of such views being allowed to pass unquestioned and uncontradicted—the degree to which they virtually sap the very foundations of belief in at least one Article of the Creed, *The Holy Catholic Church*—their obvious contrariety to often the very express statements of the Prayer Book and Articles—the shamelessness and the dishonesty of argument with which, in this instance, they are propounded,—and the fact that Dr. Elliot has been advanced, in spite of these opinions, perhaps in consequence of these opinions, to high station in the Church,—we must say we think a serious question arises, as to the power, which unquestionably existing in the English Church, can be appealed to for an authoritative censure, by an Ecclesiastical Judge, of doctrine so manifestly false.

- ART. VII.—1. *Sacred and Legendary Art.* By MRS. JAMESON. 2 vols. London: Longman. 1848.
- 2.—*Legends of the Monastic Orders, as Represented in the Fine Arts.* By MRS. JAMESON. London: Longman. 1850.
- 3.—*Emblems of Saints: by which they are distinguished in Works of Art.* By Rev. F. C. HUSENBETH. London: Burns and Lambert. 1850.

IN these anxious and stirring times, when each year, and almost every day, brings forth portentous events in the history of the Church, and the destinies of the world, it is almost inevitable that men should overlook the minor features of the great changes which are everywhere taking place. To watch in every quarter the progress of the struggle between good and evil is the work of the wise and earnest-minded among us, of those who are set as watchmen on the heights of our spiritual Zion, who look out into the night and tell us if there be any sign of the dawn of the resurrection morning; and there are no symptoms, however faint, of this hidden working which they would overlook if they truly recognised them to be such, but there are many things which we hold to be manifest tokens of the same, that do not in any sort arrest their attention, because not bearing directly on the spiritual condition of Christendom.

Among these we would class first, at this time, the existing state of art; not simply viewed as it now is, but with reference to what it has been. This is not a subject, it must be admitted, on which the master-minds of the present day are disposed to occupy themselves. Some there are, no doubt, artists by nature, who have been driven to this vocation by so resistless a power of genius that they have looked through the very tears of childhood with a painter's eye, or babbled in verse with lips that scarce could frame the imperfect words of infancy; and such as these have no power to resist the heaven-appointed calling, which claims their entire thoughts and energy; but the great leaders in the army of Christ's soldiers are too much occupied seeking out the ambush where the enemy lies hid, or setting landmarks to guide their people through the darkness, to give time or thought to that which they conceive to be fitted and chiefly, if not only, for the amusements, or at best the embellishments, of life.

They feel these to be solemn days in which we live,—days

pregnant with events of great and significant import; and they have no ears for anything but the sounds, dull and hollow as the fall of the avalanche on the mountains which are all around them—telling how barriers are crashing down which have stood the storms of ages, and how kingdoms are being convulsed and principalities shaken: as soon would they think of pausing to listen to the voice of the nightingale, or to define the tints of a rose, when staggering up some dangerous ascent, with foes on every side, and pitfalls at their feet, as linger now to descant upon the poet's song, or examine the merits of the painter's work.

This age is essentially practical—it has of necessity been rendered so by the moral convulsions and threatening storms of which we have spoken; men must look to the very ground beneath their feet that it crumble not away, and they deem the gifts of genius but the outward expression of the beautiful, things lovely and of good report, indeed, as a pastime for holiday hours when the spirit is unvexed and calm, but having no task to perform in the one work of such momentous importance to ourselves, even the upholding of that holy faith, over which the Son of man hath cast so fearful a doubt, whether He shall find it on this earth at His coming.

But is this a just estimate of these less solid acquirements to which some minds are constrained, as it were, by the very principle of their nature to devote themselves? We know that all things on this earth are designed to work together for that great end—the consummation of Christ's kingdom; and if any fail to accomplish their share in the universal effort, it cannot be from a deficiency in their actual nature, but because they are perverted from their proper use by the corruption of man. Now in most cases this perversion is not occasioned by a wilful distortion of any of the good gifts of this life from their purpose as first conceived in the Divine intention, but simply because their power to work for good is not sought out or recognised. And yet, that any channels for the communion of mind with mind, and the development of human thought, should be deemed not only more insignificant than others, but actually powerless in the one great cause, is an assumption springing from intellectual arrogance, which the dimness of our sight in this twilight world, and the limited exercise of our judgment cannot justify.

How is it possible that we can be fit judges what are the great and what the lesser instruments employed in a work which has been organized by Him in whose sight one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day? In that outward creation which He pronounced very good, is there any part however minute

which does not contribute to the beauty of the perfect whole—the flower as well as the tree, the grassy bank not less than the tremendous mountain—can we not say of the smallest blade of grass which He deemed requisite, that without it all would be incomplete? Again, does the stately river on which the commerce of a nation depends perform a nobler work than the rivulet that waters the labourer's field, causing it to fructify and yield food to his children and himself—since both tend to that for which all the fair provisions of nature are appointed, the good of man? And so in the ordering of the moral universe, among all the wheels within wheels of which that marvellous machinery is composed, the action of the most minute have often the largest share in moving the complex arrangement of the whole.

Who among us shall dare to judge what subtle influences are brought to bear on man in the progress of that glorious scheme now at work throughout the world—the renovation of his nature by Christianity? What can we know of the requirement of wisdom, which by innumerable and apparently insignificant channels, works on the mysterious souls of men with a delicacy and variety of action which no human mind could follow? How shall we trace out the fine chords that are sent to seek the responsive echo in the heart, or analyse the interminable variety of character and circumstance which requires that some who would not be won by the hearing of the ear should be allured by the seeing of the eye; or that others who would turn with distaste from the truth as set forth in a grave and weighty form, should yet insensibly imbibe its spirit when conveyed through the medium of sweet verse or pages of attractive matter. In a word one would argue, that while our teachers rightly hold the press and the pulpit and individual influence as the surest instruments for leading men to that Great Light, they do ill to overlook the poets' and the painters' art as agents which may likewise be rendered of great and practical utility in that important task. We are propounding no new view.

There was a time, as we shall shortly prove from the annals of the past, when the Church of Christ recognised in the fine arts one of her most powerful and effective engines for working on the minds of her children, and when she required not to claim from the sons of genius the dedication of their powers to her service, since they did not conceive it possible that they could do aught with these talents committed to them, but trade with them on behalf of their coming Lord. And truly with no grudging or hireling's heart did they perform their life-long work; they believed themselves, on the contrary, appointed to a special honour—invested even

from their birth with a high and holy office which demanded the entire consecration of themselves and all their power; that the fire of their genius might be like the lamp of sacred oil, for ever burning before the altar of their God. Even as Samuel was called of old by the voice Divine, so did they hold themselves summoned to minister within His spiritual temple, and their part therein was to be like those who bore the silver censers, and were for ever sending up sweet incense before the throne. That ever they should sacrifice at the shrine of the world or their own self interest, was a species of practical apostasy from which they would most utterly have shrunk; but rather like the women who in those days were wont to come kneeling to lay upon the altar steps the golden ornaments and sparkling jewels of which they strip their arms and necks, so did the musicians, and painters, and poets of that time thankfully offer up to the only true God the precious things of their souls, the treasures of their intellects, unallured by the false worship of the beautiful as an abstract principle, or the still deadlier homage of the mind to mammon.

There are few things among the signs of the times which we conceive to manifest more clearly than the present degradation of Christian art, how, in the last few centuries, the love of many hath waxed cold. It would be a matter of astonishment to us that this defection is little thought of or deplored, had not the decadence been so gradual. The enemy who stole the good seed while men slept, hath robbed us of many fair things unperceived; and the process by which the spirit of sacrifice has died out among the children of genius, to be replaced by sordid cravings, or the selfish calculations of a worldly ambition, has involved too many changes of more palpable importance to have been greatly heeded.

It were easy to trace out the share which a chilling Protestantism, allied to the grasping encroachments of commerce, has had in this evil work, but our space would not admit of such an inquiry, however interesting; we must be content to look at present to the result without examining the cause. Of this it requires no peculiar keenness of perception to judge at once. The apostasy of genius from its own holy vocation in these latter ages, and the surrender of its noble powers to the service of the world is so complete, that we should be disposed to look hopelessly on the far-spread evil, without so much as raising a voice to protest against it, were it not for the hopeful revival, in this our own day, of the Church's ancient fervour, and her children's holy zeal. Fifty years ago the subject could not have been broached at all; and the fine intellect and bright imagination of the painter and the poet might

have been left without appeal or remonstrance, to make merchandise of the divine fire within them, and traffic with God's gifts in the Vanity Fair of this world as they would. We may hope better things, however, of our own time, and from the nineteenth century we demand the re-consecration of art to Christianity.

This is an appeal to which we are fully aware that we may not expect a practical answer will be given till long after this generation has been swept away. We cannot but feel in looking at the state of art at present, not in our own country alone, but in all Europe, that it must indeed be a work of time before this long exploded truth can be recovered, that the dedication of genius solely to the service of God is not only its legitimate use and intention, as originally bestowed upon man, but the ordinary and bounden duty of every one who possesses it.

How widely and miserably such a system differs from the practice of the present day must be apparent to all, however slightly their attention may have been turned to the subject. In the whole range of art, as at present existing, there seem to be but two main springs of action; the first, and by far the most powerful, is the lust of gain; the other is the ambition of worldly fame. There is of course a certain class among the works of art which are essentially requisite to the Church, and which are, and have been devoted, though not as yet without grudging, and among ourselves without suspicion, to her necessity, such as ecclesiastical architecture, glass painting, silver-smith's work, &c., and, in another branch, the composition of hymns and canticles to suit the present taste; but these are mostly given with a compulsory service, which demands its worldly reward, and we speak now of the voluntary contributions which crowd our exhibition rooms and teem from our press, whose essential object, as fixed by their authors, is undoubtedly the praise of men, or the still more substantial earnings to which they look.

That there has been a physical as well as a moral defalcation in art, is a matter too evident to be questioned; none would doubt its extent who ever compared the divine works of the old masters with the compositions of modern times. Now we are most deeply convinced that the outward deterioration is but the palpable manifestation in the visible work of the degradation in the spirit which has animated him who produced it. Why is it that we have no Fra Angelicos and Peruginos, no Dantes and Tassos, no Palestrinas in our time? Why is it that we should look in vain among the productions of our cotemporaries for the divine beauty—in truth the very beauty of holiness—that in various shapes was made manifest by them to the mortal senses?

It is because the glory and power of an answered prayer for God's inspiration is beaming on us, in the spiritual loveliness that haunts the pictured forms of one, thrilling to our hearts in the solemn verse of another, and stealing on our ears with the sweetness of an angel's song in the melodies of the third; nor would the prayer ever have been made or answered, had not each gifted soul already consecrated their entire power and energy as a freewill offering to their Lord—a restoring unto Him in His own appointed way of the gifts which He had given.

Generally speaking we may say that this devoted spirit no longer exists, and for this cause we now behold that Genius of art in the dust, bound and degraded, fed with unseemly food, and producing most chiefly works of an earthly and sensual caste, which once, as the pure handmaiden of the Christian Faith, went with that mighty power whithersoever its influence extended—striving to set forth its glory by every means appointed, alike to the refined and gentle, who could appreciate her subtler beauties, and to the ignorant, who could better understand her visible teaching than the words of wisdom unintelligible to their unlearned minds.

It may not be unprofitable to indulge for a moment in a vision, however ideal, of what might be, were Christian art restored to her legitimate office as the devoted servant of the Church, when her existence should be only an outward expression in various shapes of the eternal truths of which that Church is keeper. Her mission, so long forgotten, is to win the souls of men by her allurements and attractive teaching; making known, in beauty, to the young and to the ignorant masses of the people, that Christian Faith, which too often is presented to them under the most chilling and repulsive form; and overcoming, for the voluptuous and earthly, the seductive images and tones of the world, by bringing before them fairer shapes and sweeter sounds, as shadows of heavenly things—were this holy mission of art but fully recognised by those whose natural gifts have enrolled them under her banners, how glorious might not be their working! Then would they perceive themselves to be a consecrated body, appointed to serve God in one special channel; and as all dedication of self involves a life of denial and purity, so, in order to concentrate their powers on the one object for which art was given to the world, they would divest themselves of all desire for the praise of men and the worldly goods, to which artists so often prostitute their talents. They would strive to live ignoring the existence of aught save God and their own soul, desirous only of producing, not what shall most tend to their own fame or the humbling

of a rival, but what shall most further the glory of their Lord, and prove the surest instrument for His work on the souls of men. Then would art appear in guise so heavenly, bringing such eloquent visions of holy things before the eyes of man, and sending such an angel voice of warning through the world in music or in poetry, that the hearts of men would be touched, their consciences awakened in spite of all the world's searing, and their spirits drawn upward to the Alone Source of all true beauty.

It might, indeed, seem almost despairing, with thoughts such as these, to look around us on the actual profanation of the fine arts. A melancholy spectacle truly they present to us, uninspired by the grace, unhallowed by the motive, and they that should have been as brethren, working the good work with the same noble instruments, are often bitterest enemies at heart, full of envy and self-love; for if any thing were required to show how miserably art has fallen from its original use and first estate, the evil passions which seem to be for ever springing from its exercise, and actually produced thereby, would be sufficient proof that there is a deep seated corruption now for ever distorting and debasing it.

An artist's jealousies and heart-burnings are proverbial, and how often is common-place rivalry the motive of all their zeal and labour. Yet even the world has a loftier ambition than emulation, it has that which, though perhaps the least gross and despicable, is not the least pernicious of the principles that rule the artist mind—viz. that abstract worship of the beautiful which approaches so nearly to pantheism. This semblance of truth, even more we should say than the mere worldly ambition or the lust for gold, will come between art and Christianity, because it has a look of purity with which the artist soul contents itself, when the immortality within it revolts against these baser uses.

We shall do better, however, by seeking to discover what are the obstacles which militate against the consecration of art in the present day, than by lingering any longer to lament its abuse. The first great difficulty consists in the simple fact that men not only do not comprehend the sacred mission to which art is appointed, but they do not conceive the possibility of its being rendered available on behalf of Christianity. This objection we propose to remove by referring to the experience of past ages, when the Church drew most goodly and pleasant fruit from the devotion of genius to her cause. Supposing this overcome, however, and that the artist world were to cast down the golden idol of their worship, discard the incense of human praise, and return to the service and allegiance of

their lawful master, a new difficulty would arise, most likely, in their being unable to discern the means by which they were to make the fine arts active engines in His holy cause. Here again we have the practical evidence of other times; and records yet remain to us from many lands, both in tradition and in history, where we may find minute details of the noble works then undertaken, and the mode by which the artist prepared himself for his sacred labours.

We shall most advance our argument, and answer both difficulties, by giving some account of the system, whereby in earlier days art was made the organized instrument of the Church, as we have learned it in the very localities themselves which were thus favoured.

Our field of observation has been most in those lands which have been ever subject to the operation of the eastern branch of the Church; but we could not perhaps take a fairer guide than her teaching in this respect, not only because it is still at work in various quarters to this day, but because the simplicity and undeviating obedience to rule which so nobly characterise her practice, have their full power in these minor channels of good, as well as in the weightiest matters of the law, and enable us to follow the course assigned by the Church to art, both in principle and action, with great clearness and purity of detail. It must be remembered, however, that in talking of what was customary among Eastern Christians, we are in fact giving the practice of all Christendom, as even after the unhappy separation of the western and eastern branches the same spirit still guided the exercise of genius, till the degeneracy of later times had rendered it so universally corrupt, that perhaps in the east alone, and that only in certain localities, does it retain somewhat of its ancient holy fire.

We find, then, on consulting the treasures of the old Byzantine monasteries, as well as the traditionary knowledge of the people themselves in the present day, that at the time when Christianity was in her greatest glory in Byzantium, art was so solemnly devoted to sacred purposes, that its exercise was entirely confined to religious houses; and further, that it was subject, in all the three branches of poetry, painting, and music, to certain set laws, arbitrary as the canons of the Church, and supposed to be derived, as we shall presently show, from marvellously high sources. In Spanish art, as in other *cosas de España*, the Oriental tradition long survived: and there are extant several Spanish treatises rigidly prescribing the details of Christian art.

The theory as to the destined use of art which they held as a point of doctrine, is simply that as well as all good gifts

of God, it was created solely for His service and worship, and that it was an act of treason to His divine majesty to profane it to common uses; if any man felt within himself that the seal of genius was set upon him, then they believed that straightway he must account himself as one sacred, ordained to a life of more than ordinary devotion, and most often, as a means for the higher consecration of his powers, to asceticism. The great work which they believed it was the mission of Christian art to accomplish, was the instruction of the people in divine truth by the most attractive means; such a teacher was in those days in fact, absolutely necessary; for reading was an art confined almost entirely to the monastic orders, and the system of exhortation from the pulpit was in great disuse. The unchanging and most eloquent services of the Church were, of course, the main and divinely appointed medium of conveying to those nations the doctrines of our holy faith and her requirements, but in aid and interpretation of these they trusted much to the work of the fine arts. Thus the entire records of the Church's warfare upon earth up to that period were made known to the people by means of sacred paintings. These were conveyed by travelling monks from house to house, and not confined to the churches alone, although no doubt the old Byzantine pillars of these noble structures formed the legitimate and best framework to such holy subjects, whilst they in return gave to them an outward attraction which drew many of the ignorant within their walls. By means of these sacred images alone, the whole history of martyrdom has been known to the Eastern Christian; and not only have the actual facts been thus displayed before their eyes, but the artist's skill was wont to paint so truthfully the triumph and glory of a soul faithful unto death over the agony of the body, that we positively affirm from the experience we have had of these yet existing works, no power of teaching, no volumes of eloquence, would so awaken the conscience or win the heart, as the images there represented of the triumphs of the Christian faith.

All who have ever visited the ancient churches in the interior of the East, may test the accuracy of this assertion, for in obedience to the undeviating law of which we have spoken, the type of ecclesiastical painting has not varied one hair's breadth through the centuries that have passed away; and all who will may yet read, upon the time-stained wall of many a holy building, the eloquent sermons which preached Christ's cross to those, who, clinging to it, we would trust, have ages since been safely landed on the eternal shores. No one could doubt how powerful an engine is Christian art, who once has looked upon the pale solemn faces of those pictured saints, represented at the

very moment when they bartered their death agony for a celestial crown—the ghastly details of their bodily torture rendered unmistakably plain, so that no one may deem the *Via Crucis* shall ever be soft treading unto human feet; whilst the ever-recurring evidence of the no less sure and blessed truth, *Post crucem corona*, is with equal clearness set forth in the image of the opening heaven, to which the dying eyes are turned, beholding already the angel ministers of the heirs of salvation stretching forth their hands with joyful welcome to their new companion, and upholding the everlasting crown before his aspiring gaze. In those days, too, when the conversion of the heathen was a task for which there was scope in every town and by every hearth, the people were stimulated to energetic efforts for the propagation of the Faith by glowing representations of the successful working of the saints, where the deeds done in this visible world, and their result in that which is unseen, were displayed together. The chains of sin and sorrow were beheld falling from the hands of those on whom the waters of baptism were descending, and the known presence at such holy sacraments of the angelic hosts was simply recognised in their actual appearance in visible shape among the group. Most frequently they are seen pointing to the celestial Paradise, whence rays of light descend, and where a place is speedily preparing for those to whom has now been given the Christian name by which they may be known in heaven.

Herein lies one great secret of the means whereby this silent teaching of sight was rendered so effective, that art carefully displayed on the same canvass the result in eternity of that which was taking place in time. The present toil was never given without the future reward—the earthly cross without the heavenly palm of victory—the sympathy of our Lord and the holy angels with the Christian pilgrims, wearily walking through the world to their home, was ever made manifest; and the continual presence of the head of the Church, alike with that portion of it which is militant on earth, and that which is triumphant in heaven, was so vividly set forth, that the veil of the flesh yet separating them seems to dissolve into a film before the strong reality of that embodied thought.

A still more wonderful principle carried out in this sacred art was the system of symbolism, whose interesting details in old Byzantine art we earnestly recommend to the study of all who may feel disposed to attempt, even in their own persons only, the consecration of painting to holy purposes. This beautiful symbolic teaching was conducted with a subtilty and depth of meaning, which if sometimes beyond the comprehension of the great mass of the people, as we should imagine, was not the

less, perhaps, singularly adapted to the more cultivated minds of the day.

The mission of sacred painting in the East was not, however, only to teach such profitable details in the history and prospects of the Catholic faith as the services of the Church were not likely to convey, but likewise to impress upon the minds of her children, and to elucidate, with all the vivid reality of an actual representation, the awful truths which she had already taught them. Thus the judgment of the Last Great Day, with the awarding of the awful sentence to each separate crime, was a subject elaborately, and often most powerfully treated. We met with a singular circumstance concerning this subject in a very ancient deserted Church in the interior of Greece. The walls were entirely covered with a well-executed delineation of the Doom; they were, however, blackened with age, and with the fires which the Turks had lit within the Church, in the vain hope of destroying one of God's temples; (in which we may remark, they never succeeded, whatever might be the secret awe or the actual power which arrested their sacrilegious hands,) and it was some time before we could discern the appalling subject; but gradually, on examining more minutely, we discovered, to our great astonishment, that the punishment assigned to the various classes of crimes tallied to the very letter with those of Dante's *Inferno* and *Purgatorio*. It was not a mere general resemblance, but a similarity of the closest exactness. There could be no question that the painting was greatly antecedent to the poet's work; and no plainer proof could be adduced that the sacred poems and sacred pictures embodied the one prescribed recognised type of Christian Iconography and symbolism, diffused and accepted throughout East and West.

So deeply impressed was the Church in those days of the power of this agent in her hands, and so active in the diffusion of these works of art, that up to the present time the ancient custom then established still prevails, of furnishing the houses of the poorer classes, as well as the Churches, with sacred paintings. There is not an abode, however humble, among the Eastern Christians which has not some works of Christian art; their antiquity proving that they date from a remote period, and that they have been handed down from father to son, teaching the same lesson to generation after generation. These often prove to be singularly interesting specimens of a very ancient style of art. They consist generally of a wooden frame, on which are painted the faces, hands, and feet of the saints, with exquisite delicacy of touch; whilst the figures and remainder of the pictures are worked in silver.

By this means the Church caused her silent teaching to be conveyed to the further limits of her dominion as well as to the innermost hearts of her children. Of the actual work wrought on the souls of men by the sanctification of this branch of art, we have ample proof in the records of the past. That great writer, so essentially Protestant, to say the least, Channing, has borne unwilling testimony to the effect it can even produce on a mind not only highly cultivated and distinctly antagonistic to such uses, when he says, 'The services of the altar did not move, but rather pained me; but when I cast my eyes on the pictures on the wall, which placed before me the holy men of departed ages, now absorbed in devotion and lost in rapture, now enduring with meek courage and celestial hope the agonies of a painful death in defence of the truth, I was touched, and I hope made better. The voice of the officiating priest I did not hear; but these sainted dead spoke to my heart, and I was sometimes tempted to feel as if an hour spent in this communion were as useful to me as if spent in a Protestant church.'¹ We are not asked to accompany Channing in his preference of anything instrumental to the service of the altar itself, but his enthusiasm may well render it no matter of surprise if we find the desired impression gladly received in the kindlier soil of willing though ignorant hearts.

Did our space permit we could give many instances of the power allowed to this gentle instrument to snatch even souls from perdition. Beautiful traditions there are of fierce warriors, men of blood, and murderers, turning to rest from the heat of the day, when journeying on some scheme of rapine, in the cool shadow of the silent church—there, as they lifted their scoffing eyes upon the sacred cross behind which the awful altar is concealed, suddenly their gaze would meet the solemn eyes of the agonizing Lord looking into theirs with that intense holiness and majesty of expression which characterises most of the *inspired* pictures—then would they struggle beneath the dreadful look, and strive to escape from within the sacred walls; but in vain would they wrestle with the strange fascination of that gaze piercing them through and through, and nailing down their souls before it as His own hands were nailed unto the Cross—and gradually the fire of love, beaming from those divine eyes through all the silent agony of the Cross, would melt the ice around their hearts of stone—horror for the sin which caused that precious blood to flow, now seeming actually to trickle on them from the walls—a love, a longing for the meek and holy Sufferer, that fixed upon them such a look of mournful reproach, would come irresistibly over their spirit, driving out the

¹ Essay on the Church, p. 273.

evil passions, till the knees that never bowed but on a captive's neck, would bend down in trembling before the blessed likeness, and the lips that never opened but to speak blasphemies or cruelty, would frame the unaccustomed *Kyrie eleison*. Such were the practical triumphs of Christian art.

Such histories might be accompanied with many more equally striking, of the power of consecrated poetry and music—for this art, no less than that of painting, was devoted with eminent success to this holy work. Many examples are recorded, such as of princely tyrants, gorged with luxury and ill-gotten wealth, riding past some village church, in all the pomp of earthly state, and hearing, through the old windows, sounds so sweet, that it was like an angel singing; and how the holy melody had such resistless power, that they were drawn by it, as by silver chains, towards the Christian temple, where, when they entered, a nameless awe fell on their souls with the shadows that closed around them; and soon the deep words swelling in those divine songs, of which the burden was ever how He died and rose again, would pierce their hearts, and they whose music hitherto had been their prisoners' cries, would join their voices to the vesper hymn, and worship with penitence.

In a simpler detail of facts, however, than these fine old traditions afford, we have abundant proof of the skilful manner in which both music and poetry were rendered effective in the Church's cause. The execution of both, and especially the latter, were chiefly confined, as we have said, to the monastic orders, but not the less they were brought to bear upon the minds of the people; for the monks of those days were wont to seek out their wandering sheep on the mountains, and in the distant villages wheresoever they might be scattered; and among the simple-hearted villagers they would chant the sacred verses they had written in their lonely cells; and so retentive was the memory of their hearers, that these strains, and the truths they conveyed, never passed again from their hearts or lives; even yet their echo is lingering on those mountains over which the rushing centuries have passed since first they sounded there; and still, as of old, the very little children now syllable the sacred words they do not understand, but which hereafter shall be to them the key of mysteries; and thus we may judge, even yet, how acceptable they were to the Oriental imagination; how well adapted to stir the light hearts that would have rebelled against more solemn teaching. We must not overlook one striking fact connected with this subject—that this same art, which the Church rendered so powerful and noble an instrument in the service of God, was first raised by

her out of a degradation on which it is painful even to think. It was in the very Greece and Rome where afterwards the western and eastern branches alike effected so holy a consecration of genius, that first the fine arts were nurtured in corruption. If we have spoken of their present state as degraded, we know not what words to apply to the horrible profanation to which they were then subjected. The walls of Pompeii and the vases of Greece will furnish but too flagrant details; and we have only alluded to the subject, because we were anxious to show how deep must have been the conviction of the Church that art was a holy gift of God, designed for holy uses, and how wise the powerful means by which she appropriated it, before she could have accomplished the result we have been describing; wherein we see it raised out of a very mire of corruption to be the noble servant of Christianity itself.

It is of this conviction and of these means that we would speak, being fully persuaded that some account of them might be of considerable service in the present day; but we are fully aware that in describing them as they actually existed in the Eastern Church, we shall not be able to carry the great majority of our readers along with us in entire sympathy with her views. We shall not the less, however, state them exactly, and we may confidently assert, that where they cannot be received in full detail, the germ of deep truths will at least be found within them, whose recognition were most important to the soul.

The conviction, or as we may call it, faith of the Eastern Church on this point was, simply, that art and the genius which assigned the power to execute it to individuals was not only a Divine gift, but distinctly of Divine inspiration, *i.e.* that although naturally some persons were gifted from their birth, it was yet an emanation of special grace—one of the direct operations of God's own Holy Spirit, which might be obtained by fasting and prayer, where no previous ability or knowledge of the art had existed. In fact, so far as a right and holy use of it were concerned, it was considered impossible that any sacred effort could be accomplished without a peculiar gift of heavenly strength, sought for by lawful means; and whatever a person's natural talents might be, it was never supposed that they could be made effective in action if unblessed and unassisted in this manner.

Two striking proofs we have of this view, as a matter of faith, in the traditional account of the origin of their ecclesiastical system, both of painting and music. In order to give its full weight to the singular belief connected with the first of these arts in the Eastern Church, we may state, that no one who has ever visited the East can fail to be struck with

the rigid execution of one invariable law, which guides even the minutest details of the sacred paintings, causing the most extraordinary exactitude in the representation of each separate subject, no deviation whatever being found in the different epochs or places in the prescribed form of the composition. This similarity in the conception or elaboration of the various sacred scenes uniformly appearing on the walls of the churches was so striking, as to preclude the possibility of its being merely a natural resemblance of idea in the development of one subject; not only the costume of the various personages is everywhere and always the same for the form and colouring, but actually for the number and thickness of the folds in their robes. For instance, certain of the Greek saints may everywhere be recognised by a peculiar little fold produced by their garment under the knee. Of the practical value of this rigid typical character assigned to Christian art, it is apparent how much more aptly such a system appeals to devotion, and the cultivation of pious thoughts and desires. Mere criticism and the dilettanteism of connoisseurship it is impossible to apply to the Greek icons.

This undoubted characteristic of the sacred painting of the East was long a source of speculation and astonishment among European travellers. It was plain to them that the whole system was guided to the utmost refinement of detail by one law, and this law was not only in operation in all lands where the Eastern Church extended, but had evidently been so for many centuries. For example, the figure of S. John Chrysostom on the baptistery of S. Mark's, at Venice, may be found again, with the most marvellous identity, at Smyrna, Athens, and Constantinople, and well-nigh in every little village church upon the continent of Greece. The painting fresh from the hands of the artist of yesterday was the precise reproduction of the blackened remains of the picture of the tenth century. There has not even been a modification in the ingredients with which their paint is mixed, which are wholly distinct from the preparation of oil or body colours in later times.

Now this mystery, which so long perplexed the European world, was none in the East, and soon the solution of it was made known to all who chanced to see the translation of a certain Byzantine MS., by the French author Didron. For those unacquainted with this volume we may briefly mention that it is a curious work, entitled *Ἑρμηνεία τῆς ζωγραφικῆς*, or, Guide to Painting, the production of a certain Greek monk named Panselinos, whom the French translator states to have lived in the eleventh century, but to whom local tradition, as we have gathered from his countrymen, assigns a yet earlier

date, as he is asserted to have composed this volume during the reign of Theodore.

In another point also the traditionary account disagrees with Didron, that he concludes the monk Denys, painter of the convent of Fourma, near Agrapha, who lived at a later epoch, to be the actual author of the work, wherein he embodied the instruction he received from the mere paintings of Panselinos. The Greek Church holds that the latter was alone the actual composer of this singular volume, but that Denys gathered together the various parts and recopied them so as to form the perfect whole.

Panselinos was a monk of Mount Athos, where this MS. has been so carefully guarded that it is at the present day in a state of remarkable preservation. It consists of four parts. The first, which is entirely technical, treats of the mode of preparing brushes and colours, and of the walls on which the frescoes and pictures are to be wrought, as well as of the actual painting of them. The second, and most important part, details with much precision the system of symbolism, which is of wonderful depth and wisdom, and gives also the whole of the sacred subjects which are to be represented. The third part indicates the different places in the church, or porch, refectory or fountain in which it is orthodox to place various subjects. Lastly, an Appendix is wholly devoted to the minutest directions as to the representations of our blessed Lord and the holy S. Mary, and gives most of the inscriptions which are used in the Byzantine paintings.

It is now well known that this work is in fact the code of laws by which the Christian Iconography of the East has been governed for the last eight centuries, with an authority as arbitrary as it is undisputed; but that it also furnishes the solution of what might well be considered the unnatural and extraordinary obedience which has been rendered to them is not so well understood. We say *unnatural* obedience, for it certainly does appear to us that a submission, in various lands and during many centuries, of that artist mind, which is usually of all elements the most ungovernable and independent, to a list of rules that are not even among the canons of the Church, is indeed contrary to the ordinary working of human nature, and can have resulted only in some deep motive; and such in truth there is, although it was wholly unknown to Didron, who wonders in vain over the matter.

We shall now give the legendary form of this secret cause, which we heard from one whose forefathers dwelt close to Mount Athos in the days of Panselinos himself, and whose own birth-place is almost within its shadow. We frankly admit

that the history we are about to relate has a very poetical and embellished aspect; but of the main fact on which it turns no member of the Greek Church would admit a doubt.

The father Panselinos, was a man of singular holiness and devotion, who in the deep solitude of his cell on Mount Athos nourished an ardent desire to work some great service to the Church of Christ; but how could he, a monk, cut off from all communion with his kind, do aught but seek her glory by his prayers and vigils? This was, he knew, a blessed and a powerful instrument, but his soul desired some more visible fruit of the zeal that seemed to consume his very being in this inaction. At length he bethought him that both in body and soul he might effectually serve her, by giving himself to the work of painting the frescoes for the monastic chapel and other churches; with the mind would he conceive images of celestial beauty, and with the hand embody them in outward shape to bless the eyes of the Christian worshippers.

With all the ardour of the impassioned eastern nature he betook himself to the task, asking only such a blessing on his labours as he sought for all ordinary actions. He prepared the wood on which he was to paint—it was that of the holy doors, where some sacred subject is always presented to those who worship towards the altar hidden behind them—he had fixed which sacred scene was to be the first work of his hands; the blessed Lord was to be there, represented in the humility of human infancy, but with the majesty Divine piercing the veil of the flesh, and with the presence of His sweet mother watching over Him, and saints in adoration at His feet. In the early dawn of morning, when the forest of Mount Athos was lit with the glory of an eastern sunrise, and the golden rays were streaming through the arches of the old Byzantine Church, the monk Panselinos knelt down before the holy doors and began his work. He drew the canopy which was to be above the divine Head; he fixed the position of the figure, and then lifted his hand to commence the sacred form—but suddenly the brush fell from his trembling fingers; he looked round with a startled shrinking glance, as though he feared an avenger were behind him, and bowed his head upon the pavement: a terrible thought had struck him with exceeding horror, that he was committing a species of sacrilege. How should he, uninspired, dare to portray the countenance which shrouded the Godhead! as well surely attempt to represent the sun shining in its strength! and how could he seek to delineate the blessed saints and martyrs in such guise as to allure men by their pure aspect to purity, or by their tortures to any suffering for Christ's sake? how was he, a sinner and corrupt, to produce

these holy things? yet he felt convinced that here was a great instrument, which might be made available in the Church's cause, for up to this time there were no sacred paintings in the Eastern Church, except some in the rudest form, more calculated to inspire ridicule than pious thoughts; and if he, as merely a sinful man, were unfit to work so holy mission, so were all others of his kind. He went back to his cell and fasted and prayed all day.—As night drew near he laid himself prostrate on the earth, and earnestly supplicated that, since sacred painting was obviously a fit and noble agent in the work of Christianising the world, it might be made known to him by what system of delineation it was to convey truth to the hearts of the people, and that power might be given him to portray the sacred scenes and subjects as heaven willed they should appear before the eyes of men. His prayer was heard, and that same night the revelation came to him by angelic ministry of the whole system, even to the minutest detail, of the ecclesiastical painting which was to be so great an engine in the hands of the Eastern Church; most especially that marvellous refinement of symbolism, which really seems as though it could not have sprung from mere human intellect, was fully disclosed to him, precisely, so Eastern piety believes, as it is found in the MS. which has been the Church's guide from that hour.

When morning dawned the monk was already engaged, still under the divine inspiration, in recording word for word the instructions he had received; and these, when completed, formed the code of laws entitled *Ἐμπνεῖα τῆς ζωγραφικῆς* which has been so rigidly obeyed throughout the Eastern Church since then.

The secret of this obedience is now plain; it is a matter of faith in the Church, that this manual of instruction came by inspiration of heaven, and Oriental art would count it sacrilege to deviate one line from its commands.

Being thus convinced that the mission of painting is so divine a thing, Eastern Christians hold, as we have already stated, that the power to assist in this work can only come by direct assistance from above; but they believe that this may be given either in answer to special prayer, or bestowed unexpectedly on some heaven-chosen recipient of an unwonted grace: of this last an example is given in the history so little known of Georgio Marcos, the painter of the celebrated church at Salamis; which it seems scarce possible to conceive could be the work of one man. We extract Didron's own account of this extraordinary building, as an impartial judge who has no idea whatever of the peculiar explanation which the Greek legend affords of the marvels of the painting. He thus speaks of it;—

‘ Malgré l’habitude qu’on peut avoir de compter les figures d’un tableau ou les personnages qui tapissent un monument, on est étourdi à la vue de ces figures hautes depuis six pieds jusqu’à six pouces, qui s’alignent le long des murs, qui s’enroulent autour des archivoltes qui escaladent les tambours des coupoles qui se promènent au pourtour des absides qui sortent de partout, s’enfoncent dans toutes les longueurs et montent à toutes les hauteurs. . . . La quantité de ces figures est du plus haut intérêt, mais leur disposition générale et l’arrangement de tous les groupes en particulier importent plus encore. Tous ces êtres créés par l’art sont disposés dans un ordre remarquable, et suivant lequel défile régulièrement sous nos yeux, l’histoire figurée de la religion, depuis la création jusqu’à la fin du monde, en passant par les patriarches, les juges, les rois et les prophètes, par la Vierge et Jésus-Christ, par les apôtres, les martyres, les confesseurs et tous les saints. . . . A Salamine on n’a pas seulement peints des personnages et figuré des scènes; on y a encore baptisé les individus et les traits historiques au moyen d’inscriptions ou d’épigraphes qui désignent ou les expliquent; et ces épigraphes sont extraites de toute la Bible d’abord, et ensuite d’une grande quantité de livres religieux, les œuvres des pères, la vie des saints, le grand Ménologe du Melaphraste ont été mis à contribution. Sur la banderole qui tient S. Jean Damascène est écrite une sentence tirée des ouvrages de ce grand docteur; il en est de même pour S. Grégoire de Naziane, S. Basil, S. Jean Chrysostome et pour tous les autres. La difficulté augmente ainsi et la science que devrait posséder l’artiste chargé d’un pareil travail ne se trouverait assurément chez personne. Quel homme devait être ce peintre de Salamine pour avoir accompli une pareille entreprise!’

Now the history of this painter, Georgio Marcos, which Didron a few pages later tells us he vainly sought, is thus given by his countryman, from whom we heard it. This church is called the ‘Phanaromeni,’ or ‘The appearing.’ It takes its name from the incident (so speaks tradition) to which it owes its existence. Georgio Marcos was a poor labourer of Megara, who had never so much as heard of painting; but who in his own simple way sought by all means to manifest his devotion to his master: often it was a source of deep regret to him that he could do so little, but still he never dreamt of attempting aught beyond the performance, with scrupulous care, of the simple devotions enjoined by his priest. One night as he lay on the hill-side, resting from the heat and burden of the day, there appeared to him a celestial vision, that bid him arise and go to Salamis, and there fill the church, of which the walls had been newly raised, with paintings of such holy scenes and divine representations as should render it a very treasury of religious instruction. Georgio awoke, knowing no more of the art of painting than when he lay down to sleep; but the command was given, and this was enough for his simple faith: he rose, girded himself, and went forth, journeying towards Salamis; being there arrived, he told the monks of the monastery, who were building the church, that he was sent by Heaven to paint it, and asked for materials that he might begin his work.

With no more hesitation than his own the monks provided him with these. They saw that he was not of their fraternity, and in truth but a poor ignorant labourer, yet they knew that the Lord, who trieth the heart and the reins, chooseth ever fit servants for His own holy work. They led Georgio to the church, and left him there still in utter ignorance of the art, but likewise still in blind faith that no command was ever given without the power to perform it. He took the brushes in his hand and applied them to the wall, when straightway beneath his touch those wonderful shapes came out which now render this richly decorated church one of the most remarkable in Europe. In an incredibly short space of time it was, so the legend says, completed; and the happy artist retired into the monastery, where he was gladly welcomed as a brother by the admiring monks, and where henceforward day by day he worshipped in the holy sanctuary it had been permitted him so marvellously to beautify.

A similar belief in a divine origin sanctifies the ecclesiastical music and poetry of the Eastern Church. The chants used in the service at this present time are so disfigured and distorted by their nasal and unmelodious style of singing, that it seems scarce possible to recognise their original form; when examined, however, they are found to be simple and solemn strains, full of harmony, and resembling so closely the true old Gregorian tones, that it is quite clear the one must be the offspring of the other. The Eastern Church affirms that it is so, and that the Western branch borrowed from them; an assumption in which there is reason to believe they are correct; but they likewise trace back the descent on earth of those tones, which they affirm once echoed only in the courts of heaven, to a revelation made to a holy father of the Church. The tradition runs somewhat after this fashion. He, being rapt in prayer, and earnestly supplicating that the Church of Christ might glorify Him in every possible channel, was given such grace that his ears were opened to the voice of the angels singing. And forasmuch as they who once have heard celestial melodies can never more forget them, when he woke out of his trance he was enabled to communicate to his brethren the sweet sounds he had heard; and from that moment the Eastern Church sang God's glory in no other strain.

In like manner as to the inspiration of sacred verse, we have an account, in the third chapter of a work by S. Denys, of the author of most of those now used on festivals. He was a certain S. Hierotheus, sometime member of the Areopagus, and converted by S. Paul, and afterwards consecrated bishop by him. S. Denys was his pupil, who states that he was carried in a trance to assist at the last hour of the Holy Virgin on

earth, where he led the songs of rejoicing after the Apostles. From that time his biographer says, that he was ever so rapt in a perfect communion with the celestial songs, that he was universally acknowledged to be a 'Divine Singer;' by which title he stands in the Greek Calendar, and which implies that it was given him to enunciate inspired poetry which was in truth the echo of the heavenly. When, after a life of piety, he was carried to join those songs for ever, he left to the Church the sacred strains he had thus acquired, and they are extant, as well as in full operation, to the present day.

We have given these traditions simply to show how deeply rooted in the Church of the East was the faith which in its plain and practical sense one might still desire to see acknowledged; that sacred art being of Divine origin, and the power to execute it a gift of special grace, it must be followed on the same principle as all other good works, whether they be of the inward growth of Christ's kingdom in the soul, or its outward advancement in the world. Having once established in the mind the one purpose to which art is to be devoted, the power to perform it is to be sought by the ordinary means appointed to us as channels of God's grace on other subjects. These were the only means used by the Eastern Church to render the fine arts worthy and effective instruments in her cause. All who desired to execute any sacred work, whether of painting or of a strain suited to some special ceremony, solemnly gave themselves up to several days of prayer and fasting; they then received the Eucharist, and forthwith proceeded to their toil, firmly convinced that the blessing of God rested on them. It was thus that the two young men, entitled the *γραπτοί*, or the written—now saints of the Greek Church by the names of SS. Sabba and Theodora, composed the songs which it is believed cost them their lives, but yet drew many a soul in later times from earthly thoughts to the pure regions where themselves are now at rest. They acquired the name we have mentioned because the Emperor Theophilus caused twelve iambic verses to be written with a hot iron on their faces.

This practical sanctification of art was not confined to the Eastern branch of the Church alone. It is a universal belief in Italy, that none can fail to recognise the pictures which have received inspiration from Holy Communion by the heavenly and mysterious beauty that is given them. A singular instance of this was brought before our notice lately by one of our own countrymen, whose cool unbiassed judgment and unimpeachable veracity make his testimony most valuable. We give the account of the remarkable picture which he relates in

his own words, as extracted from his journal. He was in a gallery at Stutgard, and says:—

‘The first picture which Monsieur B — showed me was a head of Christ, by Hemling—a full face, in the noblest simplicity of manner, and painted with the most scrupulous delicacy and truth, in which the serene composure and searching glance of conscious Omniscience is so irresistibly startling, that one feels overawed and *incapable of beholding it steadfastly*. Of all the efforts of art I never recollect to have experienced the force of expression so powerful and utterly discomposing as that produced by this heavenly countenance. We were actually in presence of the Godhead, and under the influence which such an idea would excite. It is unusual among the innumerable pictures in which the meek Jesus is introduced, to find him otherwise represented than as the man of sorrows, and under the influence of grief, partaking far more of His human than of His heavenly nature—but this remarkable countenance beams with an expression so remote from any mortal feeling, so unutterably divine, that it leads us unconsciously to avert the eyes from its penetrating gaze.’

And now, in conclusion, let us look for one moment at the practical result which may be drawn from all that we have said—how are these, the time-honoured and hallowed customs of southern lands to be applied to our own country; how is art, one of the fairest of God’s gifts, to be rescued from the service of the world, and offered up on the altar of our holy faith?

If we should seem somewhat Utopian in our view of what might be effected by the energy and right-mindedness of our English artists, if they once admitted the sacred obligations of their genius, we would simply ask if it is not a self-evident proposition, that any principle designed to be to men a spring of action must be utterly worthless, except it lead in its full development to perfection? The only true wisdom has taught us in the heart-stirring words, ‘Be ye perfect,’ that we must ever set before ourselves the highest standard in all things; and we shall make far greater progress by struggling on to the utmost consummation of our desires, however hopeless of attaining to them, than if we only set before us that which seems quite within our grasp.

Personally we have so deep a conviction of the work that might be wrought in this world, if art in all its branches were wholly Christianised, that we would not, in justice to the cause we advocate, offer less than the highest aim to the efforts we desire to awaken, however little we may expect, that even in the generations to come such an end may be attained. Much, perhaps, may be done by the sincere desire and earnest toil of but a few, and we are very sure that these are more likely to make an offering of themselves for the sanctification of their art, if they are not to contemplate the result of that sanctification in its full completeness, but rather to be content with the

promise of indefinite probabilities which might be produced by that which they can only pursue in parts.

On artists especially we would seek to impress this one fact—that the consecration of art in its spirit and operation will produce also its intrinsic elevation and amelioration; for, as Christians, we must believe that nothing truly and purely beautiful can be produced, except it have the inspiration of a good motive, and, let us reverently add, the still higher inspiration of a heavenly blessing. The first principle, therefore, connected with this subject which we desire to have received as truth in our country, is, that art, like all things else in God's marvellous creation, has a religious and mystical nature, and that the purpose and mission for which it was given to the world, is in order that it may be an active instrument on behalf of Christianity; and that not only this is its appointed work, as ordained by the Divine mind, but that it rests with the will of man alone to give it the true life and purpose for which it was created.

The life-like productions of the painter's hand—the glowing pages of the poet's verse—the fair works of the architect and musician,—these are destined to be the expression, the outward and visible signs of the hidden and inward truths of God's own revelation. This truth we would desire to see acknowledged as capable of practical working, not by artists only, but by those also who are our pilots through the waves of this troublesome world—those to whom it is given to sway the great masses of the people, and who, in seeking out every possible channel for the enforcing and elucidating of the doctrines and requirements of our faith, have too often seen in the arts only the innocent pleasures of a life too earnest and too solemn to be so embellished. We would have them so recognise the true mission of religious and mystical art, that they shall with their counsels and influence urge on the children of genius to the noble work of its restoration to God's service; and because these times are full of anxiety and dread, our future pregnant it would seem with storms and darkness, let them not think that the services of this gentle and beautiful handmaiden of the Church could not avail to wrestle in any sort with the spirit of evil, nor her soft fascination be felt amid the temptations and difficulties that beset men on every side.

Amid the deep affliction of the Church and all the turmoil of the world, God's work is being wrought on many hearts by means of such gentle influences as this whose power we now desire to see acknowledged. While the storm of contention and persecution rages round us, still soul after soul is silently going up into heaven, which have been drawn back into the sacred fold out of life's vanity, by subtle lowly means to

which we never could have attributed such strength. What ever be the outward aspect of events around us, we know that the one work, God's own work, the battle between good and evil, is still advancing surely, in every element of which the moral world is composed; and we have this one duty clear, amid all the doubt and difficulty of this present time, that both as a body and as individuals, we never must cease, whatever happen, from fighting against sin in every channel which we can mould to such a purpose.

We say not that the purifying work of art is to be wrought upon the searching intellects, among the stern inquirers after truth, nor yet that it could be as strong meat to the hungry soul, who, turning from the pure word of God, hath starved on the ashes of this world's pleasures—but there are many babes who might be fitly nourished with this milk a little while—many light and frivolous minds, who, loathing more deep and solemn teaching, might be allured to better and higher things by the outward beauty of this gentle monitor.

How many thousands are there, who in the midst of all the anxieties which fill the holiest minds at this time, care nothing for all these things, but strive only to seek amusement wheresoever they may find it. Let us then call in the aid of this power to beguile such to deeper and better thoughts, when least they look to be so guided; and when they go in search of pleasure into our picture galleries and exhibition rooms, or seek it among the works of our modern poets, let them find therein only the voice of God. Let them no longer see portrayed before them, whether with pencil or with pen, only images that fill the mind with earthly beauty, or with the luxury of earthly passion, or the gorgeous history of ancient times—but let them find set forth in glowing colours the glory of the Christian faith, the unutterable sweetness of martyrdom—the beauty of the immortal Hope, which alone can be without betrayal the desire of all souls. Let the meek eyes of pictured saints shine in upon their hearts, eloquent of the rest in which they are enfolded. Let the realities of the unseen world be brought by the hand of art so palpably before them in visible shape, that they shall be drawn insensibly out of earth's fancies, to seek an entrance where there shall be the disclosing of the Divine Vision.

If the children of genius should ask by what means they shall gain the power to work such blessed effects, we bid them do as did their forefathers in the art, and having acknowledged that they are by their gift consecrated in special manner to God's service, let them wait upon Him in prayer night and day, that His own Holy Spirit may give grace and power to their hands and voice.

Let such be the function of the poet and musician. Of old no work of their art was attempted without previous reception of the holy eucharist—let it be so again; let those men of gifts consecrate their lives in some measure of communion with Him who is the centre of all beauty, and in that ineffable intercourse they shall hear and see many things, which, though unspeakable, it yet shall be lawful for them to utter to the souls whom they are given to attract. Nor let any despair, because of the greatness of the work to which he feels he can devote but his one solitary life. His single offering, if sanctified with holy zeal, and blessed in answered prayer, shall yet ennoble art! Nor is there any effort, if it be purely given, in humble trust that the blessing asked thereon shall surely come, which will fail to bear good fruit at last; though it may not be till he who made it hath long been taken to his rest.

ART. VIII.—*An Appeal to the Reason and Good Feeling of the English People on the Subject of the Catholic Hierarchy.* By CARDINAL WISEMAN. *Fourteenth Thousand.* London: Richardson. 1850.

IN the days of chivalry there was a sport called the Quintin, intended to teach steadiness and caution in the use of the tilting spear. An object was set up at one end of the tilting ground, with certain marks, representing those parts of the body within which, by the laws of chivalry, a courteous knight might fairly level his aim; if the jouster in charging it aimed true, the figure went down before him; but it was made to revolve on a pivot, and if his lance touched it wide of the prescribed limits, the shock caused it to swing round with violence, and brought a heavy bar or sand-bag, with which it was loaded behind, full against the head of the awkward performer. Something like this has happened with respect to the late Roman move in this country. A blow aimed singly, but somewhat unwarily, in one direction, has brought round, from a different quarter, an unexpected and rough counterstroke.

The blow was aimed in perfect security and much self-gratulation, full at the English Church—not, for the present at least, in its temporal relation, but—in its spiritual character. It was meant to be a denial, to all who understood the meaning of such a denial, of its existence as a Christian Church—not as an Establishment, not as a religious communion, not as an integral estate of the realm of England, not as a body invested by the English constitution with high place and privileges. It seems to us theoretically a mistake, though perhaps a true instinct, to say that these are touched by it: the direct object of its attack, all that it desires—all that it was meant at present to deny, is that the Church of England is any portion, in any sense, of that Holy Catholic Church, which inherits the doctrine and the hopes of the day of Pentecost, to which the promises and grace of the Gospel were specially pledged. This was what the Bull of Pope Pius IX. was intended to challenge, solemnly and in the face of Europe and of Christendom, in terms meant by their indirectness to be at once as safe and as insulting as possible.

Full of this object, Cardinal Wiseman sent before him his famous Pastoral; in full reliance on the imposing, yet legal way, in which this document set forth the meaning of the Bull, he followed it leisurely and complacently in a progress through Europe. The times seemed propitious. The English Church appeared to invite attack. Within was distraction, misunderstanding, and discouragement. Without, a body of active and eager assailants, recruited from her own communion: and at

their head a man, whose influence has been felt so widely throughout English society, and who will long leave the traces of his strange work behind him, come what may. Not a party in the Church, but the Church itself, seemed beaten down and uncared for; summarily dealt with by a high-handed liberal Premier, without sympathy from a public, wearied with theological disputes. It was the time to strike. The English Church might, it seemed, be safely insulted, and if possible wounded, without any feeling being excited in a tolerant and indifferent community, beyond the passing interest of a new quarrel about ecclesiastical claims, between Churchmen of different, instead of between those of the same, communion; or if the more sensitive feelings of Protestantism were touched at first, a 'No-papery cry' for a short time, would be no unpromising means of creating additional disunion and suspicion in the English Church, and would help, in its measure, without in the smallest degree hindering, the object proposed.

Cardinal Wiseman, a little surprised at the first symptoms of the storm, which met him at Vienna, yet writes perfectly at his ease to Lord John Russell. He blandly dwells on the kindness and courtesy which he has ever met with from every member of the Government, especially from Lord John Russell; he is fully confident that he can remove every suspicion that the act of the Holy See was suggested by '*political views or by any hostile feelings*.' Against anything that Lord John can be supposed to care for in the English Church the act is not aimed, at least not directly. With his view of the English Church the Cardinal would be delighted to concur: against anything that is but a function or organ of Government the Cardinal is most anxious to disclaim '*any hostile feelings*;'—'*hostile feelings*' against the spiritual pretensions of the English Church it was not necessary to disclaim; the Cardinal considered that he might entertain these to the full, with the full leave and approbation of the Whig statesman.

And so doubtless he might, and welcome. But the difficulty was to separate the two, for the purpose of attack, as clearly as they were separated in the Cardinal's practised mind. He may consider the British public very dull in not seeing the distinction between an ecclesiastical and a political aggression—history, he should remember, has had a tendency to make them obtuse on this matter: as a fact, however, in his attempt to convince them, he has failed signally. The thrust so dextrously planned, so maturely prepared, and given at the very time of vantage, has been aimed so untruly, that it has brought round on the astonished assailant, from a quarter whence he least expected it, a buffet as heavy as it was unforeseen.

He had not reckoned on the necessities of a ministry, or the reality of that mixed feeling against his Church, which it might suit those necessities to turn to account. The Premier had been so 'especially kind and courteous'—the age was so tolerant and liberal—his own aims and hostilities of so purely a spiritual kind—directed against no friend or favourite either of the Premier, or of the age. That the Premier should break through not courtesy only, but etiquette and the reserve of office, and invest a theological invective with the importance of a ministerial manifesto,—that the Times should seriously cry No Popery,—that the public which he had left, a few months' ago, liberal and enlightened, should be found by him, on his return, frantic with religious excitement, and echoing the watchwords of Exeter Hall, from every corner of Great Britain, from marts of trade and county-halls, down to remote villages never seen in print before—that the outcry of corporations and parish vestries should be deliberately countenanced by the grave protests of the élite of science and learning, by men of the world and men of business, by bodies which probably never moved in such a cause before, the collective Bar, the College of Physicians—were contingencies which, naturally enough, had not entered into the Cardinal's calculations.

The explosion which has greeted him, whatever else may be said of it, has undoubtedly been on the largest scale of popular demonstration. Whether viewed as a display of enthusiasm or madness, of loyalty or irreligion, as a wild act of panic, or a grand one of defiance, as the expression of inconsistent bigotry, or disappointed confidence, it has been such a display as is not often witnessed in England. Whether to our glory or our shame, it will mark the middle of the nineteenth century in England to future times. It will be as characteristic an index of the general spirit and feeling of the country, as the policy of free trade, or the Whig ministry of compromise. It cannot be denied the features and proportions which identify a movement with a nation. The lofty claims of the Pope's Bull have called forth no less an antagonist than the State and people of England.

The time has been fruitful of incidents, in themselves singular and characteristic. The subject, discussed by every body, has been handled in all varieties of ways; sometimes with temper and good sense; more often, we are sorry to say, without them. The agitation has disclosed much real, and much uninformed, attachment to the Church. As is usual in time of popular ferment, many foolish, and many base things, have been said and done, and some manly and noble ones; there has been too a due proportion of the grotesque and unaccountable.

Jews have sympathised zealously with Sir Peter Laurie against the Pope; the Bishop of Worcester has appealed against his invasions, to 'an acknowledged Canon of the Universal Church.' The Bishop of Exeter and Mr. Roebuck have written letters, which, in ordinary Decembers, would have afforded topics to the papers for a week. In all quarters, the varieties of self-conceit and folly have taken the opportunity to break loose, from the impertinent magistrate on the bench of a police-court, to Lord Winchelsea and Nottingham, imagining himself Prime Minister, and composing a despatch to the Pope. The great county feudalities have emulated the Court of Aldermen in religious zeal; and if the latter are represented in sense by Sir Peter Laurie, we should be sorry that His Grace of Buckingham, or Lord Fitzhardinge, should be deemed faithful examples of the domestic virtues of a Protestantism, however extreme. But all details are forgotten as soon as noticed, and are lost in the magnitude of the phenomenon itself. And after what the Prime Minister has condescended to, and deemed becoming his office, his party, the close of a long public life, and a reputation next to that of Sir Robert Peel,—when he could devise no other expedient to touch or direct public feeling, than the petulant flippancies of a fashionable preacher, and thought it not too bold to have recourse to them—the extravagances of smaller men, politicians who feel bound to ape him, fanatics whom he has put on their mettle to outdo him, seem but natural and in place. The tone of public feeling is not much indebted to Lord John Russell. Probably no other English minister would have thought of such an addition to the the resources of statesmanship, as borrowing from the methods of the late Mr. Daniel O'Connell. One thing only remains to give a finish to this singular experiment,—that he should explain it away.

The bluster and violence of meetings and addresses will probably soon be over, not, we may hope, judging from the tone of leading articles in the Times, without some wholesome sense of shame at the follies which have been committed, and the absurdities which have been spoken. But the fact remains for us all to ponder over, that a mere symptom of a disposition on the part of the Roman Court, to attempt to regain its ancient position in England—a measure formidable only in its significance, and incapable at present of affecting the rights, religious or civil, of any child in England, but a measure which implied the hope that England might one day yield to Roman teaching, and submit to Roman government—has been sufficient to rouse the jealousy and indignation of every class of society, in every part of England. Such a fact does not disappear with the excitement by which it was shewn, and is too important to be over-

looked or forgotten. Account for it as we may, judge it and characterise it as we will, reduce it as far as we can from its present dimensions—and there is plenty to be said on all these heads—it will still remain a matter of very serious and anxious thought.

With respect to its direct bearing on the Roman Catholic communion, we have but a few words to say.

It is quite plain that the English State and Government have been in a false position towards the Roman Catholic Church, ever since the laws against that Church were relaxed. They have been content to continue in a position, relatively to that Church, different from that of any other state in Europe, whether in or out of communion with the Pope. Formally and officially they have been content to ignore his existence, content to act as if unconscious of the very being of one of the great powers of the world; to carry on into times of peace a fictitious ignorance, derived from times of hostility, when the law did not, and the Government dared not, *know* a Roman Catholic, except as a political offender or presumed foe. Government relaxed and repealed the penal laws; but partly from security and indifference, partly in obedience to the religious prepossessions of the people, it would take no notice of the Pope. It seemed to think that being acquainted with him would be acknowledging his authority, and holding communications with his Government would be inviting him to encroach. Never certainly was English isolation and reserve more singularly displayed than in the fact that, up to the middle of the nineteenth century, the necessary communications of our Government with the Roman See were *obliged to go through the form of being kept up by stealth*. It seems like the extremity of caricature on the shyness of our manners, that a country which is mixed up with the affairs of all the world, which must be represented in the infidel and barbarian courts of the East, as well as in the despotic or republican cabinets of Christendom; which finds reason to court the alliance of the king of the Mosquitoes and the black chiefs of the Gold Coast, and makes treaties with the Emperor of China and the natives of New Zealand; which has quarrelled and made it up again, times without number, with all its neighbours and allies,—should be unable to find means to be on intelligible terms with the Pope, baffled by difficulties of etiquette. The result of this diplomatic refusal to be introduced has been, that the English Government has kept itself without the ordinary means of arranging matters of mutual interest with a power, possessed not merely of general influence, but of influence in England itself. Conscious of its existence, and not without jealousy of it, successive Governments, instead of readjusting relations to altered circumstances,

have affected a solemn and impracticable stiffness, as if, by choosing not to know that Roman Catholics are more than a denomination, it could prevent them from being so, or escape the difficulties which might arise from a divided allegiance.

Of course the advantage has been all on their side. Short of actual predominance, a Church which aims at influence, and has the means of gaining it, can wish for nothing better than for full toleration, and not the smallest notice from Government. It is not often that the hereditary distrust of Governments towards religious influence is lulled; Government never favours and seldom protects, without claiming an equivalent. In no other country in Europe has the Roman communion escaped the superintendence of the State. Alike where it is the national or a tolerated religion, in Spain and Russia, Lombardy and France, what may or may not be done by the head of that communion is the subject of specific and minute conventions, or of constant and angry debates on the meaning of such conventions. The Pope is respectfully recognised as a great spiritual authority, only to be treated as a foreign potentate, bound to distinct stipulations. He treats with high official personages, with kings and ministers of state; but these high personages claim to be consulted on all important arrangements, to interfere, to interpose their veto; his public decisions and decrees go through official channels, but they may be stopped there. One feature of this system of State control is found with startling uniformity; the right of Government, usually to appoint, but with scarcely any exception to object to, the Bishops whom the Pope confirms, and who claim their mission by the grace of the Apostolic See.¹ The claim to inspect and license all public documents from Rome, which was so stoutly insisted upon under the old 'Catholic' monarchies of Europe, in France, in Spain, in Austria, may have been in later years

¹ 'La nomination par le souverain paraissait plus conforme au principe monarchique, tel qu'il se développait dans les états modernes; et entre les mains des princes pieux et éclairés, elle procurait à l'Eglise des avantages réels. C'est pourquoi ce mode a été, dès le quinzième siècle, introduit dans beaucoup de pays par des concordats et des indults, et confirmé par des concordats modernes. Il subsiste actuellement en Portugal, en Espagne, en France, dans les Deux Siciles, et en Autriche. En Allemagne, l'élection appartenait encore aux chapitres en vertu du Concordat de Vienne; mais en Bavière, le dernier concordat a également conféré la nomination au roi. Dans les pays non-Catholiques, au contraire, la nomination des évêques Catholiques par le souverain, répugnant à l'esprit de cette institution, l'élection a été maintenue. Tel est le cas en Prusse, en Hanovre, dans les petits états de la Confédération Germanique, en Hollande, et en Suisse. Toutefois là aussi le souverain a en main divers moyens d'exclure au moins les personnes qui lui déplaisent. En Pologne, les chapitres n'ont même qu'un simple droit de recommandation, et la nomination appartient au roi.'—*Walter, Manuel du Droit Ecclésiastique*, (trad. Franç.) 1840—§ 221. The 'King of Poland' is the Emperor of Russia: in the Constitution of 1815 he expressly claims the appoint-

more or less relaxed, tacitly, we believe, in France, by concession in Austria; but no government has given up the nomination of Bishops. The young Austrian Emperor, while abolishing the reforms of Joseph II., expressly reserves this, as belonging to the inheritance of his ancestors. General Cavaignac, the provisional Dictator of France, nominated the successor of the Archbishop who fell at the barricades: and the rights of the old French kings have now devolved on the elective President, who even places the hat on the heads of new-made Cardinals. It has been generally where the Roman Church has received most honour, that the bit has been sharpest and the rein tightest; but in no European state, except of late years, in England, has the bit and rein been away.

In the creation, therefore, of the new hierarchy, the Roman Court has but used its advantage. Legally and formally, they are, we believe, strictly within the limits of their right. They stand upon the bond. The law and the government have ignored them as members of a great European communion, and subjects of its foreign head, and have known them only as an English sect: as an English sect they claim to be dealt with; as an English sect they break no law, and invade no prerogative. How can an internal re-arrangement to meet wants which are felt by none, and touch no one out, of the body itself, be an insult or a wrong to the English crown? It is nothing to them, that probably in no other country in Europe would they have ventured on such a step without the consent of government. What had they to do with government here? The English government would not be supposed to be on speaking terms with the Roman Court; they could barely be supposed to know officially of its existence. It had never invited any overtures or communications from Rome; it need not be conceived either to wish for them or to care about

ment of the Roman Catholic Prelates of Poland, of every rank.* According to the information collected in the Report to the House of Commons, in 1816, on the regulations in foreign countries, respecting Roman Catholic subjects, M. Walter's statement about Protestant countries is inexact, as representing what has always been the practice: The King of Prussia at that time nominated Roman Catholic Bishops in Silesia, as having the rights of the house of Austria;† and in other parts of Prussia, the Crown nominated in nearly as many cases as the chapters. The 'means of exclusion in the hands of the government,' spoken of by M. Walter, consist in the right of veto which it claims, and this not only in Protestant countries, over the appointment of even the inferior clergy, to spiritual charges.‡ Part of the ground of this claim is, of course, the payment of the clergy by the state.

* Rep. to H. of Commons, June 25th, 1816, on Regulations of Catholics in foreign countries, p. 38.

† Rep. p. 42, 43, 455, 6.

‡ Rep. p. 458 from the Prussian Code.

them. It is really more than is necessary, to say, that the plan had been for some time in print; that Lord Minto might have had as much information as he chose to ask for about it when he was in Rome. But, that the Roman Court should go out of their way to ask the concurrence of a government, which had never claimed to be consulted on the matter, would be a wilful foregoing of a vantage-ground, a gratuitous fettering and embarrassing of themselves, which no one had a right to expect from the sagacity of the Roman See.

Beyond this admission, and whatever it may involve, we do not see what claim the Roman Catholic party in England have on the sympathy and consideration of their fellow-countrymen. They have tried a bold stroke. They have made a venture. They had certain ends to compass, and they made use of the means legally at their disposal. They had a right to use those means. But it is to be remembered that the object which they had in view, was a blow, as deep and deadly as they had it in their power to deal, at the authority and existence of the English Church, *viewed in any light in which it could be viewed, as a spiritual body*. No honest man among them will deny that the move was an aggressive one, and that this was its object. It may have other accompanying *conveniences*, but no other real motive. And it was a perfectly reasonable motive. They are at war with us—aggressive and determined war. Of course they have the rights of war—of attack and offence. But others have the same. They have no business to cry out if they are resisted. They attacked the English Church. People in England understood them; and English society has resented the attack—in a way, it may be, for which they were not prepared, but of which they have no right to complain. They must take the consequences of a surprise discovered—discovered it may be by no very reputable voices, and resisted in no very dignified way,—but a surprise directed at what is still deeply valued in England, and what some of the best, as well as some of the worst among us, are by no means disposed to exchange for what modern Rome can offer. They reckoned on our day of trouble and distress; on the perplexity and weakness of the English Church; on the indifference of a good-humoured public, and, perhaps the countenance of ministers. They have been deceived. And small as has been our sympathy with bonfires and processions, with the violence of town-councillors, and extravagancies of popular divines, we have no sympathy to spare for the bitter spirit of aggression, and the boastful tone of triumph, of which they have been the unexpected, it may be, but very natural result, and not inappropriate retribution.

Whether the venture has failed or not, time must show. The question will not be settled either by Parliament—which has little right, and probably as little disposition to recur to the rude expedient of penal laws—resolving to ignore by statute what it cannot prevent in usage; or by Cardinal Wiseman continuing to style himself Archbishop of Westminster. The measure will be worth the trouble it has caused, and will be successful—not if it secures a fresh title to Cardinal Wiseman, but if it promotes the cause of the Roman Church in England. And it may be that the Cardinal's Pastoral, and the echoes of it in the Roman Catholic press, have made a deeper impression on the mind and feelings of most English people, than even his continued residence among us, and the display of his distinguished powers as a pamphleteer, will be able to remove.

But there are much more important interests affected by this measure and its results than those of the Roman Catholic party in England. That party, in spite of the accidental prominence which individuals have given it, and which may continue for some years to come, is not sufficiently identified with religion in England, nor at all likely ever to be so, to hold more than a very subordinate place in anything which concerns religion here.

It is an anxious question with many, what is likely to be the effect of the events of the last two months on the religious feeling of the country generally, on the improvement that seemed to be going on in the character of religious teaching, on the stability of the Church, on its relations towards Government and the State.

It is undeniable that appearances are most formidable. The mere fact that religious controversy has once more gone back to those channels in which it ran furious, popular, and indiscriminating, two hundred years ago, is a strange and startling one. Descending from the school and the study into assemblages of men, its bitterness has gained not only intensity, but substance and power. Men have become familiar with it, and committed to it, as a thing which in consistency they must hold to. With Romanism in England we have no sympathy; a broad and distinct line separates us from it, and it is right that this line should be understood and kept to. No good can come from confusing it; by so doing, we may train ourselves to much unreality, without improving in charity. But this does not prevent our saying, that anything which embitters the controversy between two such bodies as the English and the Roman Church, the great public guardians and witnesses of Christianity in the civilized world, on whom the helpless and the poor must depend, as far as we can see, almost exclusively

for their faith and hope ;—anything that stereotypes mistakes and misunderstandings on either side, and tends to make the one irreparable, and the other irreconcilable, which puts off serious men on either side from calm consideration of their own and their opponents' difficulties, and gags all calm statement by the certainty of misinterpretation—is a great and heavy evil to the cause of Christian religion. It is not our fault at this day, either on the Roman or English side, that unity *has been* broken ; it cannot fairly be said to be our fault that it cannot be restored. It is a sufficient justification for one and the other, that we are the inheritors of insuperable difficulties which we did not create, as well as of inappreciable blessings, which neither has a right to part with, neither has a right to ask the other to sacrifice. It is no fault of ours if we cannot on either side see our way to reconciliation, without giving up our deepest religious convictions. We cannot expect Rome to shut her eyes to our disunion, our disorder, our carelessness about doctrine ; she cannot expect us to be insensible to her overwrought dogmatism, and encouragement of unreal and outrageous superstition, in forms not very far off from idolatry itself. We did not make such a state of things—we cannot by wishing, alter it ; nor, if we are wise, shall we indulge in such wishing ; it is as idle as it would be wrong to dream of Protestantizing the Roman Communion ; it is as idle to think of an ' *euthanasia* ' of the English Church in Rome as it is. But it is our fault if we make things worse ; if, where we cannot persuade, we exasperate and court exasperation ; where we cannot reconcile, we alienate ; where we cannot win men to our convictions, we drive them from their own. It is our fault if, in our time and by our influence, ancient hatred is revived and confirmed between those who ought to be one ; if kind feeling and forbearance on either side, which might take the place, and in time lead to visible unity, be made to look like lukewarmness and treachery. From this charge our generation can hardly hope to be exempt, however much people on different sides may differ in apportioning the blame. And, of course, nothing has happened for many years to perpetuate the quarrel in its bitterest form, like the events that have attended the recent move of Rome.

It seems inevitable, also, that such a popular agitation must have an injurious, if not a fatal effect, on the progress of that higher tone of theological teaching, which, in spite of every conceivable discouragement—discouragement arising from the most opposite causes—has been steadily spreading in the English Church. The multitude takes only broad distinctions. All that is simply Protestant it will tolerate, all that is Popish it is bent

on proscribing; beyond that division it will not go, it would be Utopian to expect it. All, therefore, that is most characteristic of English doctrine, all that has gained it a name of its own, a name of reproach as well as of glory, seems to the indignation and fear and suspicion of the hour, but a cowardly and dishonest compromise, less endurable even than the hated system which it ventures to approach. In fact, few of the meetings which have denounced Popery, have failed to denounce something said to be very like it in the Church itself, as marking a party within it, or even the whole body. And as far as practical effects go, that unpopularity which our Roman Catholic brethren dignify with the title of 'moral persecution,' has not turned its sharpest edge, nor dealt its roughest blow, against them.

It is as clear as enemies could wish it, that Church principles are now highly unpopular; unpopular in all forms, and in spite of many differences. Public feeling and opinion run strongly against them; its loud and confident organs are loudest when condemning them. Authorities have felt and yielded to the influence—official persons have shown signs of emotion. From being discussed in newspapers the principles in question are said to have come before the notice of cabinets. The '*spolia opima*' of the great Protestant triumph have been won—won by the mob, at the gates of S. Barnabas.

It would be childish to make light of all this. It is quite true that appearances are formidable; the odds are against us, we are playing, at this moment, we are well aware of it, a losing game—it has been so for some time, and things are not likely soon to mend. It is trying, very trying, not the least so to Englishmen, to be on the losing side; less from what they actually suffer, than from the sense that, if unsuccessful, they must be wrong, in their object, their principle, or their measures. We must be content with it however, we must make up our mind to it, as to any other inconvenience, or difficulty, or trial, if we will help to keep the English Church what she has been, the witness to England of the truth and continuity of the Catholic Faith. Those who cannot bear to be on the losing side had best not embark in her cause, at least not on her own principles. The tide is flowing elsewhere, and they may choose, according to their bent, between Rome and Liberalism. On either, they may escape the dreariness of daily discouragement, the bitter sense of continual failure; on either, they may rank themselves with those whom the world admires, and feel the satisfaction of belonging to a distinguished party; they may throw off the responsibility of their own mistakes, and an annoying partnership in those of their friends: on either, they may persuade themselves that they are winning. Possibly, too, they may not be disappointed; the

common fate of parties may, in their case, be turned aside. But whether it be or not—with them, at any rate, is the honour, with them are the hopes of the day; and those who will stay by the English Church, on the ground of her Catholic character, must face the prospect of maintaining unpopular principles, under the continual imputation of the most sordid motives.

But all things have their compensations. Those who are loudest in charging wholesale, on one large party,—and on that alone—the crime of lying to their own consciences for the meanest ends, do not believe, and do not mean, what they say. They know perfectly well that it is not so. But as they dislike, with reason or without, the principles, they think themselves at liberty to imagine an ideal and unnatural hypocrisy, to account for them, and give edge to censure. Such self-exposed improbabilities, the well known and well used expedients of exasperation, are indeed far from harmless; but, at least, they are sure to destroy themselves, in proportion to their exaggeration. The ease, the assurance, the flippancy, the reckless impudence of a groundless accusation, however disagreeable, are its natural and certain antidotes. The force of such accusations, in checking opinions, is not really what it seems. And those whose consciences are clear would be the basest of cowards, if they were influenced by an argument which tasks an opponent's inventiveness far less than his honesty to construct, and which the lowest degree of ingenuity would suffice to direct against any man who has worldly interests, a character, and with them a creed.

But it is not attacks on character and good faith, that are most worth thinking of. They will wear out. Character can take care of itself. It is more important to see what public grounds there are for not giving way to that despair, the indulgence of which, like the delight of relaxed exertion, said to be felt by drowning men when they cease to struggle, becomes at length almost a positive enjoyment. For this it is not yet time; there may not be much to encourage us—there is far too much to allow us to sit still.

We need not go further than to those who have of late been so busy in directing the roused feeling of the country against Church principles, and those who are identified with them, for proof of the strength of those principles. They have been a natural and steady growth in the Church. Once revived, revived indeed with singular power, they have had nothing to favour them. And what have they not had, in the way of discouragement? Champion after champion, votary after votary has given them up, has turned his enthusiasm into

scorn, has denounced them as a hollow imposture, from his own experience. Compared with this, what is it in our days to be sneered at by clever men, discountenanced by great ones, rebuked by official ones? What is it that the principles themselves run counter, in appearance, and in reality, to the temper of the time, and to the set of popular opinion? What is it that they are open to the charge of indefiniteness, of inconsistency, of compromise? What is it that they may have been often ill-stated, ill-defended, crudely and hastily understood, and have worked on, in the course of time, into difficulties, of which the solution was not at hand? What is it that when they least expected it, they have found the law declare against them? These are no light trials for any system to bear the brunt of; yet they are as nothing compared with the desertion of those who have been its converts. Principles must be strong to stand such a test; a cause must have great attractions and great substance to be worth defending through such unpromising fortunes. And yet they are at this moment—not because they are maintained by a small knot of men at Oxford, or a few hard-working clergymen in London, but because they are every day promising, more and more, to be the principles and the cause of the great body of those who are added from time to time to the English Clergy—the object of interest deep and universal—of uneasiness, as undisguised as their hostility, to the Government and the Liberal press—of sufficient alarm to their theological opponents, to have made them attempt to raise the country against them.

The reason is not far to seek. They have their difficulties, accidental and intrinsic. They may be called too vague or too strict, liable to numberless charges from the logician and theorist. They may be pushed to absurdity and abuse—they have been so. *But they have a very small part of the difficulties belonging to any other principles claiming the authority of the Church; to any other professed explanation of her basis and system.* The difficulties of a vague and formless Protestantism, of the popular Evangelical scheme, of the dry cold orthodoxy which confronted it, of the State religion of Hoadly and the Whigs, whatever they may be in themselves, are simply insurmountable, when these doctrines present themselves within the pale of the English Church, as adequately representing a system, which is, indeed, reformed, protestant, established; but is also dogmatic, traditional, sacramental, sacerdotal, ecclesiastical, catholic.

This is the plain and natural reason why the principles of the recent Anglican movement, more or less definitely expressed, more or less consistently carried out, are sure, when attention

is awakened, to take hold on serious and thoughtful minds in the Church, are sure in the long run to turn out the characteristic principles of the Church. They may be again, as they have been before, forgotten, they may be overridden; but they have their root in the Church; they will spring up again, as they have done before. It is not talent, it is not power, which has implanted and maintained them. Talent and power have as often been ranged against them, as on their side. If they were not essentially congenial in the English Church, if they were not results of the original tendencies of a real and living system, beyond the reach of anything but what destroys the system, talent and power might long ago have eradicated them, instead of finding them, after the various assaults, and the wear and tear of three stormy and busy centuries, as pertinacious and energetic, and widely spread as ever.

We are speaking now only of the principles themselves on which that movement was founded,—the principles of authority, of sacramental grace, of a community of dogmatic faith and of moral temper, in spite of great differences, with the ancient Church, and in spite of still greater and more serious ones, with the modern representatives of the ancient Church. We are speaking of the principles, in their substance, of the English Church, not of the men or the parties with whom they may have been identified, and to whom they may owe the success, or the discredit of the hour, the advantage of a clear theory, or the disadvantage of a confused one, the charm of earnestness, or the reproach of exaggeration. As parties, much may possibly befall these, which concerns themselves most deeply, but themselves only. They may be put down; they may break up and disappear. They may have to leave to others the work which they began. They may have to atone for mistakes and faults. They may find themselves on a wrong line which they cannot retrace, and have no remedy but silence. They may retire from the contest, for peace, for consistency, from premature despair, from self-will, from necessity. But they will leave as they found them, principles which they neither created nor invented, but applied—it may be, applied, with the usual measure of human infirmity. They found those principles in the documents, in the theological literature of the Church, and there they will leave them—theological students will still look back to the past; and that literature will affect them as it has affected their predecessors. They will seek for the sense and voice of the Church, not from the Puritans, not from the Latitudinarians, not from the Evangelicals—the exponents able, vigorous, and often deeply religious, of limited schools;

but in men whom all the Church honours, and no party can wholly claim. Hooker, Taylor, Bull, such are the great public names of the English Church;—and they send us back to S. Augustine and S. Athanasius. As long as they are read and studied, men will imbibe the ideas, and be led to the writings of *their* authorities, the great Doctors of the Church Universal; and their works must be lost, and their names forgotten, before the body of the English Clergy will be induced to leave their schools for those of meaner masters.

Without a revolution as great as the Reformation itself, these principles will neither lose their hold in the English Church nor admit any others into competition with them, as fairly corresponding to its system in all its parts. And a revolution we are threatened with—a silent and insidious one from one set of reformers; an open and violent one from another; with changes from statesmen and philosophers, with changes also from Puritans and Dissenters.

From the onslaught of the latter party, noisy and blustering as it is, we believe that we have little to fear. It is true that their voices vie, in multitudinous clamour and dissonant monotony, with those of disturbed sea-fowl. It is true that they have tokens to show of high patronage and encouragement; yet enjoy, under the 'ægis' of the great and powerful, and with the warrant of the Edinburgh Reviewer, the pleasure of thinking themselves the 'oppressed party.' They have smarted, indeed, at times, under well-merited, though perhaps unwise satire; they have had also to submit to the loss of influence, and of the credit of exclusive activity and zeal; they have something to avenge, and a good deal to regain. And it is true that the excitement of the last two months has given them the chance, which otherwise they might have long waited for, of identifying their peculiarities with general opinion in England, and turning to their own account the feeling which has been roused. It has been their opportunity; such an opportunity as is the fair right of every party to make use of. Let them make the best of it: they will not soon have such another. But if we are to judge from the displays which they have made, it does not seem that they can look forward to much more, than the satisfaction of having delivered their loud protest against the corrupters of Protestantism, and of having been listened to. As long as it is a question who can say the strongest things, and frame the most outrageous denunciations, these gentlemen, from their long and assiduous practice, will carry off the palm. But it will be very different when excitement has cooled down, and the time comes for practical measures. They may have loud voices, but they have not strong heads; and they may do injustice to

their favourite belief of being under persecution, if they imagine themselves really the favourites of the country. They are a noisy party—noisy from their habits, noisy from want of depth, noisy from the violence of their prejudices, noisy from immediate alarm and dislike; noisy, we might add, if we chose to retort on them their favourite charge against others, from a conscience not quite at ease; but they are essentially weak; weak in their position towards the Church and its system; weak in those who represent and lead them. We do not fear much from the eloquent follies of Dr. McNeile, or the brazen impudence of Dr. Cumming, or even the virulence of the Dean of Bristol. We do not look with serious alarm on the intrigues of the Duke of Manchester and the Marquis of Blandford, and the gentlemen of the National Club with the Churchwardens; nor feel much daunted by the threatened rise of the laity, if the insurgents have no wiser spokesmen than Sir Culling Eardley Smith and Lord Ashley. Conviction, and steady purpose, and serious hope, do not express themselves in such hollow magniloquence as that with which the latter noble lord is said to have satisfied Freemasons' Hall and the provinces.

‘He recommended them to be united in one great, vigorous, and energetic action, in one solemn protest, against this aggression, and also against the heresies which were disturbing the Church. They should raise one united, common, and irresistible voice, that the thing was unclean, and that by God's blessing, the laity would get rid of the abomination. (Loud cheers.) The ecclesiastics had troubled the Church in all ages, and the laity, under God's blessing, had invariably reformed it. (Applause.) His Lordship warned them against allowing their present aroused Protestant feeling to subside. Their enemies were only watching for this to renew their efforts, and to regain the ground which they had lost. . . . Let them suppress their minor differences, their own individual propositions; let their efforts be united against the heresies that disturbed their Church, and show that the laity of England, while they loved their Church, and whilst they would maintain it in all its efficiency, would have an Establishment founded on the word of God, Scriptural in its formularies, in its creed, and in its teaching, or they would have no Establishment at all. (Great cheering.) The dangers from traitors within the Church were almost indescribable. (Cheers.) They must have perseverance in opposing this, for without it they could not effect any good. (Cheers.) Their efforts had already been crowned with success; the great actor in this sort of ecclesiastical drama, the setter up of theatres under the name of churches, (cheers,) had providentially resigned his cure of souls.’—*Lord Ashley's Speech at Bath, Dec. 19.*

A party, whose ablest public man, while congratulating them in the hour of triumph on past success, and urging them on to more, can rise no higher than this, are not the men to revolutionize the Church. We have antagonists to fear: but they are at least of higher mark and deeper purpose than gentlemen who deal in enthusiasm at public meetings.

If the Church is to be revolutionized, it must be by men who

can think and act as well as speak : and such men know well enough that this is no time for violence. Their work must be done by degrees. They know that they must be patient ; they are too wise to risk convulsion. They may look on complacently enough at what confirms public opinion against principles which they dislike ; but they are wary, and know history too well, to task that public opinion too far ; to ask from it, even in a moment of excitement, what it has not been prepared for.

So far as, by fair means, they can prepare it, they have a right to use it. If they can *convert* the English Church, if by their writings and their lives they win its sympathies, and in a fair trial for the higher and more enduring forms of influence, succeed in weaning it from its traditionary ideas and sentiments ; the revolution which they will have been able to accomplish, even if it be to the extremest type of the 'Church of the Future,' will be one of which no one will have a right to complain. We may consider the result as the fall and apostasy of the English Church ; but it would be to murmur against the most visible law of God's Providence, if we were to complain of any men using the influence which they had fairly earned. The Church Universal itself must conform itself to this law, to ensure the fulfilment of God's promises of perpetuity.

But of such men—men who appear to be altering and moulding anew the belief and feeling of the English Church, who promise to implant in it principles, which, in natural and legitimate course, shall possess and transform it,—we can see no traces among us as yet. Those who are most ambitious, and perhaps most sanguine in their plans, have as yet given no sign of the vigour necessary to fulfil them. Brilliant and interesting, from their character, their style of criticism, and their hopes of disarming liberalism of its supposed irreligious sting, they may certainly look forward to shine among their contemporaries, and contribute—in many ways, it may be, for good—to the formation of their opinions. But they must have more than all this, if they are not merely to create a new school of thinkers within the Church, but effect a lasting and fundamental change in those convictions, on which serious and religious men in general are to live and die.

A *doctrinaire* school, however clever, amiable, and earnest, and contributing to elevate and refine society, cuts itself off by its critical fastidiousness from the great natural elements of sympathy, by which men are gained over and secured. A party whose prominent characteristic is the contrast between its own delicate appreciations and distinctions, and the dulness and confusion of human minds in general, may enlighten and rouse them, and, if it make no mistakes, secure respect ; but can hardly

hope to enlarge its circle. Yet it may exercise an influence which is not its own, by becoming, for the time, the ally and the organ of ruder and more common-place powers.

The rapidity in which a new power of government has developed itself in England during the year 1850, will of itself make this year a memorable one. The doctrine of the royal supremacy over the Church has been advanced in terms so absolute, that, were we ignorant of the circumstances of the time, they would be as startling as the revival among us of the temporal prerogative of our ancient kings. It was acted upon, and then in the most unlimited terms claimed for the Crown, in the Gorham case, at the beginning of the year; at its close, the claim has been apparently confirmed by the spontaneous addresses of the whole country. The feeling, it may be fairly said, which is so clear against the Pope's supremacy, is as clear in favour of the Queen's; and, it may be added, is equally clear in condemnation of the attempts of a few discontented clergymen to limit it, or explain it away.

We by no means deny the imposing character of the demonstration; we cannot shut our eyes to the possibility of its issuing in practical effects, certainly of a very serious, and as we should view them, of a very dangerous nature. Serious all must allow them to be, if they are the creation and establishment of a new and active power in our constitution, hitherto unknown in its operation, and much more, if they are the alteration, whether immediate, or, as is more likely, gradual, of the relations of Church and State; dangerous, we should consider them, politically, as the unfriendly intrusion into a sphere not its own of an uncongenial power; ecclesiastically, because that which would be encroached upon is the Church of Christ—that which might be denied or extinguished, in one of its great branches, is its divine mission.

But without attempting to disguise from ourselves the real state of the case, it is as well to consider calmly our opponents' disadvantages as well as our own. The Queen's supremacy has been proclaimed and vindicated in the most solemn and impressive way in every part of England. It is so. But those who are trying to turn this into a popular cry, have to remember that the force of such a cry is very different in repudiating, and in accepting, what is to rule and control them. It needs no explanation to know what authority is refused in the Pope; it needs a good deal to know what sort of authority is acknowledged, and in what measure, in the royal supremacy which is opposed to him.

Is it the authority of her Majesty, personal and singular—an authority which she possesses specially and exclusively in regard

to the Church, and apart in some way from those prerogatives which she exercises through her ministers? Is it the authority of the law? Is it the authority of Parliament? Or the authority, wherever vested and however exercised, of the nation? Of what nature is this authority? Is it illimitable and irresponsible? Is it a single or a mixed power? Of what nature are the conditions under which it is bound to act, the restraints to which it is subjected, the understandings which it may violate, the rights which it may invade? Are there none? Do those who state it most absolutely, imply its absolute right to impose articles of faith, even terms of communion? Do they hold themselves responsible to it alone, for what, as Christians or as Churchmen, they believe, or teach, or practise. Do those who are so vehement in their assertion of the royal supremacy mean, that they feel it binding, absolutely and without reserve, on their own consciences? Do they mean—what the supremacy may, and has been understood to mean—that it extends beyond the Church; that it may interfere, as it once did, in all religious concerns? If they admit any checks on its regulation of the religious affairs of others or their own, what are they?

These questions may be asked about the supremacy, simply because they may be asked about any power whatever, at least in England. It is a constitutional power, and if a constitutional power, it is to be presumed that it has limits; and if these limits are not clear, it is a fair question to ask what they are. And we will venture to say that in these numerous assemblages of Clergy and Laity, Churchmen and Dissenters, throughout England, which have been so unanimous in appealing to the supremacy, the discordant and contradictory definitions and theories of that supremacy would be nearly as numerous.

So far as it has been an expression, a hearty and genuine one, of loyal and national feeling of resentment at external interference, studiously made insulting, the strongest assertion of the supremacy is perfectly natural and perfectly fair. No one has a right to object to a national appeal, in such a case, to words and forms long familiar to the constitution of England, and having, like the corresponding expressions of civil loyalty, a real, yet not therefore an unlimited meaning. But it is a matter of just complaint, if the strong expressions of personal attachment, or the recognised and customary formalities of law, are bound down to a certain party meaning, and used as a cloak to introduce more conveniently a new and unconstitutional power.

And this manœuvre has been resorted to, with a contempt of appearances, which would be unaccountable except from a strong belief that it was not necessary to keep them up. The use which has been made, during the past year, of the royal supre-

macy, by those who deny all independent rights to the Church, has far exceeded the ordinary licence of party warfare. It is fair for a party to make what use they can of any real points in a system, as stepping stones and arguments for their further doctrines. But no party may use, as a real and fair basis, what is neither granted by its opponents, nor believed in by itself. And the construction of the royal supremacy which has been put upon it by Whig writers, and is necessary to make it available as an *argumentum ad invidiam*, to bring discredit on all who claim rights for the Church, is not even as strongly contested by Churchmen, as it is utterly and entirely disbelieved by those who use it.

If the supremacy is to be so potent in stopping the mouths of Churchmen—is to be an argument which leaves them without answer or excuse, it must be the right to supreme and absolute control over her affairs of the Church, either in the Queen personally, or in the nation; a personal and unlimited prerogative, or the omnipotence of Parliament. The former meaning is a convenient one, especially for a ministry. It has precedents; it has the solemn words of law in its favour. And the Liberals have very freely alleged it against the Church. But then the old supremacy, the supremacy known to the forms of the law, does not stop at Churchmen or the Church. It is an unrestricted supremacy, not only over Clergy, but over laity; not only over members of the Church, but over all estates of men; not only over *her* affairs, but over all matters that concern religion; over all ecclesiastical causes: and next, it is a supremacy of a temporal just as much as of an ecclesiastical character. The two are inseparable on the ground of legal theory. The one has no more authority from words of law, than they are ready to give to the other. The supremacy in its former meaning, necessarily involves to Liberals, in one part of it, the most odious and intolerable corruption of government. Yet they have asserted it against the Church in *this* sense, while they understood it in *the other*.

It is the easier course. For whatever may be Whig theories of the Church, it would be a bold thing to proclaim them, and avowedly to take the ground that the Church had no will but that of Parliament, and no existence or rights but what Parliament bestowed. It is easier to beg the question than to prove, in the face of history and law, that the spiritual rights and inherent powers of the Church have no origin or reality, apart from the good pleasure of the nation. The supremacy itself is not more clearly recognised by the law, than the distinct organization of the Church, an organization not derived from, though confirmed by the law. The national will may destroy this

organization, which it did not create; it has the undoubted power: in the mean time, it is for the present bound both to recognise and respect it. The obligation is too clear, and has been too long understood—we do not say to be distinctly and formally put an end to—but to be explained away under cover of an assertion of the royal supremacy. A power external to the Church, and in no way under its influence, which claims a vague but exclusive and most important control over its concerns, under a responsibility only to the House of Commons; which practically sets aside and takes the place of the governors of the Church, and that without necessarily owning the smallest allegiance to the doctrine or discipline of the Church—neither confined to nor controlled by Churchmen, is a power unsanctioned as yet by English law. English law will not bear it out. It is only less unconstitutional than it is absurd and irreligious.

It is a highly convenient assumption, but a less convenient thesis to argue, that, because the nation has changed many of its rules of civil polity, the Church, therefore, because connected with the nation, has changed in the same degree. The Church, at present known to the law, is a definite spiritual body, with laws and customs of its own—limited by restrictions, as well as endowed with privileges, but not thereby losing its own distinct existence, as a body drawing its origin from a higher and more sacred source than even English law. That law does not view the Church merely as a legislative provision for something more than secular teaching—for the spiritual wants of ‘those who have no religion of their own,’ to be adapted, like corporations, and commissions, and chartered companies, to varying circumstances. This may be theory, but it is neither law nor fact. From Magna Charta, down to the coronation day of Queen Victoria, the law recognised the Church of England, not as a creature, but a co-ordinate of the State. ‘There has never been a religion of the State (the few years of the Parliament excepted) but that of the *Episcopal Church of England*; the ‘Episcopal Church of England,—before the Reformation, connected with the See of Rome; since then, disconnected, and protesting against some of her doctrines, and against the whole of her authority, as binding on the National Church; nor did the fundamental laws of this kingdom ever know, at any period, any other Church as an object of establishment; or, in that light, any other Protestant religion.’¹ Thus does Mr. Burke explain that ‘fundamental part of the settlement at the Revolution, that the State should be Protestant.’ Parliament, we are well aware, may do away with this state of things; or

¹ Burke's Works, vol. vi. p. 317.

even silent usage may substitute something different. What we say is, that this is the legal and constitutional state, which we have inherited; and that we have the right to protest and act against policy or measures, the effect of which would be to bring about one of the greatest changes ever known in England—the State allied to any religious communion, which pretended to less than the ancient and long-acknowledged character, description, and prerogatives of the Church of England.

To effect this change—to *uncatholicize* the English Church, and force it to renounce its own idea, and disclaim everything but what belongs to a national Establishment, is a far less easy task than men's fears or hopes imagine it. A high tide of popular feeling may tempt the ambition of change; but it is an insecure warrant for its success. It must ebb, perhaps as rapidly and as far as it has flowed; and the contest will return, on either side, to its old elements of truth and of strength.

Without, therefore, disguising from ourselves our dangers and disadvantages, or the fact that they have been increased by the turn which things have taken of late, we cannot shut our eyes to those which clog and embarrass our antagonists. They have them in full measure. They have, when this tempest of feeling is over, to meet the judgment of impartial men; of men who will weigh, all the more calmly for the present outcry, what the Church, what the most unpopular party in the Church, teaches and means; what they have done to fulfil their engagements; how far they have contributed to elevate, to purify, to reform their generation, to add to its consolations and its hopes; what are the rights of the case between them and their various opponents; what are the fair claims of the Church, in law and in reason. These are all points which may be lost sight of in a time of excitement, but they cannot be lost for good. On the very subject with regard to which those who are opposed to us feel most secure, the unlimited nature of the Royal Supremacy, and the pretext which it affords for extinguishing the separate rights and liberties of the Church, they have to rest their case on an inconsistent fiction, as transparent, and as gross, as ever tried the audacity or the ingenuity of party. Even for Lord John Russell, the defence of the broad Tudor or Stuart supremacy, is an undertaking from which he might shrink, without reflection on his daring. In these questions the balance of everything, opinion, feeling, sympathy—is now deranged: it will show very differently when the scales are let alone. We have lost advantages which were once ours; we have, it may be, thrown them away, or used them foolishly or ill; we start less favourably in some respects, though more so in others, than we did some years ago. The game has been going against us. But it is

very far from lost. Things have not yet got so far as to shut out the hope of a fair field, as fair as any of our competitors.

And more we cannot ask. Our day, it seems, is to be one of conflict. The sooner we make up our minds to it, to the duties it imposes, the prospects it opens—the sooner we reconcile ourselves to the thought, that we shall not see the issue of it in this world, that we *may* see nothing of it but its mistakes and distress—the better. ‘Every battle of the warrior is with confused noise, and garments rolled in blood.’ We may not relish such additional trials of courage, constancy, steadiness of aim and clearness of thought. They may not be the trials which we marked out for ourselves, in more promising times, as the companions we were willing to accept, of our designs and hopes. But they very visibly belong to the conditions of human life, and of the ordinary dissemination of truth; they prove nothing against the goodness of a cause; we had no right to expect exemption from them; and they will compensate for much sadness and many losses, if they make us more thoughtful and more true.

NOTICES.

'Hungary, its Constitution and Catastrophe, by Corvinus,' (Murray), is a comprehensive and accurate though somewhat dry *exposé* of the curiously complicated Hungarian question. So little is known, and misrepresentation is so possible and so safe, in respect of this famous and bloody quarrel,—which, remote as it is from ourselves, and difficult as it may be to pronounce upon its precise bearing on the affairs of the West, is, it is plain, very closely connected with them—that any fair and trustworthy statement of its history and rights, such as this appears to be, entitles its author to our gratitude. It is not the first time, we believe, that we are indebted to the writer for authentic and detailed information, out of the reach of most Englishmen, on important questions of European public law. The account of the Hungarian Constitution is exceedingly curious. The writer deals rather with results than with the process by which Duke Arpad's horde of Tatars came at length to present the appearance of a constitutional kingdom, full of balanced powers, rife with legal fictions and compromises, accurately fixing the rights and liabilities of the subject as well as of the dominant classes, and expressing itself in a Law Latin of occasional majesty, and more frequently of extreme grotesqueness,—a constitution which, when once fixed, is said, with true oriental immobility, to have 'lasted for eight centuries.' The pamphlet suggests the thought that a history of Hungary, which should trace the progress of these singular institutions, would be full of interest; and apparently there are abundant and characteristic documents. In the late revolution, the writer shows how the Democratic party of Kossuth succeeded in substituting its ideas of change for those of the older aristocratic reformers, as the Independents out-bid and set aside the Presbyterians with us; and he defends the military leaders from the charge of treachery to their own friends in finally giving up the contest.

Mr. N. T. Moile, in his 'Philip the Second,' (Simpkin) has attempted to revive the rhyming tragedy of Dryden; but without success. It is flat and tame, and entirely fails in depicting the passions. Under any circumstances, to challenge competition with Schiller were hazardous—in Mr. Moile something more.

Even could a versifier—we say nothing of a poet—be made by rules of art, we much question whether 'The Art of Verse: by a Practitioner,' (Hatchard) would teach the gentle craft.

A handsome edition (the sixth) of the 'Common Prayer: with Bp. Mant's Notes,' (Rivingtons,) reminds us to record our sense of the great services in dark days which the good Bishop did to the Church. If we have outgrown 'D'Oily and Mant,' it were ungrateful not to remember how even this class of theology has in its way contributed to our existing stature.

'A Practical Question about Oxford,' (J. H. Parker) is by a very practical person, Mr. D. Melville, the Principal of Bp. Hatfield's Hall, Durham. Mr. Melville advocates the establishment of one, or more, new *cheap* Colleges and Halls: and having himself successfully conducted this very experiment, now a fact, at Durham, he has a great claim to be listened to. Why what can be done at one college should not be made compulsory at all colleges, will be the next question, and not without reason. Though Mr. Melville is a very sensible writer, we must notice that his style is unusually obscure.

Mr. Horace St. John's 'Life of Columbus,' (Low) is hardly called for, with Washington Irving's biography in our recollection. Neither does the present writer seem to have availed himself of any of the materials so necessary for his work which have been pointed out by Humboldt in the *Examen critique*, and more recently in the *Kosmos*. Mr. St. John seems to be in entire ignorance of Columbus' work on 'the Five Zones:' and consequently of the great navigator's voyage to Iceland in 1477. From information gained in Iceland, it seems most likely that Columbus' notions about the great western land were consolidated.

Mr. Isaac Williams' works on the Gospels have been worthily completed by a 'Harmony of the Gospels,' (Rivingtons). The whole series, now amounting to eight volumes, is one of the most instructive and delightful—combining spiritual depth with patristic illustration—in our theological literature. Both as a critical and practical body of teaching, it is the best Commentary which we are likely to possess.

'It is written,' (Bagster) is a translation from the French of Professor Gaussen. Its object is to prove 'every word and expression contained in the Scriptures to be from God.' That this work has reached its third English edition is a sufficient proof that it has some value towards the neglected, but now most necessary, study of the question of inspiration.

Crabbe's 'Posthumous Sermons,' (Hatchard) do not rise above the level of the pulpit didactics of our youth. We looked through this volume in vain for what might have been anticipated: the genial touches of character-drawing and subtle analysis of motive which are so remarkable in the writer's poems. The sermon 'Judge not' is the nearest approach to what might be our antecedent conjectures about the style of sermons from Crabbe.

Fénélon's deep and striking 'Letter on Frequent Communion,' has been translated, with a very earnest preface, by Mr. Bennett (Cleaver).

'Sermons on the Church,' by Mr. J. Collingwood, (Rivingtons.) We deem this volume above the ordinary run, as a comprehensive and compact view of our Church, under the triple aspect of 'Apostolic, Primitive, and Anglican.' We are as little satisfied, as we should conjecture the writer to be, with his view of the Supremacy of the Crown, even as to the *source* of the Jurisdiction of the Privy Council.

As far as we have been able to study it, we consider Hävernicks' 'Introduction to the Pentateuch,' (Edinburgh: Clark) much in advance of German criticism. This volume seems a really important work.

'The Christian Gentleman's Daily Walk,' (Masters.) by one who is the example which he draws, Sir Archibald Edmonstone has reached a third edition, enriched by a very thoughtful and impressive preface on the crisis in which we find ourselves. It is well worth reading.

Mr. Turner, of Boxgrove, has translated and abridged Hasse's 'Life of Anselm,' (Rivingtons.) It is a stiff documentary work, which wants some of the living lights which we remember in an old *British Critic* article on S. Anselm.

John Evelyn has enjoyed the rare posthumous felicity of having had three works published at different times during one generation, near a century and a half after his death. First came his 'Memoirs,' then the 'Life of Lady Godolphin,' and lastly, his 'History of Religion,' which has just appeared in two octavo volumes, edited by the Rev. R. A. Evanson. The work is one of those Encyclopædiac productions which delighted the seventeenth century, commencing at natural theism, and coming down to the Roman controversy in all its branches. Much of the matter is not original: but internal evidence shews that, though a common-place book, it reflects the compiler's own views. The chief interest which it possesses in our own times is as the exhibition of the Churchmanship of a layman, holding what we should now term liberal opinions in politics. The result is, that John Evelyn, whom we may only consider as the representative of a class, was decidedly what would now be called a High Churchman. The following passage may be quoted as an instance: Speaking of the Church of England, he says, 'She holds that after the words of consecration, and efficacy of the benediction of the elements, the symbols become changed into the body and blood of Christ, after a sacramental, spiritual, and consequently, real manner; and that all worthy communicants receive Christ to all the real purposes and effects of His passion, instrumentally conveying its influence and operation; bread in natural substance, Christ in sacramental.'

A large body of documentary evidence on the 'Jamaica Movement for Promoting the Enforcement of the Slave Trade Treaties,' has been published by Mr. Gilpin.

New editions of the standard works, Palmer's 'History of the Church,' and 'Wilberforce's Five Empires,' have appeared. (Hughes.)

Schliermacher's 'Brief Outline of the Study of Theology,' translated by Mr. Farrer, (Clark,) is the most unintelligible syllabus we ever saw.

In the department of religious poetry we have to acknowledge several works:—1. 'Remains of the Rev. F. H. Lyte.' (Rivingtons.) These poems exhibit considerable powers of versification, a large command of language, and excellent principles. The most important, though an early, Poem, on 'the Battle of Salamanca,' favourably recalls Scott. Prefixed is a Memoir of the Author, containing valuable impressions of Italy, and at the same time sketching the writer's estimable and deepening character in the higher departments both of personal religion, and a growing appreciation of Church principles.—2. 'Lyra Sanctorum.' (Masters.) This volume, most of which appeared in the pages of a contemporary, consists of pieces illustrative of the minor Church Festival, and challenges our entire approval.

It is of a high range of thought and diction.—3. Mr. Monsell's 'Parish Musings,' (Rivingtons,) are of a subjective character, with slight inaccuracies of style, such as the lines, 'By the wondrous love Thou bore us' (p. 54); 'promise,' and 'from us,' twice occurring as rhymes (pp. 65, 66); they combine pious thoughts of a slightly vague theology, with a general amount of right feeling.—4. 'Faith and Practice;' by a Country Curate. (Bell.) These are Poems of a higher cast; they are, at the same time, more formal, and exhibit an appreciation of poetic art, being carefully written and studied. There is a Series on the 'Church Seasons,' which we much admire, with the single exception of a Poem on Lent (p. 41), ungracefully reproducing old Tusser's versification.

A 'Protest, &c. on the Doctrine of Baptisms,' (J. H. Parker,) by Mr. Bramwell Smith, though drawn up in rather an ambitious form, is very full and important.

To Mr. W. H. Johnstone, author of 'Israel after the flesh,—the Judaism of the Bible separated from its Spiritual Religion,' (J. W. Parker,) we owe, perhaps, an apology for our tardiness in noticing his work. In truth, we have hesitated much in determining how we should deal with it. On the one hand, the subject which it handles is one of great interest to the student of Scripture; and the right determination of the numerous inquiries which it involves will greatly affect our estimate of the mutual relation of the Mosaic and Christian economies, as will our interpretation of various passages in the New Testament; and we are also disposed to think, that there is much justness as well as originality in the general views which Mr. Johnstone labours to establish. But we are constrained to say, that we miss in Mr. Johnstone's book some very important qualifications for the proper performance of the task which he has undertaken; especially that spirit of calm judgment, and that candid appreciation of the views of others, which are at once the noblest fruits and the most certain evidences of thoughtful research.

Mr. W. Heygate's 'Wedding Gift,' (Rivingtons,) is a valuable thought, gracefully worked out. There is a trifling, but pardonable, sentimentalism in its look.

Mr. Stretton's 'Church Hymns,' (Rivingtons,) are somewhat eclectic: their chief fault, however, is in suggesting the common and vulgar Hymn Tunes: a difficulty which we understand the Ecclesiological Society is on the point of remedying by issuing a Series of Hymns noted from the old Choral Books.

Mr. Masters' very useful 'Guide to the Daily Prayers,' has reached a fifth, and we are glad to find a much enlarged, edition.

In connexion with Mr. Daniel Wilson's 'Appeal,' &c., (Hatchard,) and Mr. Scott's 'Letter to Mr. Wilson,' (Mozley,) announced in our last number, we may mention Mr. Bowdler's touching and affectionate 'Letter to the Evangelical Members of the Church of England,' (Darling:) and 'The Church of England in Danger; a Letter to Mr. Wilson, &c.' (Taylor and Walton,)—a very unpleasant pill to swallow.

Mr. Gilbert French has produced an elegant antiquarian 'Essay on the

Tippets of the Canons Ecclesiastical,' (Bell.) It is well and correctly illustrated; and does as much credit to him as an intelligent inquirer, as many of his textile productions (to use the phrase of the day) do to his manufacturing skill.

Dr. Maitland has put forth an admirable 'Plan for a Church-History Society,' (Rivingtons.) Although only suggestive, we trust that this really valuable paper will not be lost in the surge and surf of present disputes. How very important such a plan is, and how likely to succeed, may be understood by certain recent proceedings in the Vice-Chancellor's Court, with respect to one of the most extraordinary literary adventures which has ever signalized even an age of joint-stock and railway companies. That three obscure clergymen, and a single unknown office clerk, should have ventured upon the 'Ecclesiastical History Society,' and should have secured for some years the very substantial 'countenance of many prelates and eminent clergymen,' while it might form a chapter in the unwritten history of clerical credulity, is certainly 'a proof that the value and the want of such an institution is felt,' as Dr. Maitland reminds us.

'The Report of the Bristol Architectural Society,' (Leech,) is enriched by a curious paper on Bells.

'An Earnest Appeal for the Revival of Plain Song,' by Mr. Welby Pugin (Dolman,) is a most instructive commentary on the real bearings of Oratorianism.

Mr. C. J. Smith, Archdeacon in Jamaica, has printed an elaborate Sermon on the Theological Idea of Christian Worship, 'The Prayers of the Saints,' (Pickering.)

'Notes and Observations,' and 'Concluding Notes and Observations on the First Chapter of S. John,' by A. Corban, (Holles,) might, so far as we are concerned, as well have been written in the cuneiform character.

Two or three useful gift-books have reached us—useful, not only for the smaller holiday folks who receive, but also for those who have to give, at this season. 'Henrietta's Wish,' by the author of 'Scenes and Characters,' (Masters,) exhibits great powers in portraying the development of individual character, both by incident and example. It is curious how happily this writer paints a whole range of principles and subtle temptations and tendencies by light sketchy strokes; but she is quite unequal to the construction of a plot. Her strength is in the dialogue, not on the dramatic side of art; if her writings are not unlike a charade, it is a written, not an acted, one. There is no reason why this book begins or ends where it does; it admits of indefinite extension either way; it is a diary—a good one, but still only a transcript of daily doings. And in composition it rather exaggerates the Fairy-Bower School: the young people all talk book, and quote and repartee at fifteen with the vivacity and readiness, the point and prodigality of allusion, which sometimes, though seldom, characterises thirty-five. Like the sons of Laocoon, they are reduced copies of the sire; somewhat perhaps diminished, but more in size than in character.—'Kenneth; a Story of the Russian Invasion,' (J. H. Parker,) by the same writer,—though less ambitious and certainly

not so clever, will be more popular. There is a picturesque detail and scenery in it, which the brilliancy of the subject could scarcely have missed.—‘Hints for Happy Hours,’ by Miss Fourdrinier, (Mozley,) exhibits almost a wearisome amount of cleverness and skill. Holiday amusement approaches nearly to the dignity of an exact science in the hands of a professor so eminent; and it is quite remarkable to trace the way in which information of the most diversified and often difficult kind is enlisted into the blameless business of youthful amusement. With a writer so skilful we can afford to be critical enough to say that, while we have a distinct apprehension of the place of religion and of the dangers of its obtrusiveness in such works, we can quite understand that it may be, as in the grammar rule, understood if not expressed, which is hardly the case in the present writer.

Darton’s School Library presents itself in two instalments: a ‘History of England,’ by Mr. B. E. Johns, of which we can say little favourable; much better is the same editor’s ‘Elements of Geography,’ a very useful syllabus.

‘Emblems of Saints,’ by Mr. Husenbeth, (Burns and Lambert,) furnishes some elaborate and careful lists of Saints and their attributes; not only very necessary to all students of hagiological art, but in itself important in a literary view, as adding to our scanty knowledge on a subject hitherto almost inaccessible. A country printer has not escaped the commission of clerical errors, such as the phrase, ‘Milan—Ambros—Basilic,’ p. 7.

‘Reginald Græme; or, Visible and Invisible,’ (Cleaver,) has unquestionably good intentions to recommend it.

We have already reported our satisfaction with Mr. Knox, as a descriptive ornithologist—unfortunately we suppose we must add—and sportsman. His recent volume, ‘Game Birds and Wild Fowl,’ (Van Voorst,) is as graphic as White; and Mr. Knox ranges over a larger tract both of country and information. The study of the habits and instincts of the lower creatures, while it tends to produce a patient and accurate habit of mind, has higher advantages; in those who peruse it conscientiously, we can always observe the presence of deep sympathies and reverence for nature. A good naturalist is always poetical; and even sport is humanized by such as Mr. Knox. The book is beautifully printed, and cleverly illustrated.

We must say a longer word than usual with Mr. Henry Drummond. We have no further right to quarrel with this gentleman’s views of truth, or those of the body of which he is the pervading spirit, than with those of any other set of religionists; and having no further right, we seek no other occasion. But we have a right—not only has literature a right, but society has a right—to require that a Christian body which puts forth such colossal pretensions as those of (so-called, if they will,) ‘Irvingism, should sail under its own colours. Mr. Drummond will of course reply, that his theory of religious truth being an absorbent rather than a critical one, he is not called upon to avow antagonism to any Christian Church or body;

that he is rather a Syncretist than a Donatist. Be it so; but it becomes a matter of practical immorality in any religious community, for its members silently and without protest, if not intentionally, to permit themselves to be mistaken for what they are not. This form of Christianity affects to be above, beyond, within, and prior to what is commonly known as the Catholic Church of Christ; it claims to have reproduced in its ministry the great Pentecostal gifts which have been withdrawn for nearly eighteen centuries; its fourfold stewardship is the sole and complete continuation of that of the Apostles; its throne is hyper-papal, hyper-patriarchal, far above all Churches or communions, Roman and Greek, Anglican or Protestant. It deals out censure and praise, anathema or patronage, with imperial impassiveness. Now surely the world, the Church, common-sense, have a right to know its sovereigns and its teachers. If this body be, according to its esoteric claims, the sole depository of a new revelation, or the exclusively gifted witness of the solitary and long deferred revival of the Apostolic purpose and tradition, why should we not be acquainted with our teachers and our pontiffs? Why should its chief Apostle only be known to all but all the world as a country squire and a county magistrate? Nor is this all. Why, as at a late 'Papal aggression' meeting, should this gentleman address his brother squires as though he were only the Protestant layman that they claimed to be? Why in his recent 'Remarks on Dr. Wiseman's Sermon on the Gorham Case,' (Bosworth,)—a production more offensive in various ways than we choose to characterise,—or in his 'Family Prayers,' (Bosworth,) should not his high commission be avouched? Surely the cope and chasuble of Mr. Drummond's Albury ministrations are inconsistent with his perpetual white trousers in the House of Commons. Which is grotesque or which fanatical, we are not called upon to decide; but religion itself suffers when it is undistinguishable to the world whether one bearing, according to his own account, a commission so fearful, has found his real vocation as liturgist or pamphleteer, farmer or prophet; whether he is to be known in history as the successful breeder of capercaillie, or the compiler of sacramentaries and pontificals, (Knox's Game Birds, p. 220, n.); as the adventurous opponent of monopoly, or the confessional; and when it is doubtful, perhaps to himself, whether he is most at home in assigning mission to the whole priesthood of the Church Catholic, or only his mittimus to a Surrey tramp.

'The Four Gospels Combined,' (Simpkin,) is a kind of harmony which has received the approval of 'His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Rev. John Angell James, Doctor Cox of Hackney, and the Astronomer Royal,' all of whom,—His Grace in particular styling it 'a novel publication,'—write as though a very common-place harmony were as great a discovery as that of a new planet.

'Elements of Natural Theology,' (Rivingtons,) by Dr. Beaven of Toronto, is more of an approach to an exact and scientific method than we usually see in an age which identifies Divinity with Sermon-writing. We recommend this volume as a text-book.

'A Selection of Psalms and Hymns, for the use of Bakewell Church,' (Mozley,) contains nothing remarkable, either original or selected.

We shall not criticise a 'Hymn-Book for the use of Churches and Chapels,' (Cleave,) but we would ask the warm-hearted compiler, whether he has established the fact of there ever having been 'bright days gone by,' 'when *the same* heavenly strains, [*i.e.* the Ritual Hymns,] were sung in *all* 'quarters of Christendom.' p. vi.

'Samuel; a Story for Choristers,' (Mozley.) We can speak 'experimentally' of the use of this affecting story in the quarter for which it is written.

Mr. Appleyard's 'Greek Church,' (Darling,) completes an important series, by the Author of 'Proposals for Christian Union.' If after many days this good seed bears its fruit, the amiable writer will be well rewarded.

'The Mission of Sympathy,' by Mr. W. V. Sankey, (Pickering,) somewhat coldly reflects the twin poems of Rogers and Campbell.—'Eidolon and other Poems,' by W. R. Cassels, from the same publisher, strikes a higher note. The longest poem, in subject the same as Beattie's 'Minstrel,' displays some very striking language, but it is deficient alike in interest and plan; it has the raw material of many poems in it. In some of the minor pieces Mr. Cassels is a not unsuccessful follower of the present laureate.—'Imagination,' by Spero, 'an original poem,' (Bogue.) Original enough: Spero thus addresses himself to himself, hopeless of other readers; he is speaking of the anticipated feats of 'the critics' on his poem:—

'Rise! spirit, rise!

Throw off thy mortal fear,—doubt prostrate lies
And pale and trembling calls on me to pause,
While sinking fear, dismay's keen horny claws
Fix on my frame—now ruined hope glides past
With hair dishevell'd, loosen'd to the blast,
With wringing hands, with lacerated heart—
Her life's blood oozing from th' envenom'd dart
The critic's hand has thrown—dark spirits float,
While cold-tongued censure brings her brood to gloat
O'er young ambition's fall.'—p. 74.

'Mr. Chubb on Locks and Keys,' suggests something in the way of an advertisement. This Essay, which was read before the Engineers' Institute, certainly is an advertisement; but it is something more,—a really ingenious and instructive memoir on an interesting subject.

From the writer of a 'Glimpse of Hayti,' (Hall and Virtue,) we should welcome a longer look of this most interesting and little-known place. It contains a good sketch of Toussaint.

'Mr. Neale's Readings for the Aged,' (Masters,) will perhaps be misunderstood. Mr. Neale is a remarkably interesting preacher; all that he says is full of life, and point, and originality,—often of thought, always of expression. He is quite the person to keep the young people from fidget, and the old from drowsiness, in church; but this by a freedom which ranges close to familiarity, and in a spirit which, generally full of character, occasionally touches on exaggeration. May we instance a passage on

the famous 10th of April, at p. 95? There are many sermons which tell amazingly on the hearers, which are almost too vigorous and exuberant for print. Some few passages of these 'readings' suggest this consideration. Yet on the whole the volume is more than an ordinary one, and quite worth purchasing.

'The Life of James Davis,' by Sir Thomas Phillips, (J. W. Parker,) is, among recent biographies, one of the most striking which we can recall. The zeal, energy, and exertions of this humble person, though the most prominent and useful facts of his history, do not stand alone: his was a very complex and curious character, which suggests many thoughts. But in a practical way, which is all that we can here say of it, this memoir deserves a sincere recommendation.

'Pinder's Sermons for the Holy Days,' (Rivingtons,) sustain their respected writer's reputation.

Most of ourselves read commentaries on the Articles in some antecedent sense which we have already assigned to the Confession itself; consequently there are few books which are so generally read with a bias. We do not, therefore, approach Mr. Harold Browne's recent and elaborate 'Exposition of the Thirty-nine Articles,' (J. W. Parker,) without something of the foregone conclusion. Mr. Browne is, however, full and fair and candid: he exhibits more of the collector than the expositor; he generally lets the conflicting schools have their own say, not so coldly as Burnet, but with much the same practical result. He is more instructive and, we believe, more orthodox than Beveridge on the same subject; and he promises to supersede both these recognised episcopal expositors. For ourselves, we think, for example, that Mr. Browne's summary neither of Bishop Bull nor Mr. Newman is adequate; and we should have reconciled the apparent apostolic conflict on Justification differently. Following the present Bishop of Lincoln, some will also have discovered a closer possible approximation between even Trent and our own Articles on the same subject. Still we gladly admit that as a continuous exposition, Mr. Browne's is at present the best extant work on the subject. The first volume, however, only is published; and we scarcely envy Mr. Browne the task of the more disputed and difficult Articles which are to follow.

Mr. Ewbank's 'Commentary on the Epistle to the Romans,' (J. W. Parker,) is a moderate exposition of the ordinary Lutheran view. It incorporates some of the recent German comments.

Mr. E. A. Freeman's work on 'Llandaff Cathedral,' (Pickering,) does him great credit as an architectural critic. It is an interesting monograph of a curious church; and, as the improving spirit in Welsh Church matters leads us to hope, it will help the great work of restoration at Llandaff. A remarkable omission is, that the ground plan has no scale; and though many of the criticisms depend upon actual and comparative dimensions, we cannot find a single measurement in the volume.

A careful 'Responsal' to the valued 'Visitatio Infirmorum,' has been published by Mr. Masters.

If any, surely Mr. Monro, has a right to publish Sermons on the 'Responsibilities of the Ministerial Life,' (J. H. Parker.) All such works, even among ourselves, 'Burnet's Pastoral Care,' ought to be in all clerical

hands. If Mr. Monro's is among the most awful of its class, the more necessary is it, and though liable to an unfair controversial use, we would rather look at its intended practical purpose; and this we cannot exaggerate. A well-known Sermon on Purity, though inconsistent with the plan suggested by the title, is here, with its important note, in place. We questioned, though we should be loth to pronounce on, its suitability as a sermon. John Gerson, who treats the same subject, addressed its discussion solely *ad clerum*; even the substance of directions for confessors should not be preached.

'Victories of the Saints,' (Masters,) by Mr. Neale, is an appropriate and consistent sequel to his 'Triumphs of the Cross.'

At first we were disposed to give Mrs. Hamilton Gray the benefit of an unfortunate printer in her 'Emperors of Rome,' (Hatchard,) when we read of a town called 'Cæsarea Germanicus,' p. 77; and Ovid's 'Artis Amatoriæ,' in which he celebrates 'Corinne,' p. 71; or of adopted children called 'Julii Cæsari,' p. 16; or such a distich as this, 'Hic situs est Rufus Pulso, qui 'Vindice quondam Imperium asseruit non sibi, sed Patriæ,' p. 239; but we are constrained to fear that the blunders, both in names and facts, which abound in this volume, must be attached to another responsibility.

'Whitaker's Penny Almanack,' (J. H. Parker,) for price and quality is to be recommended.—The same compiler's 'Clergyman's Diary for 1851,' (J. H. Parker,) seems the most complete and generally useful thing of the kind which we have seen; it is fuller than Gilbert.

A second series of 'Tales of Kirkbeck,' (Cleaver,) agreeably recalls its predecessor. We are not sure that the sombre element in these stories is not in excess.

Mr. Maskell has published a 'Letter to Dr. Pusey,' (Pickering,) in answer to Dr. Pusey's 'Letter to Mr. Richards' on Confession and freedom of choice in the minister of absolution. Dr. Pusey has replied in a 'Postscript to his Letter,' (J. H. Parker.) There is much pain inseparable from this whole matter; pain, because few things are more distressing—and we believe more damaging to their own views of truth—than to find amiable persons, like Mr. Maskell, giving any colour to the vulgar impression, that such as leave us make it their chief object in life to damage the communion they have quitted. Surely such a line recalls the maxim, *Odisse quem læseris*. Because, as Mr. Maskell frames his implication against Dr. Pusey, he might know that it is impossible, without violating very sacred relations, fully to answer it. Because Mr. Maskell, with his ample knowledge of the world, must have felt that there are various ways of recommending truth, contingent both upon the moral bias of those who urge and those who are asked to receive it; and that, while nothing is so easy as to call reserve and tenderness dishonesty and suppression, an open free-spoken candour and bluntness often gets credit, and perhaps as unjustly, for harshness and coarseness. Some in teaching delight, as they say, in calling things by their right names, and in startling people. While we admit that, in certain cases, this candid tone may have its uses, yet it is past question that in other and peculiar conditions of society it is right, and exclusively right, to veil truth and to deal gently with suspicions and

prejudices. If there be no such Christian duty as to accommodate the mode of recommending truth by a consideration of the varying exigences of time and person, then, while we stigmatize all prudence as craft, we must be content to be told that there may be a boldness which comes under the precept, *Ne projiciatis margaritas*, &c. We must say that we think Dr. Pusey's reply full, and convincing, and temperate. There will be something like injustice in forcing the matter further.—We had written, and printed, thus far, when a letter appeared from Mr. Maskell, declining, with very sufficient fairness, and with but little of which we might complain, to prosecute this unprofitable and harassing dispute further. The matter, therefore, terminates creditably to the good intentions of both parties: for we are glad to find Mr. Maskell indignantly repudiating the use which has been made of certain parts of his letter—a use, however, which might well have been foreseen.

Dr. Pusey's 'Two Sermons: The Danger of Riches,' recently delivered at Bristol, which attracted some local celebrity on more accounts than one, have been given to the public, (J. H. Parker.)

Some little tales, of good principles but of no very remarkable power, have been translated from Hoffman, and are printed under the title of 'Tales for my Godson,' (Masters.)

We can only just announce Mr. Isaac Williams' new poem, 'The Seven Days of the Old and New Creation,' (J. H. Parker.) Its plan seems to be the beautiful one of viewing in all visible things the expression of the spiritual truths, and of the material world enfolding in type the kingdom of God and the mysteries of grace.

We can quite understand how a young curate and Bachelor of Arts, who has just exchanged his Aldrich and Porson's plays for Bishop Newton and Dr. Keith, and who is well imbued with the current Milner and Mosheim history of the Albigenses, should think it right, or pleasant, to write, and of course to deliver, 'Lectures on the fulfilled Prophecies.' (Nisbet.) This Mr. F. Arnold of Chesterfield has done; and as we have no wish to interfere between this gentleman and his publisher, we do not regret that he has published a work as deficient in charity as in originality.

Bishop Forbes' (of Brechin) 'Commentary on the Te Deum,' (Masters,) is taken so entirely from accredited sources, that we can only be grateful to the compiler for a delightful little publication. An illustration, distantly enough, recalling one of the most famous pictures of the early Italian school, is better than the ordinary Aldersgate-street prints. It seems almost hopeless to look for improvement in this branch, or rather twig, of religious art.

In the recent hurricane of folly and bigotry which has swept through the land, a Dr. Cumming has made himself conspicuous. Having heard so much of this person, we looked with some interest at his 'Salvation: price One Shilling,' (Hall,) as the advertisements style it. It is the sermon—the author, at least, calls it a sermon—which Lord John Russell, to whom Dr. Cumming is a sort of chaplain *in partibus*, procured to be preached before the Queen in Scotland. For a critical account of 'Salvation' we would refer to the *Eclectic Review* on its literary merits; and were we disposed to ask Israel to renounce its gods, this sermon would be an adequate standard

of the sense of the popular leaders of the popular religion. We are not very familiar with eloquent sermons delivered in the Scotch language, or with what is reckoned oratory north of the Tweed. But we cannot resist culling a flower or two from this famous Blair Athol homily. 'Multiply 'ages into ages—carry century to century, to their highest cube, and all 'is but an infinitesimal preface to its [the soul's] inexhaustible being. The 'Pyramids of Egypt, just opening their stony lips to speak for God's Word; 'the theatres of Ionia; the colossal remains of Nineveh, experiencing a resurrection from the grave in which God buried it; the iron rail, that strings 'the bright villages like pearls on its black thread; the paddle-wheel, that 'disturbs,' &c. &c. p. 30. 'The Saviour says: "Look unto me, all the ends 'of the earth—dwellers on the Missouri and the Mississippi, in the prairies 'and back-woods of America; upon the Andes and in the isles of the Pacific; 'from the mountains of Thibet, and the plains of China; from every jungle in India, from every pagoda in Hindostan; from the snows of Lapland; 'Arab, in thy tent, and Cossack, on thy steppes; ye ancient Druse [*sic*] 'from Mount Lebanon; weary-footed wanderers of Salem,'" &c. &c. p. 28.

'Hints on the Formation of a Church Choir' is the first number of a promising series of 'Parochial Papers,' (J. H. Parker) by Mr. Armitstead.

The authorities of S. Augustine's have not, according to ancient precedent, issued a new Use; but they have put forth a local 'Calendar,' (Canterbury: Ward.) The Calendar, strictly so called, is drawn up for immediate purposes: it commemorates Missionary transactions, in which both the ancient and recent British Church is commemorated: thus, 'Willebald, Missionary from England to Germany, 790. Thomas Thomason died, in the Mauritius, 1829.' It contains useful missionary information—the *cursum* of study, &c.

Mr. Arthur Baker has printed a pamphlet with an alarming title, 'A Plea for Romanizers (so called), &c.' (Masters,) addressed to the Bishop of London. There is nothing awful about it but this heading: it is really a temperate and judicious appeal in behalf of what always has existed as a recognised school in the Reformed Church. Not only in the Church of England, but in purely Protestant countries, there always have been—as while charity survives, there always will be—those who are disposed to make allowances and advances, and to construe differences in their most tolerant and tolerable sense. Mr. Baker might have spared, we think, a single illustration, except in the way of an argument, *ad invidiam*, against the psilo-biblical school. We allude to the case of Extreme Unction. The periodical from which, on this subject, he quotes, by the way, is an 'Evangelical,' not a dissenting, one, a circumstance which aggravates the force of the argument.

A series of papers is in the course of publication by Nisbet, from a body styling themselves 'The Wickliffe Club.' Four numbers have appeared, and the avowed object of the conspiracy is to change our Communion into the Church of the Future. It is true that this body, curiously recalling the Feathers Tavern Association of the last century, is at present obscure enough; whether it will form a nucleus for other elements of disaffection, also openly proclaiming their desire to alter the Prayer-book, remains to be seen. To point out the bearings of such an attempt as

an illustration of the actual interpretation of the Prayer-book is quite superfluous.

'Academic Notes on the Holy Scriptures,' by the Rev. R. C. Crowfoot, (Bell,) bespeak a mind which has been exercised, and not unprofitably, in one particular department of Biblical criticism, viz.: Hebraism. To account for phenomena or remove obscurities, whether in the Old or New Testament, by investigating some Hebraic peculiarity of thought or phrase, is the design of four,—and perhaps the four most successful,—of the six 'Notes' here presented to us. We demur, however, to the principle of 'cumulativeness,' as explanatory of the whole phenomenon which has been called 'parallelism' in Hebrew poetry, and wonder it should not have been plain to the ingenious author, that such a principle leaves the simpler instances of correspondence or antithesis entirely unaccounted for. We are not satisfied with the view suggested as to the order of topics in the Sermon on the Mount; nor has the famous *crux of cruces* in the New Testament, (Gal. iii. 20—29,) yet found an adequate interpreter.

Mr. Bennett's famous 'Letter to Lord John Russell' (Cleaver) is in the hands of all our readers—we need, therefore, do no more than mention it. And in the same connexion we are glad to specify an extremely able letter to the Bishop of London, 'The Solemnity of our Anglo-Catholic Ritual,' &c., from the same publisher. We much regret that any occasion should have been afforded for such an appeal, from the nature of the case so painful.

'Hoosoo, or the Temple profaned,' by Mr. Raby, (Richardson,) is a collection of what schoolboys call Nonsense Verses.

On the Supremacy Question we have to specify an able, and very damaging 'Letter to Dr. McNeill,' by Mr. French Laurence, (Vincent.)—Of less importance on the same subject are the 'The True Supremacy,' by Mr. Buckley, (Darling,) and 'The Royal Supremacy Defended,' by Mr. George Heaton, (Hatchard.)

This last writer has put forth another pamphlet, under the title 'Opus Operandum,' (Hatchard.) It lectures everybody, and sets everything straight, after the author's own way. Mr. Heaton's wit is as profane as his assurance of infallibility is easy.

Mr. Massingberd has printed an able and full paper on 'The Necessity of a Session of Convocation,' (Rivingtons,) originally composed for a Church Union.

Dr. Thorpe, Minister of a London Proprietary chapel, and Dr. Worthington, also a London Clergyman, have come forward, the one in a 'Review of Mr. Bennett's letter to Lord John Russell,' (Seeley,) and the other in a 'Letter to Mr. Bennett,' (Hatchard,) to defend the Premier and Lord Chancellor for their Churchmanship. Certainly the recent appointment to East Farleigh has acted as a stimulant.

Three important Episcopal Charges have reached us: 1. That of the Bishop of Fredericton, (S. John's, N. B.: Avery;) 2. of the Bishop of Newfoundland, delivered at Bermuda, (S. John's, N.F.L.: McCoubrey;) 3. of the Bishop of London, (Fellowes.) In this place it is not of course for us

to criticise the latter document; indeed we are unable to do so, remembering with what very different feelings, and under what different circumstances, we wrote on this very day eight years ago, on the Present and Prospective Results of the Bishop of London's Charge of 1842, (Christian Remembrancer, vol. v. pp. 114—160.) Even then, while referring to 'the rushing tide of obloquy, misrepresentation, clamour, violence, all but persecution, which had set in, with the steady sweep of a resolved will, resolved even to extermination, against Catholic truth,' (p.114,) we could afford to look hopefully at the future; so we can repeat either language at the present moment. With all our losses, sorrows, failings, mistakes, unfaithfulness, we cannot look at these two *lustra* of years without recognising in them the same tokens and signs which have ever attended the Church's work and way. That our lines have been extended, and on the whole a vast amount of hostile or neutral country occupied, is plain; plain also that new and unexpected elements of evil have been mixed up with the strife. The Hampden and Gorham cases we neither desire, nor are able, to minimise: the extreme and startling way in which State tyranny and the claim of a Tudor supremacy, more threatening, because most undefined, has been advanced by Government, and for the present endorsed by the accidental state of the law, we seek not to extenuate. These matters, as they involve new difficulties, so they force upon us new duties; not merely to maintain our own as in other days, but actually to compel a second adjustment of the under-standing on which the same Church is tied to a changed State. But still it is only another part of the field to which the conflict has swept. It may be thought that the difference between 1842 and 1850 consists in the different attitude of the Bishops, especially of the Bishop of London, towards Church principles, at least as displayed in the respective Charges of the two years. Whether controversially the Bishop of London cannot be proved to be consistent with himself, as far as the letter of these documents goes, we shall not dispute. There are, however, certain popular practical differences, which are at this moment distressing many sincere and earnest minds: the existence and influence of these we cannot gainsay. Lord John Russell has fastened a certain interpretation on certain parts of the Bishop of London's Charge, which interpretation the Bishop of London has not formally disavowed, though we are quite certain that it is not the true one. To this interpretation and to this alone are to be traced the riots which have deprived the Church of Mr. Bennett, as well as the combination of Lord Ashley and the National Club, which, not content with tampering with churchwardens, is at this moment hawking petitions against Tractarian doctrines and Romish innovations from house to house in London. But surely all this is no great matter: it is only another form of the conflict, to which, unless we had long made up our minds, we had not business to engage in. It is distressing enough: but did we ever count upon any thing but distress? It is painful enough that we cannot rescue the Bishop of London from the taunt—that in his diocese it is safer to be disobedient than compliant, and that those alone are in 1850 marked out, if not for persecution, at least for harassing, who eight years ago *alone* were obedient to his recommendations. This is *the* cross which some London congregations have to bear: but we must remind such that

they have duties towards the Church, paramount and prior to mere feelings and temporary conveniences. What they have steadily to keep in view is the chance of the rulers and officials of the Church, not unnaturally perhaps, considering themselves the mere administrators of the popular will. Humiliating as such a contingency is, we must say that it is not impossible: nay, we may go further, and own that it has been openly asserted. We must mark with distinct reprobation the discreditable fact—we cannot afford to speak of it in milder terms—that the Archdeacon of Middlesex has thought it right to state that a visitation of Churches entrusted to him will be so conducted as that ‘the result will be satisfactory to the public:’—a phrase, by the way, significantly identical with Lord John Russell’s House of Commons vindication of the judgment in the Gorham case. We have no quarrel with Mr. Sinclair: he is neither above nor below the ordinary type of feeling in this matter. That he only in his position represents and expresses it is our complaint; that any person entrusted with quasi-judicial authority, should admit that he is prepared to exercise it with such a view, is indeed melancholy. The letter in which the admission is made, might be private—might be hasty. Archdeacons have no business to write notes either light or hasty on public matters which concern the peace of thousands. And yet more: not only to write and avow, but even to entertain this melancholy sentiment, that not law—not truth—not justice—but public satisfaction is to be the end and aim of Church judicature, may well make us fear that the avenues of English justice are only, but systematically, closed against those whom the world is pleased to call Tractarians. This we say is a new, but temporary, form of difficulty under which our cause labours: that from certain accidental causes, we are perhaps likely not to get justice; that *law* as such, will not in our case be fairly administered. This is a danger, and a great one: but it has not yet occurred. No interference with the services or arrangement of Churches has yet been attempted: the choral offices are not put down, as with Lord Stowell’s famous judgment, we hardly think they will be interfered with: the position of the priest at consecration can only be *settled* by a Court of Law. It has been asserted that the Ordinary has power to decide on the interpretation of doubtful rubrics, but it may yet be found, that though a doubt may be made about any rubric, yet that because a thing is doubted, it is not therefore doubtful; and that as Archdeacon Sharp reminds us, ‘though the ‘Ordinary is allowed to interpret and determine the sense of the Rubric ‘for us in all doubtful cases; yet it is with this proviso, that he shall not ‘order or determine anything that is contrary to what is contained in the ‘Service Book. That is, in points that are clearly expressed, *the Ordinary ‘is as much prohibited from making innovations, as the meanest parochial minister ‘among us.*’ It is, therefore, well to bear in mind, that the question is not about the power of the Ordinary, nor the obedience which is to be paid to the Bishop’s godly admonitions, but rather whether what an Ordinary might choose to include among the doubtful cases referable to him, a court of law might not decide to be a ‘point clearly expressed in the Service Book,’ and upon which the Ordinary is prohibited from enforcing his interpretation. Such a question, in our judgment, is that of the position of the consecrating priest. That Archdeacons or Archbishops should take advantage of the popular sentiment to further their own private views, or preferences, or interpretations,

is not unnatural. We do not complain of this: we only say that it is neither final nor fatal. There is the law to appeal to. There is the feeling of equal justice to appeal to. There is that great condition of Divine truth, that it must win its way through unfairness and opposition, to appeal to. And in these is our confidence and hope. While beyond all, there is this to appeal to, we mean that natural sense of propriety, as well as of justice, which sooner or later will prevail in the English hearts of English Bishops, that if there is a public—represented, whether by Lord John Russell, or by the Pimlico pickpockets—to be satisfied on the one hand, there is, on the other, another public, which is not represented by leading articles in the *Times*—a public of congregations yearly growing and abounding in works of Christian love—of congregations which never heard one syllable of disunion till the parish was harried by emissaries of Lord Ashley and the Duke of Manchester—and that such a public as this has some right to have its feelings, or even prejudices, or weaknesses, consulted. And, again, that if it is a Christian duty to condescend to the infirmities of such weak brethren and timid stumbling Christians as the writers in ‘Punch,’ or the wall-chalkers of the day, a strong claim will be put forth by parish priests, who only claim to represent a school in the Church of England, which is as much a fact in history as the thirty years’ war—who only claim, in ritual and doctrine, to do and to teach what Andrewes and Laud *did* as well as taught: and a more importunate plea will also be urged by simple men and women, to whom not only our daily prayers and weekly communions, even if coupled with painted windows, or altar flowers, or frescoed walls, have, by God’s grace, become part of themselves, but whose every hour of life is spent in the dedication of themselves, their thoughts, their time, their money, their natural gifts, their comforts and peace, as a living sacrifice to the Church. It certainly will be a fatal day when the only public which is not to be recognised is such a public as this. But, as we said, things have not come to this, and it will be our own fault if they do.

A deep and thoughtful Sermon, on a difficult subject, ‘The Laws of our knowledge of Doctrinal Truth,’ has been printed by Mr. W. B. Heathcote. (J. H. Parker.) The preacher distinguishes accurately between the objective truth itself, and the subjective helps or hindrances which may affect the full knowledge or reception of it: he goes on to the difficult branch, how far the body of truth itself may be affected in its manifestations, by causes arising from ignorance, education, prejudice, or even good intention and pious purpose. With much judgment and charity he takes up the case of those external to the Visible Church, and of those imperfectly or in excess affected by the aspect of its sacramental system. He then suggests certain necessary prerequisites to saving knowledge, and introduces qualifications as to the amount of their influence.

Partly connected with the same line of thought is Mr. Charles Marriott’s impressive and sustaining Sermon, ‘God, and not System, the strength of the Church,’ (Masters.)—Mr. Pedder’s Sermon, ‘The Work of the Church,’ (Masters,) is on the same consoling topic.

‘Subjection; no, not for an Hour;’ a Sermon by Mr. Miller of Birmingham, (Hatchard.) ‘Romish Sacraments and the Confessional as now taught and practised in the English Church;’ two Sermons by Mr. Henry Hughes,

(Rivingtons.) We notice these 'Sermons,' not because we intend to waste a single word upon their contents, but because they remind us of a practice which at least ought to be known. Of the exact purpose of a pulpit one has formed a tolerably defined conception; so too, within limits, we conjecture what is the idea of a sermon, at least in the Church of England, not without some reference to the Fifty-third Canon. Mr. Miller and Mr. Hughes seem to ascend the hebdomadal rostrum with a pile of books, pamphlets, and newspapers under their arm; these materials are showily arranged on the lecturing or dissecting table; and the *preachers* fall to work anatomizing and quoting Mr. Maskell and Mr. Dodsworth, Dr. Newman and Dean Elliot, Mr. Daniel Wilson and Dr. Pusey's letter to Mr. Richards; not only by name, but actually in cloth and boards, these writers are all outwardly and visibly produced in the unmistakeable reality of print and paper. 'I hold Dr. Newman's recent lectures in my hand,' says Mr. Miller, p. 12. 'I hold in my hand a volume of sermons just published,' &c., p. 14. So Mr. Hughes, through thirty-six tedious pages, goes on belabouring and denouncing 'Mr. Dodsworth, Minister of Christ Church,' p. 3; 'Dr. Pusey and Mr. Richards,' p. 4; all by name; with quotations from and criticisms of Mr. Allies, and the Bishop of Exeter, and his Chaplain, and the proceedings of Church Unions, &c., in every paragraph. Neither is the practice confined to these persons. The would-be popular preachers in London proprietary chapels find that pamphlets and leading articles and anonymous letters, done up into the form of sermons, suit the prevailing taste; and, as we understand, they defend themselves under the Bishop of London's recommendation of controversial sermons.—Two calm and reasonable answers to Mr. Miller, who, however, is far beyond the reach of any appeal to reason or decency, have appeared: 'A Letter to Mr. Miller, &c., by an Anglo-Catholic Priest,' Birmingham, (Hodges;) and 'A Letter to Evangelical Churchmen, &c., by Laicus,' (ibid.)

Two volumes of Sermons, very far above the average, have reached us this quarter: one by Mr. Woodford, of Bristol, which in language picturesque and far above fine writing, is quite an acquisition to literature. The theology is vigorous and well spoken; the style itself unequal; and we regret that Mr. Woodford should preach in other than the first person singular. We think very highly of the volume.—Of quite a different character are the late and respected Mr. Cornish's 'Sermons,' (Mozley.) Of a level, subdued, calm, even character, they exhibit a good deal of thought in reserved language. If Mr. Woodford's volume fairly represents the place in which they were composed,—for the fitful uneven contrasts of his somewhat irregular, yet vehement and thoughtful, mind are not unlike that strange compound of common-place and sublimity, the picturesque and shabby city of Bristol,—Mr. Cornish's well enough reproduces the repose and depth of country scenery. Mr. Woodford is original—Mr. Cornish soothing. We must not omit to say that some of Mr. Cornish's poetical remains enrich this his posthumous volume. The writer, already well-known by some beautiful lines inserted in the 'Christian Year,' and in some more recent collections of 'Church Poetry,' might, we think, have won a place among poets. But he seems never to have executed more than some graceful preludes.

The flood of pamphlets on 'Papal Aggression' which threatens to over-

whelm the most impassive of reviewers with scarcely abating vehemence, is so large, that we can scarcely do more than acknowledge, and set down the titles of the more prominent publications which have reached us. 1. 'Danger to the Faith,' a Sermon, by Mr. Baines, of Haverstock Hill, (Kingcombe,) quite equal to any of its compeers—in some respects, superior to them. 2. Nos. IX. X. XI. 'Occasional Sermons,' by Dr. Wordsworth, at Westminster Abbey, (Rivingtons.) 3. 'Rome Catholic, and Rome Papal,' by Mr. Carter, of Clewer, (J. H. Parker.) 4. 'A Letter to Lord Ashley,' by Mr. W. J. Edge, (J. W. Parker,) highly creditable to the writer, seeing that he is removed, in sentiment, from those whom he chivalrously defends. 5. 'Papal Aggression,' by Mr. Eddrup, of Camden Town, (Kingcombe.) 6. 'A Remonstrance to the Clergy of Westminster,' from a Westminster magistrate, which exhibits some disagreeable truths, more easy to urge than to answer, as perhaps the writer may know is the case with objections to *all* religious systems. This pamphlet, not devoid of ability, is written in a harsh carping spirit. 7. 'Stand fast in the Faith,' Mr. Hawkins' Sermon at Curzon Chapel, (Rivingtons.) 8. Mr. Harington's 'Bull of Pope Pius and the Ancient British Church,' (Rivingtons.) 9. 'A Letter on the Intrusion of a Romish Episcopate,' by Mr. John Oates, (J. H. Parker.) 10. 'Puseyites (so-called) no Friends of Popery,' by Mr. Ingle of Exeter, (H. J. Wallis,) a clever letter, of which, however, the cleverness will never justify, under any plea of practical or popular utility, the use, by so respectable a person as Mr. Ingle, of the offensive and unrighteous nickname to which he has given a qualified currency. 11. 'Roman Aggressions, &c.' Two Sermons, by Mr. C. C. Bartholomew. (Wallis.) 12. 'The Work and Will of God,' by Mr. Gutch, of St. Margaret's, Leicester, (Masters,) delivered under peculiar and trying circumstances. 13. 'A Word of Remonstrance with the Evangelicals,' by Mr. Gresley, (Masters.) 14. 'A Plea for Toleration,' by Mr. Mackarness, (Ollivier;) an admirable and almost solitary instance of the right spirit. 15. 'Letters by Justitia,' from the *Morning Post*, (Masters.) 16. 'The Pattern showed on the Mount,' by Mr. Carter, of Clewer, (J. H. Parker;) much to be commended. 17. 'The Danger and the Foe,' and 'Union and Victory,' by Mr. Archer Gurney, of Exeter, (Masters;) of something worse than questionable propriety. 18. 'The Church's own Action,' by Mr. Alexander Watson, (Masters.) 19. 'Romish Aggression,' by Mr. Wade, of Soho, (Masters.) 20. 'The Old Paths of the Church, &c.' by Mr. Butler, of S. John's Wood, (Rivingtons.) 21. 'The Evil of Forsaking the Church of England, &c.' by Mr. Oldknow, (Rivingtons.) 22. 'Rome and her Claims,' by Mr. Jackson, of S. James', (Skeffington.) 23. 'The Sin of doubting the Presence of Christ in His Church,' by Mr. Cardale, (Rivingtons.) 24. 'The Old Paths,' by Mr. Gutch, (Masters.) 25. 'Be true to Church of England Principles,' by Mr. Ward. How so admirable a person can reconcile with such a title, either his own appendix, or a pamphlet called, 26. 'The Appeal to Rome,' (Darling,) is a curious phenomenon. 27. 'The Warning to the Church in Sardis, &c.' by Mr. Hilton, of Warwick, (Masters.) 28. Certainly the most practical of all, 'A Form of Prayer and Intercession for this season of perplexity and trouble,' (Masters.) 29. 'Papal Aggressions: How they should be met,' (J. W. Parker.) 30. 'The Church of England not High, nor Low, but Broad,' by Dr. Peile, (J. W. Parker.) 31. 'The Peril of Papal aggression:' by Anglicanus, (Bosworth.)